

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1911

THE VANISHING LADY

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I

'I HAVE had a most interesting, not to say exciting, season,' the lady wrote, 'but it has left me somewhat bewildered. You know I have been out of the world for many years. Going down to the old home after my husband's early death, I was detained there by one duty after another. I traveled occasionally, but my visits to this city, that I knew in my girlhood and married life, were brief, until my niece insisted that I spend this winter with her here. Of course the town has grown enormously. I came expecting to find it changed, but quite unprepared for the kind of changes I really found. The old names still mean something here, but not the old ideas.

'The people are so different! Would it sound priggish if I said that I find a very heterogeneous society where I left a more or less homogeneous one? Everybody in it in those days was not cultivated and Christian, exactly, but seemed to be striving toward that desirable condition. Men and women alike were judged to fall short of the standard if they did not attain those ends. This gave us a definite unity of principle and atmosphere.

'I may be mistaken, but it quite seems to me that, in Bessie's very up-

to-date world, Christianity is nowhere and cultivation leagues behind that! I don't mean, merely, that most people now pay pew-rent without going to church, or that elderly gentlemen have ceased to quote Horace. What I mean is that life no longer centres about those things; refinement, taste, spiritual qualities are no longer thought especially desirable. The Lady and the Gentleman are no longer what they were.

'As a minor illustration of the things that are different, it used to be thought ill-bred to talk about what people "had." Apparently it is so no longer. People all have more money, but less of the things money is good for. And — really, what is the use? I do not see what these people are trying to do. I do not see where they are going. I do not see, even, where their "fun" comes in! The lady of leisure no longer has any leisure. She races from one thing to another (beginning with card-parties soon after breakfast) like a hunted hare. When she "rides" for pleasure, her joy consists in going so fast that it is impossible to see anything but the speedometer, and she often talks so rapidly that there is no opportunity for a response. She has no time to read, or converse, or think, or grow — you know those were the uses of leisure once!

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'Of course I meet scattered individuals of types more familiar to me, and Bessie has some friends who are fine and thoughtful women; but they, too, are rushed to death, and have not the time to be charming and restful, as well as admirable and useful.

'Here is a little incident which will explain better than anything else what I mean about the altered status of cultivation. The household accounts of one of Bessie's acquaintances got into the newspapers one day (I believe she was petitioning her trustees for a larger allowance), and Bessie was reading them aloud at the breakfast table and commenting on them. The monthly bills for food and wines were three hundred and seventy dollars; for reading matter, one dollar and eighty-five cents.

"What an exorbitant allowance for the things of the mind!" I remarked. And Bessie — actually, Bessie, my sister's child — said this: "Oh, I don't know! Magazines seem to cost so much more now they have raised the price from ten to fifteen cents."

'My mother used to speak of women as having, or not having, "the manner of the sheltered life." No one seems to have it any longer. All life is so exposed, so unsheltered from the unlovely things of life! It used to be tacitly understood that everybody was trying to be like — or to seem to be like — the people who were nicest. And there was no mistaking them! But it is not necessary to be nice any longer. I don't know what is necessary except a large checking account. Blood no longer "tells"; knowledge is no longer power; honesty is no longer the best policy; manners no longer make the man. Well — this is a democracy; let blood go if it is not fit to hold its own; let knowledge go, too, if it must, but do you not think we might contrive to retain a little honesty and a few manners?

'Does all this sound very critical and ill-natured? Perhaps I am scolding because I have lost my bearings. I frankly confess myself at a loss in this topsy-turvy world. It appears a lavish, good-humored, free-and-easy world, but it lacks quality. It seems to me that there was a pleasantness and dignity about existence when the pace was slower that is entirely lacking now. And I see very few happy people — not nearly so many as formerly. What has become of the old-fashioned Lady? What does her disappearance mean? Is she no longer needed in the world, and shall we never see her like again?

II

The lady's correspondent hesitated long before replying. It is such a complicated, and, probably, such a useless thing to express one's self freely about one's own times!

'It was an innocent-looking question your letter put,' came the reply at last. "'What has become of the old-fashioned Lady?" you wish to know. But any attempt to answer you demands an appalling amount of ink and audacity.

'What you are really asking is an explanation of the social drift of our day. Now, to criticize competently the social tendency of one's own time requires superhuman detachment and clarity of mind, an abnormal amount of experience, and much historical knowledge for purposes of comparison. Who can claim all these qualifications? Certainly not I! Such contemporary criticism is bound to be one-sided, imperfect, and to that extent unjust. Nevertheless, any of us may catch a glimpse of vital changes happening around us and manifested in us, and try to set them forth. This is my *apologia* for telling you brazenly what I think.

'It is true, as you say, that "the Lady and the Gentleman are no longer what they were." All thinking people recognize that social organization and intercourse in this country have undergone a change in the last thirty years as marked in its way as the profound change in business organization and methods during the same time. This change extends to the predominant types in the more favored classes. With their alteration there has come a certain loss of savor in social life. It is only here and there that hospitality has all of its old flavor, and social relations all of their once fine charm. These functions are admittedly in the Lady's keeping. It is she who has failed us.

'Everybody loved that old-fashioned Lady of whom you speak. And I find that almost everyone past forty has, at the back of his mind, vivid impressions regarding her and the social life of which she was the centre. One remembers the atmosphere of that day as one remembers the blush-roses and spicy pinks of old gardens. Even yet there are gardens where blush-roses grow, and I know some women not yet old, and a few young girls, whose mere presence serves to-day to reproduce that atmosphere.

'She was dauntless and sweet, that old-fashioned Lady; witty but tender; as notable a housewife as a hostess; full of gentle concern for others, with a mind ever at leisure for their affairs, and a heart whose sympathy was instantaneous in their service. She stimulated and she soothed. Fine, complicated, and interesting as the old lace and finely wrought gold she delighted to wear, she was a very precious piece of porcelain. The brilliant, soft daguerreotype that has preserved her early likeness for us did not idealize her beyond her just due. Perhaps the intimate secret of her influence was the

impression she gave of one whose heart is fixed, one whom the world can no longer harm.

'If to this inadequate description any object that such women were then, as now, the rare, the exquisite exceptions, the answer is at hand. Such women were then the ideal, the type. Assuredly the ideal was not always brought to perfection, but young womanhood admired it and worked toward it consistently. Clay in the hands of the potter is no more plastic than girlhood in the grasp of its great admirations.

'That gentlewoman of yesterday did not know, or do, or have, a thousand things that we all know and do and have to-day, but she was the incarnation of an ideal — a pattern of things sacred — that we are losing, or have lost. She is the Vanishing Lady. What have we done to drive her forth?

'In considering how this type of beloved woman went, we must take account of how she came.

'So late as thirty years ago, in the country at large, "easy circumstances," whether the margin of ease was wide or narrow, implied and demanded cultivation. It went with them as butter goes with bread. It was the thing expected of people so placed in the world. This was one of the basal ideas of the nineteenth century. The expectation was freely met, as it had been in the generations immediately preceding. There were certain books in the family library, and their contents were a part of the mental equipment of the household, just as, on the less important material side, there was a certain weight of silver on the family tables and a certain quality of linen in the family chests. There were also certain habits of thought and refinements of taste, certain definite ideas in the family consciousness as to what was due to one's self and others. The cultivation of that

day may have been narrow — a little provincial, if you like, even in the cities — but it was effective. Their ideas shaped types of character and manners, both in men and women, whose loss has left social intercourse impoverished.

‘The “easy circumstances” of that period were seldom wealth. Viewed by the standards of to-day, many of those sufficient incomes were small indeed; and yet, as you have noted, their owners achieved more of the finer things, that we suppose money can buy, than wealth often gives to-day.

‘Incomes are larger now, and a very much larger number of people have adequate ones; silver and fine linen are still plentiful, but cultivated people are very much less in evidence than they used to be. Let me say quickly that this is not an assertion that cultivation is ceasing to exist, but only that, broadly speaking, it has lost its ascendancy with the great body of people of a comfortable life. It is no longer one of the things that they seek first. It is, one suspects, becoming one of the compensations of moderate poverty. This, if true, is greatly to be desired, but it does not explain why financial ease and cultivation should cease to be companions. Opponents of our democracy have always claimed that it would result in leveling down, not leveling up, the grades of character and culture. For very pride before such critics, the well-to-do should not justify the taunt that they are becoming the Great Unlettered.

‘Another curious phenomenon is that the same amount of education seems to produce less cultivation than formerly; it certainly produces less of that fine atmosphere for which we have no name, but which we know to be the flower of life.

‘These results have come to pass in spite of the steady spread of education, both higher and lower; the raising of

standards in the schools; the vast increase in libraries; the birth and growth of women’s clubs; the valuable device of the traveling library; the incredible development of the magazines, and the indefinite multiplication of all manner of cultural devices.

‘Surely, we have all the conceivable appliances for self-development. Why does not our cultivation cultivate? It almost seems that atmosphere and the gracious quality men complain of missing out of life must be based on something other than the spread of cultural devices.

‘Many thoughtful people regard this loss as the last and subtlest of our “money troubles.”

‘A dozen years ago I clipped from one of New York’s daily papers a forcible letter addressed to it by an elderly gentleman of Knickerbocker extraction, who hotly arraigned New York in the late nineties as compared to the New York known to him in the sixties. His opinions had no lack of definiteness. Young New York’s insensate handling of its largely increased bank balance was the root of the trouble. He described, as it had seemed to him, New York’s dignified social life before the Civil War, and its gradual deterioration under the subsequent influx of cheap wealth made by furnishing “shoddy” goods to the government, and the other get-rich-quick methods of that era. Running over a list of names prominent in old Manhattan for a hundred years or more, “These people,” he said in effect, “spent their wealth, large for their day, in comfortable and seemly living. They achieved dignity without flaunting. Expenditure for ostentation was to them a vulgarity impossible to be committed by a right-thinking people. Personal distinction was the basis of their social selections; the result was a satisfying and stimulating society,

free from the vacuities and puerilities which have swamped us since bank accounts became the basis for an exchange of social courtesies."

"This is as precise as possible. Knowing human nature, we may be at liberty to speculate whether New York before the war was as absolutely ideal in its conditions as the basis of "personal distinction for social selections" would have made it; but as regards the more recent "vacuities and puerilities" of its yellow rich, and their lack of interest in the things of the mind, we have a multitude of notable witnesses.

"We have been swamped by the imported provincialism of the newly-rich," mourned one distinguished gentleman in public the other day. "At a dinner where the talkers were worth over thirty millions, the talk was worth less than thirty cents," said a well-known scholar, in a lecture designed to further another nation's acquaintance with us. "Nobody talks here any longer. Social intercourse consists in exchanging food at intervals too brief to permit of digestion," writes one suffering from the *malaise* that follows dining too often and too well.

"However — whatever it was in the sixties — New York is no longer typically American. It is a city without a country, the chief outpost of Mammon in our land. Where materialism avowedly holds the citadel, why should not our national types be defaced? Why judge the country by New York?

"In spite of all the strictures at which these samples only hint, it does not do to be too didactic about anything so much a matter of opinion as atmosphere. The Knickerbocker gentleman, you, and I, may be prejudiced. Let us make the appeal to letters.

"Imagine some critic, five generations hence, scrutinizing the documents in the case after the familiar manner of Taine, and building up a picture of

the different periods of our time from contemporary fiction, always held a good guide in such matters.

"During the latter part of the nineteenth century, especially the seventies and eighties," such a critic might conceivably say, "the people of the United States enjoyed a 'Minor Peace' comparable to the famous interval of serenity so-styled in the early history of Christianity. The country was resting and recovering from the terrible strain and losses of the Civil War; when it had once achieved a state of adjustment after the inflation following that conflict, it was fairly prosperous. The tremendous series of scientific discoveries and commercial developments which were to follow, and were to enrich the material, and blight the spiritual, life of the land, was only beginning. The coming corrosion of that cheap wealth, vulgarizing manners and demoralizing principles, had not even been suspected. If in religion the old ideas still largely prevailed, their austerity was remarkably softened, while yet their man-making merits remained. Life was not yet upon a plutocratic basis, and the virtues of a still simpler time endured.

"We can obtain," this critic might continue, "a vivid idea of the difference between this period and the one immediately following it, by studying and comparing two popular fiction-writers of the day. During the seventies and eighties, Mr. William D. Howells was certainly the most widely read novelist of the time. He is everywhere acknowledged in contemporary criticism to be a realist of the greatest distinction and accuracy. His output of fiction diminished during the nineties. This period seems to have been the decade of great social changes, with results which became apparent soon after the beginning of the twentieth century. From 1900 to 1912 we find

the position of popular novelist and acknowledged realist held by Mr. David Graham Phillips. The student will find a close comparison of their novels most instructive. Nothing could serve more clearly to bring out the lightning change that fell upon American life and ideals at this time.

“In the novels of Mr. Howells, we are dealing with a gentle-mannered people of high intellectual efficiency, of elevated moral standards, of very sensitive consciences, often of wit and charm. The ultimate basis of their social choice appears to be a combination of the finer traits and habits of human nature, somewhat inadequately termed ‘niceness’ by the women of the period. While all well-placed people were not equally ‘nice,’ and there is some confusion of standards (impossible for the historian to make out fully after such a lapse of time) between the different brands, or grades, of niceness, there is still no doubt that in looking as a whole at the picture of the time which Mr. Howells presents, we are regarding a period whose social life is formed upon, and dominated by, the tastes, customs, and ideals of people who are cultivated and Christian; people whose aspirations are upward, and whose universe centres outside themselves.

“In the novels of Mr. Phillips, we find an appalling change. To believe the state of affairs really actual, and not merely the jaundiced view of a single writer, the student must constantly remind himself that this novelist also was acclaimed a realist. His work sold largely and was widely read. These are facts. Probably there is not a single character in the Phillips novels who would not be pronounced by the Howells characters entirely without the pale. These people eat, drink, work, marry, carry on the world. They do it all as the brutes that perish, asking at each step, ‘What is there in it for

me?’ and asking that only. No following of the Gleam for them! The basis of their social preference is money or power. Their morals are imperceptible. High or low, whether they are climbing or are alleged to have arrived, politicians, artists, business men, professional men, working-women or women of leisure, it is all one. They are frankly pursuing the satisfaction of their personal appetites. Some of them do conceive of this process under the formula of ‘seeking self-expression,’ but in general it does not occur to them to explain or justify themselves. They are there — like other natural phenomena — set forth explicitly for the reader’s consideration.

“No portraits that Mr. Phillips draws resemble ever so faintly the Lady and Gentleman of former days. These people are certainly not ‘nice.’ The only tolerable personalities among them are an old father and mother in *The Second Generation*. This sensible pair are troubled by the brutalizing effect of their late-won wealth on their own son and daughter, and the father tries to avert the curse he sees his money to be by leaving the bulk of it elsewhere. But these old people, with their regard for manhood and womanhood left over from a more civilized day, are alone in their point of view in these novels.

“Undeniably, the characters of these tales convince. They are husky, hardy personalities, active, vital, pushing. One cannot deny that they live — so much as beings can be said to live when they have nothing even remotely resembling a soul. Terrible indeed are these characters — and all the more terrible because they do not recognize that they are anything but average, normal citizens. The author has set them forth as he saw them, without comment, which is, as he doubtless intended, the most merciless way. They

go greedily about their business as though poets had never dreamed or prophets warned, as though the gentle Jesus had neither lived nor died. If men were indeed but brutes with intellects, thus and not otherwise would they conduct their lives. These people are, to sum it up, as definitely Pagan as the Howells characters are definitely Christian. But they are far from the simple, joyous, quasi-innocent pagans of pre-Christian days as they have been represented by some writers. Their paganism is of the low and brutal order that might be expected as the result of degeneration from higher standards.

“The inference from all this is inevitable. Somewhere there was an awful break in the orderly evolution of American society. Old ideals of manners, of social intercourse, of the ends of civilized living, went down; new conceptions arose, more materialistic, more selfish, and therefore vulgarized. The historian is bound to attribute this to the swift demoralization always following large accessions of cheap wealth.

“Doubtless the old refinements died hard, and certainly they did not wholly die. Nevertheless, they must have been sore put to it to hold their own, facing the invading horde. Imagine a coterie of Howells characters quietly trying to keep a coterie of Phillips characters in their proper places! The victory would be to the brazen. You might as well ask a dignified family equipage of the eighties, rolling along behind its plump horses, to compete in the matter of speed and noise with a ‘six-sixty’ car, ‘hitting it up’ at fifty miles an hour, and tooting its horn meanwhile. The mere outward vulgarity of an era when noise and display were so much in evidence must have been enough to make heart-sick those inheritors of a different tradition who still cling to quieter ways.

“The life of that day must have

held a thousand little dramas — shall we call them tragedies? — wrought out in flesh and blood as the old order made its gallant but ever-losing fight against the new, succeeding brilliantly at moments here and there, succumbing over the whole field at last, crushed by the brute force of numbers and the brute weight of dollars. But *did* the old order make such a fight? Surviving literature holds little record of it save in some stories of the South, — most notably and exquisitely in a book called *Lady Baltimore*. In these stories the conditions are special and the contrasts sharp. It is impoverished porcelain against enriched clay. This lays almost no stress on the real meaning of the continent-wide struggle which we imagine to have taken place before the finer elements in American life gave way to the coarser; before the inheritors of the high traditions of elder days succumbed to the lures of luxury, indolence, and so-called pleasure. That struggle — if indeed it was ever fought — was broader-based. It was the eternal battle of the spirit against the flesh.”

“This is a more crushing arraignment than a contemporary would dare to make. And yet there are facts that speak more harshly than this about these “brutes with intellects.” I read the other day of an accident to a limited train on one of our great railroads. After the overturning of the coaches, men fought their way out over women’s bodies. Some men were seen seizing and thrusting back a woman whose companion had broken a window to help her out, scrambling to safety in her stead. There was no danger of fire, for the coaches were of steel, nor of water, for the accident occurred in dry and level railroad yards. It was merely an instance of baseless, brutal cowardice, such as we have always claimed, and believed, could not hap-

pen among decent men of our race. Probably there is not an American woman now living who read of the wreck of La Bourgogne and the fire at the Bazar de la Charité without saying to herself, "Thank Heaven, such cowardice, such brutalities, are impossible to men of our nationality!" That was only fifteen years ago — but what shall we say now? The decadent French whose brutalities we deplored were, at least, in danger of their lives.

'To return to our critic's comparison — even if we who are on the spot can see that Mr. Howells's realism appealed to one public and Mr. Phillips's realism to another, the comparison still has justice. The two publics overlap. Also, in the seventies and eighties there *was* no reading public that would have suffered the Phillips brand of realism. The audience for it arrived simultaneously with the conditions depicted — for people like to read about themselves.

'When it first began to appear that Mr. Phillips's powerful unpleasant stories were authentic social symptoms, they worried divers thoughtful readers whom I knew. Could it be that great numbers of other American readers accepted them as faithful presentations? Were these brazen, blatant characters really people whom people knew? One day I found a friend absorbed in one of the books. She assembled in her own person such diverse ingredients and experiences as gave confidence in her breadth of view. In the sixties her grandfather was probably a boon-companion of the querulous Knickerbocker gentleman previously quoted; her mother's people belonged to the old South; she herself had spent most of her life in the great capital of the Middle West, and her knowledge of it was intimate. She was a shrewd, discriminating observer of people and practices.

"What are you reading that for?" I inquired captiously.

"Why — I like it."

"Like it — pray, why?"

"It is so true to life. They are so like people, the people one knows."

"I don't know any such horrors!"

Doubtless this was said with that aggressive and inexcusable air of self-righteousness with which we all occasionally refuse to recognize what we dislike.

"That, my dear, if true, is because you keep your eyes shut as you go about. I call it an ostrich-like habit. It does n't tend to any exact knowledge of the world as it is. For it really has changed a little since the daguerreotype days, and it is sheer stupidity not to recognize it."

"But I like the 'daguerreotype days' best," I pleaded weakly.

"What — may I ask — has that to do with the question of how things are?" she demanded, round-eyed and serious.

'I had no answer. Certainly it is impossible to argue in cold blood that one's own prepossessions ought to shape the universe, however sure we may all be in our hearts that the universe would be the better for a little conformity to our notions!

'Admitting that my friend was right, — and a great many people agree with her, — it begins to be clear why the old-fashioned Lady has disappeared, does it not? Can you imagine her in the same world with the Phillips heroines? She was the cherished mental and spiritual product of a society that held, however imperfectly, to Christian ideals; she could only exist in numbers in a society whose aspirations were upward. With the arrival of the modern pagan, she is necessarily superseded. Where her place in the social order is not filled by women of the pagan type, it has been taken by a stronger and more

militant Lady, better fitted than she to cope with them.

'The "easy circumstances" of the greater part of the nineteenth century were the direct product of character and intelligence to a greater extent, probably, than financial ease ever has been before or ever will be again. It was the Golden Age of our national life when, for once in human history, all the elements united to permit a people to prosper without debasement. This was our pride, our boast.

'At a time when wealth was moderate and depended thus directly upon character, intelligence, and thrift, society was gentle-mannered, idealistic, and cultivated, and the type of woman I have tried to describe was its fine flower. It was impossible for matters to be otherwise. Such qualities were the inevitable outcome of such conditions.

'In twenty years we have gone back, in this one respect, three hundred. A great share of the new-made wealth now depends, almost as largely as in the days of the robber-barons, on lack of scruple, the abuse of the strong hand, the ability to hold people up. I do not here refer so much to the misuse of corporate power for undue aggrandizement (much as that has affected individual standards of honesty) as to the code of the average business man all over these United States. And, unfortunately, the general lowering of tone has influenced even the learned professions, which were once, and still should be, the strongholds of a better spirit. Ask your family doctor and your family lawyer, if you are so happy as to be ministered to in these capacities by men of the old type, for the truth about the business *morale* of their respective professions at large to-day. If they are willing to answer you at all, they will tell you stories of greed, graft, and oppression that, somehow, seem

more brutal and depressing than similar stories from the world of business — for the business-man takes no vow to deal justly, subscribes to nothing like the immemorial oath of the medical profession.

'Where money is made in such ignoble fashion, it *cannot* be used for beautifying, enriching, and civilizing life; it can only be spent in ways that are as crude and unlovely as are the methods by which it was made, and the people who have made it. Very broadly speaking, most modern systems of making fortunes work out speedily to the placing of wealth in hands unfit to use it for gracious ends, while the old systems placed it as directly in the hands of the fit. Thus, "the leisure classes have suddenly become the lump and not the leaven," as one acute observer phrases it.

'Of course, to affirm this is not to say that the wrong people did not frequently get financial ease by dishonest methods in the old days, or that the right ones do not frequently secure it now by wholly honorable means. But I do mean that in each case the majorities have been reversed. The scales have tipped the other way. And as, under the old system we could feel that the nation as a whole was going uphill, in spite of much that was out of joint, so now, in spite of great betterment in many details, we are bound to feel that it must be going down.

'There is always a large saving remnant. It is not the easiest thing for a youth, brought up in a home where cultivation and Christian ideals are the accepted ways of life, to transform himself off-hand into a highwayman when he is turned out to make a life for himself. It goes against the grain. With all the conspicuous greed of our era, there are countless refusals of begrimed money; countless men who cannot quite stomach many of the modern

methods of making fortunes, and who, realizing that character, intelligence, and thrift do not, even yet, connote abject poverty, hold on to them as to their best inheritance. This being the case, it leaves the majority (unfortunately not all) of our would-be highwaymen to come from families where cultivation and Christian ideals were *not* the accepted rule of life. Hence, the sudden rise to barefaced prosperity of the heavy-bodied, strong-brained pagan as we meet him in Mr. Phillips's novels or on the street — the man who says in so many words that he "intends to run over anybody who gets in his way," and does so.

'If these sturdy pagans only knew it (but they are not interested in ideas) they have their philosopher in Nietzsche, and their defenders in some of the younger writers who conceive of a pagan revival as a time of joyous license, when they can do as they will, without paying any of the penalties which they erroneously suppose are exacted by the "cold Christ and tangled Trinities" of the regnant religion, rather than by the nature of things.

'Conceivably, of course, the Life-Spirit may be in search of the sleek, bull-necked, hard-muscled commercial pirate who is conspicuously the strong man of the hour, as the goal of its long endeavor. But one is unwilling to think so meanly of the Life-Spirit as to believe this. If it were true, the world might as well slip back into chaos at once, for it has been evolved in vain.

'But doubt of the Life-Spirit is, in sober truth, the Unpardonable Sin. We know that all creation has not travailed together until now to produce the red-faced magnate, the ferret-eyed speculator, and the women of their kind.

'One cannot travel far in these days without being filled with wonder at the vast numbers of these women roam-

ing the continent. They are usually of a wilful fatness, with flesh kept firm by the masseuse; their brows are lowering, and there is the perpetual hint of hardness in their faces; their apparel is exceedingly good, but their manners are ungentle, their voices harsh and discontented; there is no light in their eyes, no charm or softness in their presence. They are fitting mates, perhaps, for the able-bodied pagans who are overrunning the earth, but hardly suitable nurses for a generation which must redeem us from materialism, if indeed we are to be so redeemed. Facing them, one wonders if race-suicide is not one of Nature's merciful devices. How should they or their offspring ever replace our vanishing Lady? Yet they are the natural product of much of our modern wealth, as she was the natural product of the comfortable life of a generation or two ago.

'I recall visiting, as a child, one Monday morning, a kitchen where the housewife was assisting the cook about some domestic matter, while the washerwoman was at work in the adjoining laundry. I saw the latter stop rubbing, to peer through the steamy air into the sunny kitchen.

"'If I was Lawyer So-an'-so's wife," she said, "I would n't be a-messin' 'round the kitchen Monday morning. I'd have on a white wrapper, an' set in the front room, an' rock, an' rock, an' rock!"

'The incident gripped my infant mind. Was that what washerwomen thought the mornings were for? I knew the housewives did not think so! For those were still the days of famous housewifery, when the self-respecting woman, of whatever class, looked well to the ways of her husband's house, and thought it a shame to do otherwise. No morning card-clubs in those days!

'Looking around an altered world,

it sometimes seems to me now that the washerwoman's ideals have come to the surface and are controlling "society," while the ideals of the Lady — be she Puritan matron, the much-tried châtelaine of the Southern states, or the descendant of either, who carried their customs into the West — have been relegated to the rubbish-heap.

'Not that the modern woman is satisfied literally to "rock, an' rock, an' rock," except upon hotel verandas! She is often very busy, — rushed to death, as you have found her, — but she prefers her occupations to have as little relation to the real needs, adornments, and dignities of life as the swaying of the washerwoman's easy-chair. This is the latest interpretation of the phrase "lady of leisure." The old interpretation was a different one.

'One must exempt promptly from these accusations the stronger and more militant Lady already mentioned. She has been developed by the stress of the situation — a daughter of Martha, troubled about many things which men, and other women, and the Zeitgeist, are not attending to properly. It is possible that she, with her deep convictions and her fine earnestness, is destined to play the part in the body social that phagocytes play in the blood. But this is not yet clear.

'In any case, she is, thus far, outnumbered in the classes having financial ease by the neo-pagan women, and by the very large body of her sisters who are drifting with the current of the modern tendency. The name of these latter is Legion. Some of them are the daughters of our old-fashioned Lady, and by inheritance and training they should have her principle and charm. But they are, frankly, too much hypnotized by other people's money and other people's ideals — or lack of them. They want to "keep up," to be as idle and extravagant as the next, to com-

pete with an ostentation as insistent as it is tasteless. I once heard a woman put in a nutshell this attitude. She chanced to belong to a city whose exceptionally interesting people had been tried in the furnace, seven times heated, of swiftly alternating lean years and fat. The fat years were at their height.

"It's no use talking. You can't support your social position in this town any longer without plenty of sables and diamonds. . . . I suppose they are n't the highest qualifications, but *I'm not so sure that I mind*. I like sables and diamonds."

'This has the merit of candor. But if "*I'm not so sure that I mind*" is to be the Lady's attitude toward the materialism that is swiftly gaining on us, on her head be the consequences. That these are to be serious and far-reaching, no thinking person can doubt.

'In defense of the leaning toward diamonds and sables, one must admit that a surplusage of decoration is one of the traditional adjuncts of the Lady — and it does become her! Where the modern woman often makes a grave mistake is in thinking that a useless life, a life of artificial occupations, is the Lady's traditional life. That belief comes up from the lower levels, as in the case of the washerwoman, or across, from the Latin civilizations. The Germanic, the Anglo-Saxon usage has always been otherwise.

'The tradition of the high-hearted tribal dames who were our fore-mothers is carried on loyally by our own more militant matrons and maids. They are active at home and abroad. A few of them have been accused of excess of zeal, but their readiest answer — that surely any class must be fairly safe when it is carrying on and adapting a race-usage — is hard to refute.

'The truth about the leisure of the Lady is this: it was never, in women of our race, a leisure of the hands; it

was, preëminently, a leisure of the mind. Aside from her first and most obvious function, the Lady was sheltered, petted and adored that she might have a mind at leisure from *itself*, and therefore at the service of others. According to her temperament, whether a Martha or a Mary, she performed this service in a more active or more passive fashion. She was the Listener; she inspired, pacified, comforted. She bound up the wounds life made, poured in the oil and wine. Her heart was the home of homeless causes; she cherished ideals as well as individuals. It is a priceless service, and cannot be overpaid. Her loving performance of it was the glory of the type whose loss we are deploring.

‘To be worth her salt in our national life, the Lady must be either Martha or Mary. There is no other honest life for her.

‘Probably the pagan man who is rapidly coming into possession of the earth would like the qualities of our old-fashioned Lady in his domestic life as well as his fathers did. But he can never have those virtues in his womankind. This is one of the natural punishments for being what he is. For all his money cannot buy them, since, to sum up all this argument, they are Christian virtues and will not grow on pagan soil. It is only when men and women associate “in honor preferring one another,” that a really beautiful and well-ordered social life is possible. The moment that even manners become superlatively good, they become Christian. Social intercourse cannot be finer than the people who carry it on. Wealth cannot purchase ideals and the distinction that they alone can give.

‘Doubtless distinction never ran the streets, but our Vanishing Lady, infinitely tender and disciplined, possessed it by virtue of the spirit that was in her. And, by virtue of that same

spirit, the cultivation of that day did cultivate, where ours does not; their narrower lives were wider and more gracious than ours of boasted breadth, for the whole of the spiritual kingdom was theirs to explore at will. You cannot do better than to live on the highway that leads everywhere.

‘In that day it was enough to say of people or practices that they were not Christian or well-bred, but these adjectives no longer carry finality. To convince the growing pagan spirit of to-day of its own unfitness, the argument must be broader, more cosmic. Shall we ask, then, if the stars in their courses fight for or against our old-fashioned Lady?

‘Quite apart from any religious prepossessions, this world has been demonstrated to be the world of the Spirit. That is to say, from the beginning of time, the tendency of evolution has been steadily toward the creation of the finer, the more complicated type. From amœba to Man is almost an infinite journey, but painstaking nature made it, spending endless millions of years and lives, experimenting, adapting, struggling

Upward along the æons of old war,

to perfect that vision commanded, one may well believe, from the Beginning.

‘The journey from pre-historic man to the Christian gentleman is almost as marvelous a pilgrimage, if shorter. But what is Man as finally achieved but a vehicle, a little less clumsy than other forms of flesh, for the perception and expression of spirit? How clumsy a vehicle still! Yet every candid person must admit from experience that the great thing in our life is this: somewhere in the deeps of being, in some way we do not understand, flesh and spirit are knotted fast together. We actually do come into this world with the whisper in our ear of a Voice from

the dark commanding "valor and an unnatural virtue."

'Coming down to the pages of recorded human experience, the Spirit has written large on all of them,—

"They reckon ill who leave Me out."

'The pendulum of history swings a long arc from the brutality of barbarism to the brutality of decadence. For the former condition there is hope; for the latter, none. The ancient civilizations all tell one story. With increase of wealth comes materialism, decadence of morals and manners, loss of the Spirit. Then, quickly, that nation rots, dies, and is buried; the stage is cleared, the scene set for a new experiment. The Spirit seeks another vehicle, one fitter and more loyal, to carry on the sacred fire.

'History and the sciences have joined hands to give us this long perspective. To no generation of earth has such a vast view of the cosmic plan been available before. We actually see something of the drift of the æons, the great current of the Spirit's intent. By grace of the knowledge we have fought for, it is given to us, first of all the sons of men, to read the mind of God.

'If, then, we allow ourselves to descend into the hell of a voluntary materialism, our damnation is deeper and swifter than that of Greece or Rome or Babylon. For we *know* what we do.

'Yet in the face of our vast increase in wealth and our distressing increase in materialism, who can say that the time of our own last testing is not at hand? It is a curious thought, and a stirring, that even this may be the illuminated, the critical moment in our development, upon which the spot-light of history will finally be turned.

"In the early years of the twentieth century," some austere future historian may write, when we and ours have vanished utterly, "the fate of the

American people hung in the balance. Only a little way behind them lay the honorable days when character, intelligence, and thrift worked out for individual ease and a refined society. Only fifty years earlier they had waged for an idea one of the fiercest wars ever fought. Possibly that war killed so many of the best youths of the nation as to leave the next generation spiritually impoverished by the loss of their offspring. And it is true that in the meantime cheap wealth had assailed them with its demoralizations, and the nations of Europe had flooded them with alien peoples. But, in judging the failure of America, it must be borne in mind always that theirs was a nation founded upon an ideal, by men who were determined to plant in the wilderness a Commonwealth of God.

"No nation ever had such a foundation laid for it, such a virgin continent given into its hands for an inheritance. It was the unequalled opportunity, never offered to the human race before, impossible to repeat on this globe. Their chance was matchless, wonderful.

"Only one hundred and twenty-five years after they achieved national unity, we find them rotting, though not ripe. They were destroying with inconceivable rapidity both their physical and their moral inheritance. They wasted their forests, they gutted their mines; their municipalities were frankly corrupt, their governing bodies less openly so; even their judiciary was under suspicion.

"All this was the work of cupidity. Lust of wealth had become a mania, an obsession. Greed was epidemic, virulent. They were at death-grips with materialism.

"And yet they were so near those simpler, happier days of their earlier national life that it seemed to middle-aged men and women that they had but to put out their hands to touch

them! Surely, somewhere, there must have been enough of the old spirit left to save them!

“Contemporary accounts show that many men of the nation were mightily aroused, and that many of their women fought with them. They directed their efforts, however, against the graft and corruption that were the symptoms of encroaching materialism. Against the disease itself there was no concerted attack. There seems, even, to have been no clear general notion of its relation to their national disorder.

“The women of their leisure classes had in their very grasp a marvelous opportunity. What an achievement, to maintain the Puritan standard of morals and simplicity, the Cavalier’s standard of courtesy, and to add to this the intellectual refinements of the older civilizations! As a matter of fact, this composite ideal was developing in the mid-Victorian period. But, whatever it was that diverted them from that fine ambition, certain it is that in the early part of the twentieth century, great numbers of their women of comfortable lives were incapable even of grasping such a conception. Their mothers had chosen the better part, but they are described as inordinately idle and extravagant, evading domestic duties, crying, ‘Give, give,’ like the daughters of the horse-leech. They were untrue to those standards of social honor which it had hitherto been considered the privilege of the gently-nurtured women of their nation to maintain. They made small effort to preserve the old ideals.

“This is called a material world, yet it takes only fifteen or twenty years for an idea that is widely accepted to alter the world’s face. This is a Janus-faced fact. It will work as well for damnation as for salvation. It worked steadily against the American people after the social changes of the nineties; it might have worked for them with equal facility, had all their women willed it so.

“From all accounts, their influence with their men was so great that, single-handed, they might have given battle to decadence and won. In the two great struggles which the nation had previously endured, the women had borne their honorable, arduous part. Had the women of the more favored classes been of one mind in recognizing at this time that the land was again in danger, was, actually, in its death-struggle with materialism; had they proudly refused, as they might have done, to countenance the extravagance, ostentation, corruption, and greed, which were the symptoms of the nation’s swift decay, the men fighting for honesty, for the success of the Great Experiment in democracy, might have won their struggle. The better causes might have prevailed. America’s account with the Spirit, opened in 1620 and closed with the closing years of the twentieth century, might have shown a different balance. But — they chose otherwise. And so to another race was given the land of their inheritance, and of them it was finally written, ‘*They know not the things that belong to their peace.*’”

HECKLING THE CHURCH

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A PERUSAL of current literature in reference to the church reveals how much the rage it has become to censure the blunders of organized religion. There are fashions in magazine articles as well as in dress, and the present vogue is, by any means, to drub the church. Recent essays in which, with force and cleverness, both friends and foes have pointedly remarked upon ecclesiastical failures, — how familiar are the titles, 'The Failure of the Church,' 'The Conflict of Religion with the Church,' 'Is Modern Organized Christianity a Failure?' 'The Ebb of Ecclesiasticism,' — leave the impression, not only that there are grievous errors to be criticized, but that some people are having rare sport criticizing them.

The 'candid friend' goes about his task, indeed, with that pained, parental countenance which seems to say, 'This hurts me more than it hurts you'; but subtly in him, as quite obviously in others, one can discern the joy of gunning for game and peppering it with nice precision. How many times have we been told of the laboring men's convention that hissed the church and cheered Jesus; of the trades-union leader who said, 'Christ is all right, but damn the church'; of that other proletarian who eclipsed them all in scorn: 'We used to hate and then we despised the church,' he said, 'but now we ignore it.' How much gayety also has been added to the mirth of nations by the English statesman who remarked, 'Do not attack the church,

Leave it alone. It is the only remaining bulwark against Christianity.'

A consideration, however, is suggested by this last reference, which might well be taken to heart by these voluble critics. That English statesman lived in the eighteenth century. This twisting of the ecclesiastical lion's tail is not a novelty, and perhaps the hectic insistence that a crisis is upon us, unprecedentedly acute, — 'We are tottering on the verge of a terrible religious disruption,' writes one, — would be calmed somewhat, brought to saner poise and more balanced judgment, by a little painstaking reading of history. Behind a vast amount of this current criticism is the implicit and strangely mistaken understanding that the ecclesiastical situation used to be better than it is.

Hugh Latimer's sermons, for example, from the middle of the sixteenth century, suggest reflections that should give pause to this feverish badgering of the church. Is the unsatisfactory attendance on public worship now decried? Yet one questions how many would resort to Latimer's appeal in 1548: 'One of her neighbors met her in the street and said, "Mistress, whither go ye?" "Marry," she said, "I am going to St. Thomas of Acres, to the sermon; I could not sleep all this last night and I am going now thither. I never failed of a good nap there." So,' adds the bishop, 'I had rather ye should go a-napping to the sermon than not to go at all.' Are golf and automobiles vaunted now as the success-

ful rivals of the preacher? Yet one questions how many bishops to-day could be reduced, like Latimer in 1549, to facing a locked church, where he had been advertised to preach, and on the steps one villager saying, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you hinder them not.' One questions, too, in what more modern terms Latimer could have referred to the matter than those he used: 'It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is a weeping matter; under the pretense of gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's word.' Is the subsidizing of the ministry by the subtle influence of great wealth a stinging modern accusation? Then for what magazine would Latimer have written such a paragraph as this about the clergy? 'They hawk, they hunt, they card, they dice, they pastime in their prelacies with gallant gentlemen, with their dancing minions and with their fresh companions, so that preaching is set aside.' In a word, is the whole religious situation going to the dogs? Well, so Latimer cried in 1548, 'London was never so ill as it is now.'

When, therefore, a college woman after an ample spiritual vacation returns to church attendance and is so undone by it that she writes a magazine article on the 'doddering of the service' and the 'divagation of the sermon,' our hearts will not utterly sink within us at the evil days to which we have come. Her criticisms may be no extempore complaint, peculiar to a twentieth-century college graduate, but seasoned and perennial from the time a young man fell asleep and toppling from a window broke his neck, listening to the Apostle Paul. Look

up Pepys's Diary, vintage of 1667, to see if it may not be full of comfortable balm. 'Up and to church alone where a lazy sermon of Mr. Mills,' is his typical Sunday comment. How modern also such sentiments as these: 'Much discourse about the bad state of the church, and how the clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world; and as the world do now generally discourse, they must be reformed. . . . Lord Brereton, who, above all books lately wrote, commending the matter and style of a late book called, *The Causes of the Decay of Piety*, I do resolve at his great commendation to buy it.' As one continues in this consideration, he begins to perceive the wisdom of even so cynical a disbeliever in progress as the author of *Ecclesiastes*: 'Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these! For thou enquirest not wisely concerning this.'

The serious believer in the function and future of organized religion, therefore, begins to pick up heart, and is inclined to turn upon the bewailers of present ecclesiastical calamity, with their mental background of good old times, and borrowing a little of their own exaggerated ardor, to cry:—

'What good old times? Good old times, when for the quibble of a text men excommunicated each other, or for a difference about the sacrament made the ground run red with human blood! when James said of the Puritans, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land," and the Puritans turned the compliment upon the Baptists and the Quakers! Good old times, when the Congregationalists of Massachusetts and the Episcopalians of Virginia were bent on state churches, supported by a public tax, and when as late as 1833 even Lyman Beecher bewailed it as an intolerable disaster that folk of a persuasion other

than his own were no more compelled to contribute to his salary! Good old times, when the elders, with a tankard of ale, walked down the aisle in the middle of the sermon, that the preacher might refresh himself before he proceeded with the next two hours of homily; and when in Connecticut a minister in jail for felony had his prison limits extended to take in the brewery which he owned, and where his presence was required for business!

'Good old times, when no Governor Hughes could claim the allegiance of the people of the churches in his assault on gambling, but when many a church edifice in Greater New York was erected by a lottery! Good old times, when the Edinburgh Conference, the greatest ecumenical gathering in Christendom's history, would have been a wild impossibility for at least two reasons: that the severed branches of the church were bitterly hostile, not fraternally coöperative, and that the majority of American Protestants were anti-missionary! Good old times, doubtless, when books like *Christianity and the Social Crisis*, *The Social Teaching of Jesus*, *Jesus Christ and the Social Question*, were undreamed of; and Tennyson's aunt, so his biographer tells us, used rather to weep by the hour over the goodness of God, and say, "Has he not damned most of my friends? But me,—me he has picked out for eternal salvation, me who am no better than my neighbors!"

'What good old times? When Dean Swift wrote to Stella, "I was early in to see the Secretary Bolingbroke, but he was gone to receive the sacrament. Several rakes did the same. It was not for piety, but for employment, according to Act of Parliament"? When were the good old times? When Sunday, as Ruskin said, cast its shadow over him three days in advance? When you were fined five dollars in

Massachusetts for every church service that you missed? When Jonathan Edwards pictured God holding sinners over a brimstone pit, likely any minute to let go? Or, are these discouraged critics of the modern church thinking of the halcyon days when Calvin said, "The future appals me. I dare not think of it. Unless the Lord descends from heaven, barbarism will engulf us"?'

That the church meets a crisis today, no one doubts. Shall theology relegate countless laborious tomes to the dust-heap without a struggle, when evolution upsets old premises and compels a readjustment of religion's basic ideas? Shall not the church, with a small van and a large, straggling rear-guard, dawdle along on the forced march toward a new camping-ground, with innumerable shufflings and evasions, petty compromises, blind obscurantisms, and absurd denials? It has never been otherwise. The pleasantly human and ingenuous custom of theology, as of all other organized systems of thought, has always been to kick a new truth round the block and then welcome it as a long-lost brother.

Said Martin Luther, 'People gave ear to an upstart astrologer who strove to show that the earth revolves. . . . This fool wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy; but sacred Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth.' Even a century later Father Inchofer exclaimed, 'The opinion of the earth's motion is of all heresies the most abominable, the most pernicious, the most scandalous; the immovability of the earth is thrice sacred; argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the incarnation, should be tolerated sooner than an argument to prove that the earth moves.'

There never have been any good old times.

The growth of the factory system, the amazing increase in urban population, the bewildering kaleidoscope of social reconstruction, these and their kin create a crisis. Shall the church, adapted in organization and method to an age of agriculture and domestic manufacture, confused in thought by the left-overs of an exaggerated individualism, go through no spasms in her attempts at readjustment? A few of her sons, the prophets of the new church yet to be, throw themselves into the social mêlée; but the major part of them, as usual, remain within the walls of their little spiritual gymnasium, pulling on the exercisers that are good indeed for raising moral muscle, but are not belted in anywhere to the big business of the world. It has never been otherwise. This modern social crisis is the result of the amazing transformation of the western world from autocratic monarchies to democratic states. Did not the church in that crisis stammer and stutter her way toward a new phrasing of her social creed? After her long aristocratic training of seventeen centuries, with Rome for her nurse and Europe's kings for tutors, she acted like some Prince Hamlet habituated to the scenery of his royal court, who suddenly finds himself amid the setting of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom the weaver, and a bellows-mender, a tinker, and a tailor on the stage. Shall he not be tongue-tied, or else most inept and ridiculous, when first he tries to trim his courtly mien and purse his princely lips for democratic speech? So the church hemmed and hawed then, as now, over the difficult business of readaptation. Granted that the new democracy was in part the fruit of the church's ideal of brotherhood, nevertheless she got on ill with it at first, as to-day she does but slowly adjust her-

self to the new social spirit. Then, as now, Job's complaint about the ostrich was applicable: 'She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers.'

There never have been any good old times. The man discouraged now about the church would have been crushed to heart-break in the sixteenth century, and would have been driven insane in the eighteenth. The crisis is here, but the church meets it on her way up, not on her way down. When one considers the assets and stops recounting the liabilities, ceases bemoaning the inevitable ruin of those sections of the church obdurate to new truth and opportunity, and rejoices in the success of the van-guard closest to the flag; when one thinks of the increasing open-mindedness of our theology, the growing liberality of our interdenominational spirit, the passage from dogmatism to character and service in the church's emphasis, the amazing growth of the social consciousness motivated by religious faith, the unprecedented missionary enthusiasm, the hands reached out from the main body of the church for many special ministries, he wonders to what age he could look to find a man who, rising in our day with a mind able to see and understand, would hesitate to say, —

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.

Beneath the fashionable criticisms of the church, this other strange assumption lies, that the church's ills are exclusively her property, sins peculiarly ecclesiastical. Jesus's sense of the ridiculous was aroused, tinged with a little indignation, by the sight of a man with a beam in his own eye, squinting to pull a mote from his brother's. This picture with its beautiful hyperbole never has been better done into life

than by those men, who, representing other forms of organized endeavor, are possessed with the notion that the church has unique complaints not shared by her self-appointed and critical mediciners. One would suppose, to read the recent articles, that there are special ecclesiastical diseases, traditionalism, formalism, sectarianism, and such like, so peculiarly the distress of the church, that she, being now rather tiresomely heckled concerning them, may not turn and cry, 'Tu quoque.' Men shake their heads over the church's complaints. They grow lugubrious over ecclesiastical blunders. They become ironical about clerical idiosyncrasies. They forget that the problems and distresses of the church are not unique, but universally human foibles and failures, exhibited in every form of organized enterprise, as medicable in the church as elsewhere, and unless men play the coward, to be as resolutely, hopefully, constructively faced there as in medicine or law.

There is the charge of traditionalism, for example. The church turns to the tombs for authority. She does not observe the statute of limitations in her reverence. In what a variety of shapes the accusation lands upon us: that we are Beef-eaters in the clerical Tower of London, long since superannuated, no longer rallying to the country's colors, but spending our few remaining days guarding the relics of our ancestors; that we are a snowball, rolled down the ages, gathering sticks and stones which now are regarded with the same pious awe as is accorded to the snow itself; that like the railroads we are too narrow in our gauge out of deference to the days of horse-drawn vehicles, so that the ghost of an old cart-horse still trots before our 'Federal Expresses.'

The obvious truth of this accusation need not be mitigated. Send matches to a savage tribe and they indeed will

use them to light their secular fires, but the antique flint and steel will start the sacred altar-flame. Send steel knives to the islands of the sea, and while food may be cut with them, the sacrificial animal will yet be slain with copper. Religion loves the ancient, not the new. She hallows with beautiful associations the long accustomed thing, and is devoted to it. All this is clearest to the leader within the church, not to the critic outside. Within are theories of the atonement, phrased in terms of the feudal system, as much out of place in a democracy as a Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court; within are vast assemblies carried away by a vague reactionary sentiment to sing, 'The Old Time Religion is Good Enough for Me'; within, as Dr. Forsythe remarks, the chief problem of the modern preacher is 'to tell the truth without scaring his grandmother.'

The trouble is not that the charge of traditionalism is untrue, but that the charge should be supposed uniquely to concern the church. What profession is it that vaunts its motto, 'Stand by the precedents,' aye, and lives up to it with a consistency that often neither considerations of humanity nor dictates of common sense can overcome? When the church is in danger of too lax a liberality, she can learn of the law a traditionalism that makes a constitution a paddock instead of a road, a fetish instead of a guide, and that often welcomes one precedent five hundred years old rather than a dozen arguments of to-day. Surely, it is the religious and philanthropic men who are beseeching the lawyers, for the sake of pity, in an age of machine industry, to drop the fellow-servant theory of employers' liability, fitted only to an age of domestic apprenticeship. The moral sentiment of the people now most bitterly rebels

against the intricate and futile technicality of a legal procedure so tiresome, superannuated, expensive, and unjust, that some Dickens could well write another *Bleak House* against our modern American chancery. When a case long tried and well settled is carried to an appeal because the stenographer left out the word 'the' before the word 'State' in the indictment, although the meaning was not altered one iota, that is law! When the church does the same, it is ritualism! When in a twentieth-century New York hotel the rights of a guest come in question, and the case is finally decided on the precedent of an English judge under Edward VI, that is law! When bishops do that, it is bigotry! Whereas the simple facts are that conservatism, hugging even old forms from which the life has gone, is a universal human safeguard, liable to dangerous perversions, and that no organization ever yet succeeded in reaping the benefits without undergoing the perils of that instinct which clings to the ancient until the new has more than proved itself. The church is dangerously reactionary, but the young man who avoids the ministry and goes to the law to escape the tyranny of precedent, has leaped out of the frying-pan to no purpose. The church is pitifully traditional, but then, as the old Spanish proverb says, 'They boil beans all over the world.'

The same line of thought holds true when one hears the church heckled because of its sectarianism. One would suppose, from reading the magazines, that divisiveness is a peculiar ecclesiastical evil, a baneful growth indigenous to churchly soil. That there should be thirteen different brands of Baptists, all the way from 'Old-Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarians' up, and twelve styles of Presbyterians, and seventeen fashions in Methodism; that sects should be distinguished from one

another by such holy matters as disbelief in wearing buttons and a penchant for hooks and eyes instead; that little villages where every consideration of efficiency, economy, and fraternity dictates a single church, should be split up into a dozen congregations where wretchedly paid ministers weakly dispense what some one has called 'supernatural ventriloquism'; all this offers a mark for ridicule too obvious to be missed. The church may not resent what so richly she deserves. She is putting new hymns into her service-books and she cannot too loudly sing them: —

Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest all,
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold;
Rend each man's temple veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that Thou hast been of old;
Gather us in!

Gather us in, we worship only Thee.
In many names we stretch a common hand,
In diverse forms a common soul we see,
In many ships we seek one spirit land;
Gather us in!

While the church, however, may well be ashamed of her petty schisms she need not be discouraged as though she faced a problem peculiar to herself. Are not the bristling boundaries of European states, horribly ready for war, the world's gigantic specimen of sectarian folly? The anatomy of the soul is infinitely delicate, its healing how mysterious! Surely the body will offer clearer ground for agreement, and ministries to its good health need not bear party names. But what with allopathy, homœopathy, osteopathy; what with schools of health from vegetarianism to Fletcherizing, and quacks innumerable, one finds it difficult to see how medical sectarianism could be carried much further. In one of our unusually intelligent communities many prominent citizens have been endeavoring for years to persuade allopaths and homœopaths to use the

same hospital. Denominational loyalty in medicine here also has proved too strong; two hospitals are now required. 'If the Presbyterians want a new church,' wrote one of the allopaths, 'they do not ask the Baptists to violate their convictions!' So do medical and theological sectarianism manifest alike the same elemental human trait. Indeed, when good, round, controversial language is desired, let a man no longer listen to a Christian talking of his brethren in another fold. We are as meek as lambs; in a score of coöperations we stick closer than brothers. But let him listen to one school of medicine talking of another, when united enterprise is anyhow suggested. One can imagine that the days may come when a father shall speak thus to his son: 'The phrase "Theologicum odium," my boy, refers to the hatred that used to be aroused in religious controversy, and is best illustrated in our times by the way the allopaths regard the homœopaths!'

In every realm where a popular indictment is found against the church, the fault, called by some ecclesiastical name, is still the common human folly from which no organization ever yet escaped. Even in that most bitter and monstrous charge against the movement founded by Jesus, that preachers fawn and policies are pliant before the subsidizing power of wealth, who without sin shall cast the first stone? Shall the lawyer? But Governor Woodrow Wilson rightly expresses, in a recent address, his apprehension, because it is increasingly difficult to find, for the bench, men from the bar who by their associations with corporate wealth have not lost all understanding of the people's needs. Who is bought up to-day for the service of wealth against commonwealth if not lawyers? Shall the editors press the charge, as though clear-eyed they saw the church's mote?

But their news is trimmed and clipped, suppressed and twisted as the advertisers and the owners say, and they notoriously write as they are paid rather than as they think. Professor E. A. Ross has well marshaled the facts in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1910, to show that the American press to-day is the outstanding illustration of the saying, 'He who pays the piper calls the tune.' Shameful and incongruous it surely is, that this and other charges should be true in some degree of the Christian church; but this consolation at least she has, this assurance, that her problem is a common difficulty — to be solved in her as elsewhere by undiscourageable patience; that she can turn to every one of her accusers, whatsoever form of organized life they represent, and say, 'You're another!'

That this answer solves no problems is evident, but negatively it clears the ground for the positive attitude which the progressive leaders of the church to-day are taking. We may put words into their mouths that surely will not misrepresent them. 'The basal question,' so they say, 'is not the superficial up or down of contemporary ecclesiastical success. The basal matter is the unescapable presence of religion as a dominant element in human life. In that we assuredly believe. For weal or woe men are religious, and this motive power which puts a "Deus vult" behind conduct, this interpretative insight that insists on seeing eternal values in life, is so penetrative and controlling that its intelligent development, its spiritual purification, its moral direction, are still the deepest concerns of man. Religion may do anything, from creating an Inquisition with its excruciating martyrdoms to breathing a saving charity that makes men cry, "The God that answereth by orphanages, let him be God!" Can the same fountain send forth sweet

water and bitter? Yet religion does it. For all life is somehow motivated by visions of God, and upon their vagueness or clarity, their superstition or intelligence, their hopelessness or joy, their moral perversion or their social wholesomeness, depend human interests more deep than are concerned in commerce or in war.'

'How can it be thought,' so the new church within the ancient churches asks, 'that such an inevitable and ubiquitous phase of life may be unorganized? The spirit will somehow insist upon a body. Shall equity avoid creating courts and codes, or the desire for health issue in no schools of medicine? Destructive criticism of the courts justly arouses public indignation, because courts are inevitable, and inevitable problems are not to be met with heckling, but with patient and constructive labor. So the church, too, is an unescapable problem. We know the unsatisfactoriness of her present forms, born every one of them out of historical conditions in which no living man can have the slightest practical interest to-day. We know the petty dogmatisms, the mean divisiveness, the querulous femininity, the base sycophancy, that have too often qualified her spirit, until strong young men shun the pulpits, and of the laity a local village paper says in an illuminating sentence, "The Episcopalians and their husbands enjoyed a pleasant luncheon." We know that whole sections of the church to-day are doomed already, caught in eddies by the shore, oblivious of the main stream, and whirling round

and round until they rot. Yet these very faults and failures, which the church shares with all human institutions, just because they accompany humanity's inevitable attempt to organize the religious life, are for us calls to help, flags for rallying, signals that men are needed. Shall we despair of organized equity because even supreme courts fall into folly? The folly of the courts is rather the signal for a rejuvenated citizenship. Can we do otherwise with the unescapable problem of the church? Church or no church is not the alternative; the question is, since there must be some sort of church, what sort shall we have? The ills of the church are to religious patriots a summons to churchmanship.'

So to-day the new church within the churches is speaking. The spirit there evinced is more full of hope than all the failures are of discouragement. The last ten years have seen a reformation in American Protestantism greater than the most sanguine could have dreamed. Like the Jews rebuilding the walls of their sacred city, multiplying hands are at work upon the unescapable task of organized religion. It must be half-breed Samaritans who now, as then, heckling the builders with gibes and missiles, compel them to work with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other.

Just one sort of man has the right to criticize and to be heard — the man who has earned the right by making some positive contribution himself to this inevitable and superlatively important problem.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL

BY J. C. SNAITH

[In the opening chapters of 'The Principal Girl,' the reader is introduced to Philip Shelmerdine, the amiable son of a recently created peer. He leads the life of an idle young man about town, destined to inherit a title and to marry the girl of his parents' choice.

He breaks an engagement made for him by his managing mother, to attend a concert with Adela Rocklaw, the young woman of her selection, seventh daughter 'of not quite a hundred earls,' and goes, instead, to the theatre with a lately bereaved friend and his brood of motherless children.

During the performance the Principal Girl sings her way into the hearts of a great audience. The effect of her appearance upon the young heir to the barony is instantaneous and overpowering. Before leaving the theatre, Philip has a word with Arminius Wingrove, the playwright, and soon after returns to his club with the father of the motherless brood.]

VI

IN WHICH WE DINE OUT IN GROSVENOR SQUARE

FATHER sat down to write a letter and Uncle Philip smoked a cigarette in a meerschaum holder and read the *Sporting Times*. But the unfortunate young man could not bring his mind to bear upon those chaste pink pages, in spite of the fact that The Dwarf and Mr. Pitcher were quite at the top of their form this week.

Was it because his conscience hurt him? Fretting about Busoni, do you suppose? Wondering whether the seventh unmarried daughter and his dear mother had got to Queen's Hall unscathed, and had also managed to get home again all right?

May have been so. If there is a doubt

about it, conscientious fellow is entitled to benefit thereby. But we are bound to admit there is a doubt upon the subject.

And our reasons be these, lieges all and masterful men. At twenty to seven, long before Father had finished his letters, who should deign to enter the silence room but the identical Arminius Wingrove, to whom the gentle reader has already had the honor of a formal introduction.

Ping went the heart of the heir to the barony. He rose from his chair of Russia leather, lately recovered at the behest of the Committee, and trod softly across the Turkey carpet, old but good.

'Fathead,' said the heir to the barony — for this coarse familiarity we can only offer the excuse that the Great Man had always been Fathead to his familiars since his Oxford days — 'Fathead,' said the heir to the barony, 'I want to talk to you.'

Fathead almost looked as though he had no desire to converse with the too-familiar groundling, being due to take the Dowager Duchess of Bayswater to dine at the Ritz Hotel.

But on all occasions Arminius Wingrove knew how to assume the air of the *bon camarade*.

'Fire away. Only five minutes. Dining old Polly Bayswater at the Ritz.'

'More fool you,' said the profane young man.

Alas! that nothing is sacred to the helots of the Button Club.

'Come into the smoking-room where we can talk a bit.'

'Five minutes only,' said Arminius Wingrove, fixing his eyeglass with his accustomed air of mental power.

The heir to the barony laid hold of the arm of the famous dramatist as though he did n't intend to let it go, hustled him into a room adjoining, deposited him into the emptiest corner, ordered two sherries and Angostura bitters, and straightway proceeded to show what comes of spending Saturday afternoon in places licensed by the Lord Chamberlain for stage performances.

'Do you know by any chance the girl who was Cinderella?'

'Know her. Of course I know her. — And it was I who chose her first long clothes for her.' — At least the air of bland surprise of Arminius Wingrove was open to that interpretation, although of course modesty would have restrained him from saying anything of the kind. 'Everybody knows her — now.'

'Did n't know she was so famous,' said the heir to the barony, limp as rags.

Arminius measured him in his naïveté, though not with the naked eye.

'Absolute nailer,' said the heir to the barony.

All *vieux jeu* to Arminius. Took out his watch, — inset with jools of a rare variety, — a present from never mind who, ye froward journalists.

'Ritz at eight. Polly will curse if kept waiting for her meals.'

'Absolute nailer,' said the vain young man. 'Would like to meet her awfully, if you can manage it for me.'

Arminius Wingrove pondered some.

'Why — ye-es,' said that great man.

'Thought perhaps —?'

Arminius Wingrove pondered more.

'Must go — poor old Polly. But be at the Carlton, Monday, at five —'

With suppressed but deep and sincere

emotion the heir to the barony wrung the bejeweled hand of Arminius Wingrove.

Exit Arminius Wingrove to dress to take old Polly to the Ritz Hotel.

As for the heir to the barony, he dressed in the Albany in his tightest evening trousers, although the question why he could not have performed that action under the roof of his excellent parents at No. 88 Grosvenor Square, the corner house, can only be answered on the plain hypothesis that the uncles and aunts and other collaterals of this idle rich young fellow had left him a great deal of money to play with.

White waistcoat, of course; buttons mother-o'-pearl; tie by Mr. Thomas Ling; pomade by Truefitt for the upper story. Even his man was proud of him. But we grieve to relate that his reception at No. 88 Grosvenor Square, the corner house, was not so cordial as might have been expected, considering that up to the time of writing, the life of this idle rich young fellow was void of serious blemishes.

He could feel the frost even before he took off the coat with the astrachan collar.

'Ought to keep a stove, Jenkins, in this hall during the winter months.'

But that well-trained servitor looked solemnly down his Wellington nose, because he could perceive that the temperatoor that was already up against Master Philip had nothing whatever to do with the state of the British Climate.

'Lady Adela and his Lordship 'ave been here a quarter of a hower, sir.'

What! twenty past eight. O curst pantomime of Drury! O curst vision in thy chestnut curls, that thou shouldst annihilate time and space for a comparatively recent creation — although a Tory one happilee!

'I look like getting it in the neck

properly,' said the vain young fellow, for his personal private information; and Mr. Jenkins, that well-trained servitor, who heard him not, would yet have concurred had he happened to do so.

Certainly this surmise was fairly accurate. Adela's gaze was very cool and level; her method of voice-production also enhanced her statuesque appearance. Even her Pa looked the reverse of cordial, but that, of course, was rheumatism.

Such a pity he had missed Busoni, said the good old mater. Dear Adela had enjoyed the second rhapsodie of Liszt so much.

Theseventh daughter may have done so, but her demeanor seemed rather to make a secret of the information.

The frost had come at last. Shivered poor young fellow, as he took in Adela in sequins, a frock he had seen her in before, which did n't suit her, and in a hapless moment of expansion had been fool enough to tell her so.

Cross as two sticks. Oh yes, a proper minx, my lords and gentlemen. If she will go on like this we shall really have to see about a boor who will abuse her.

Pa talked high politics with First Baron: whether it was merely fun of Wilhelm, or whether Wilhelm *weally* meant it.

'We will keep our eyes upon him,' said these two distinguished peers.

'Dear Adela,' said the good old mater, 'don't you think that *Elektra* is quite the finest music that Wagner has ever written?'

Dear Adela did n't really know. In fact, she did n't seem to care about *Elektra*, or about Busoni, or about Sir Henry Wood. Seemed to think that salted almonds and Burgundy were of more importance far, although we are bound to say we feel dear Adela was wrong in this.

Of course it was up to Mr. Philip, as

a man of birth and education, to have a word or two to say. But, unluckily for him, in the stress of this laudable ambition, he suddenly slipped his bridle, and waltzed right into the conversation.

It was not so much lack of tact, my lords and gentlemen, as the act of destiny. He could be as tactful as another previous to attending this ill-fated *matinée* at Drury Lane. But since that tragic action he was merely one more tempest-tossed mortal—for all the *soigné* look he had—in the grim toils of fate.

We are afraid this is where Euripides begins to backfire a bit, and Mr. G-lsw-rthy smiles within the precincts of his collar.

'I wish you *had* come, Adela, really,' said the vain young man. 'There was a girl there playin' Cinderella.'

'How interesting!' said the good old mater.

Adela nibbled a salted almond, kind of pensive-like.

'Absolute nailer,' said Mr. Philip.

'How *very* interesting. And Busoni's first piece was the overtoor to the polonaise by Chopin, quite classical of course, but so full of verve and charm.'

'Her name is Mary Caspar, and Teddy Clapham had n't heard of her before.'

'What a strain it must be for those poor professionals. It made one quite ill to watch Busoni. Poor man got so excited, but a polonaise is such a *difficult* form of music, one understands.'

'“Nelson and his Boys in Blue” was absolutely rippin'. I say, mater, if you have a free afternoon, Saturday or Wednesday, I should like you and Adela to come and hear her sing it, awfully.'

'And Sir Henry Wood conducted so admirably, did n't he, Adela dear?'

Adela was at almond the sixth.

'I suppose he is a good conductor,' said she. 'But music is so tiresome

unless one happens to be musical, and even then one is likely to be bored.'

'Ought to have come to Cinderella,' said Mr. Philip. 'Enjoyed it, awfully, I'm sure. An absolute nailer! I mean to go again.'

Even with a weight-for-age allowance for the tact, the charm, and the urbanity of one of London's leading Constitutional hostesses, it would be idle to speak of the evening as a great success. The good old mater did all that a brave woman and a devoted mother could have done, in the circumstances, but such was the atmospheric pressure that at last she was obliged to ask the butler whether anything had gone wrong with the ventilator of the new fire-grate, which she had always viewed with suspicion from the moment it had been put in.

In the withdrawing-room the frost grew worsen. 'I must really have my cloak,' said the mother of the heir.

The morning following being Sunday, dear Adela kept her bed till Monday, instead of going to church.

'Where is the Pain?' said Sir Wother-spoon Ogle, Bart.

The rude girl snapped at him a little, although he was such a *very* dear old fellah, as Windsor Cassel used to say. But he quite agreed that dining with dull people was likely to overthrow a sensitive digestion; still for the next twenty-four hours, at any rate, she must take nothing in the way of nourishment but peptonized biscuits and desiccated milk.

Mr. Philip hardly missed her genial presence at St. Sepulchre's as much as he might have done perhaps. Sitting with his mother, only two rows off the chancel, with his hair brushed back from his intellectual forehead, he got wrong in the responses, could n't find the Psalms appointed for Third Sunday, got mixed most hopelessly over the

order of the prayers. He allowed his mind to wander in respect of those appointed for the Royal Family; and when the Reverend Canon Fearon, robed in full canonicals and a rather ritualistic stole, came to grips with the Laws of Moses, the eye of Mr. Philip, as it envisaged him, saw a golden chariot where other people saw a wooden pulpit merely, and in lieu of a scone of shining silver, a diadem of chestnut curls.

At five o'clock on Monday, O ye Liberal organs of opinion! the heir to the barony looked in at a resort of fashion that we almost blush to mention. Youth and Beauty, in their various disguises, were also there. Some in mink and some in ermine, some in frieze and some in velvet, some with clocks upon their wrists, some with clocks upon their stockings, some in paint and some in feathers, some in hobbles, some without 'em, some in turquoise earrings, some in pearls, some in mutch of sanguine hue, some in coal-scuttle, some in beehive and other arch creations; and as the weather east of Piccadilly was really getting rather chilly, all we hope wearing Jaeger combinations.

Ping went the heart of the heir to the barony as each fresh arrival entered. *Ping* went the heart of Philip. *Ping, ping* it went continuous, as the patent doors revolved upon their hinges, and rank and fashion, youth and beauty, swept proudly past commissionaires and other quite unimportant people. But as late as 5.15 Arminius Wingrove had n't shown a feather.

A puss in every corner worrying buttered scones and muffins with the aid of silver-plated forks. All across the parquet, under palms and awnings, the latest things by Paquin toyed with their real old china teacups, and coquetted with toast and bread and butter and Monsieur Eschoffier's most delightful comfit cakes.

Ping went the heart of the heir to the barony; *ping* went the heart of Philip; but although the strain upon that important organ was terrific, Arminius Wingrove never showed a feather.

The Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas discoursed really delightful music; tunes by Strauss and tunes by Wagner, oratorio by Monckton, masterpiece by Rubens, *chic* morsels by Debussy, rhapsodies by gentlemen whose names are easier to spell in Russian, the latest expression of the genius of German, things in Spanish, things in French, Elgar and Villiers Stanford, Sullivan and Dr. Parry, Leslie Stuart and the Abbé Liszt — but Arminius W. never showed a feather.

Actually the hour of six had struck. Already the motley throng of muffin-worriers, replete with tea and cake and music, had begun to take again to taxis, and to pair-horse vehicles, with and without cockades.

Now, what do you suppose had happened to Arminius? His excuse, when ten days later it happened to be forthcoming, was so comprehensive, that the dignity of human nature calls for a special chapter in which to unfold the same.

VII

IN WHICH WE AGAIN DRINK TEA AT THE CARLTON

It was the simple fact that Arminius Wingrove had forgotten all about it. Let us not be hasty in our blame, however, since according to his *amende* to Mr. Philip, at least ten days after his breach of faith, he made it clear that he was without any sort of stain.

Indeed the poor idle rich young fellow had to chew dust and practice the compleat art of humility when next they met at the Club.

'You are a rotter to go back on your word like that. You promised to be

at the Carlton last Monday week, and you never showed a feather. And I waited a solid hour and a quarter for you.'

Arminius transfixed the poor unintellectual, though not with the naked eye.

'You have n't been to Windsor,' Arminius removed his hat in his loyal mannah. 'You don't know the Cassel.'

Poor young upstart took it in the neck terrific.

'Telephone or send a wire? Only just time to pack my bag and then dam near had to have a special. I feel obliged to chastise you, you cub, for this display of e-go-tism.'

The luckless heir groveled in abasement.

'But we'll let it go at that,' said Arminius, with an air of really princely magnanimity, 'if in the future you'll please not overrate yourself so much, and you'll refrain from being so curst familiar in mixed company. One don't mind so much in this Bohemian resort, but when I meet you as one of the mob at the Blenheims I particularly hope you will not address me as "Fat-head" before all the congregation.'

Deep shame overflowed the blond complexion of the heir.

'You've been asking for it a long time,' said Arminius grimly, 'and now it's come. Cheek I abhor. But as I like you pooty well I am going to forgive you.'

The heir to the barony was only too glad to be forgiven on these terms by such a distinguished man. He had been several times in front to see Cinderella, but he was not sufficiently intimate with Mr. Hollins to dare to go behind. And not one of his acquaintances seemed able to bring him closer to his divinity, with the sole and august exception of Arminius Wingrove.

Perhaps that is the reason the young man ate humble pie *ad lib*.

'I've only one afternoon free this month, and that's to-morrah,' said Arminius.

Most unfortunate, but it happened that on the morrow the vain young fellow was booked to take Adela and her Cousin Jane from Cumberland to drink tea at Claridge's.

'Just as you like,' said Arminius W. 'My only afternoon.'

The young man knitted his brow in grave perplexity.

'I wonder if I could persuade Adela to turn up the other shop and come to the Carlton. It is n't quite playing the game though, is it? She must n't know the reason.'

So supremely bored looked Arminius, in the stress of these parochial affairs, that, like a wise young fellow, the heir to the barony decided to curtail them somewhat.

'Yes, I'll be there at five to-morrow, Minnie. Carlton is quite as expensive as the other place, and the crush is greater. You know Adela Rocklaw, don't you?'

'Met her at Highcliff,' said Arminius, casual-like. 'Old Warlock's daughter. Girl you are engaged to.'

'Not engaged exactly.'

'Thought you were.'

'Not exactly. Not official yet.'

'Time it was, then,' said Arminius with magisterial gravity. 'Just the girl for you.'

Perhaps.

Life itself is a great perhaps, says — no, there hardly seems a sufficient warrant to fix responsibility upon any private individual for this venerable saw. But all the same, *peut-être* is perhaps the most important word in any tongue.

The morrow and the hour appointed brought forth the vain young fellow with Adela, looking very smart, and Cousin Jane from Cumberland, looking rather the reverse of fashionable. Pre-

cautions had been taken to book a table in a sequestered nook where the Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas would be powerless to wreck any conversation that might chance to be forthcoming.

The heir was feeling all to pieces, and Adela, as usual, was not so very gay. She had said Claridge's, distinctly. Why had he not obeyed instructions? Best people went no longer — now pray don't think we are going to risk an action on your account, you minx. If you can't be more agreeable, Miss, when you are taken out to places by rather slow and wooden, but patient, meek and long-suffering young men, we shall have to take the opinion of the Editor of the N-t-on — who was once a great friend of ours, and we hope he'll be again — as to what is to be done with you. You are a minx, you know; and we almost think that the best course in the circumstances is to arrange for one of Mr. Arnold W-lls's heroes to pay his addresses to you. Stern measures will have to be tried with you, you Insolent Young Hussy, looking so very uppish in that absolutely charming hat.

Five p. m., yet never a sign of Arminius Wingrove. But even the heir to the barony, with a sinking sensation behind his superior double-breasted angola waistcoat, as he ordered tea and muffins for three persons, was man of the world enough to be aware that Arminius might n't appear very much before the hour of six.

Indeed the odds were seven to four on that Arminius would either forget this little engagement for the second time, or that he would be again commanded to the Cassel. Still it was by no means clear at the moment that this would cause the young man grief. For a fortnight past, asleep and awake, had he dreamed of Cinderella, but alas! he was feeling rather cheap just now, for the young minx opposite, with the

cool blue eye and the chin of domination, — 'ware 'em, you young bachelors, — was engaged in giving him tea without any sugar in it.

'What?' said the young cat.

They could hear her quite three tables away.

'A Mr. Wingrove. Says he's met you. Thought you would n't mind meeting him again — awful clever chap — and he's bringin' a girl he knows.'

'What?' snarled the young puss, starting on her first muffin.

Even poor Cousin Jane from Cumberland, who was nearly twice the age of the young minx, got snubbed most severely when she ventured some perfectly commonplace remark. And such a nice, sensible, well-disposed girl as she was.

'How do you spend your time in Cumberland?' said the unfortunate heir, feeling weaker and weaker, and wondering if he might order a large whiskey and a small apollinaris.

'I hunt otters all the mornin', said nice sensible Cousin Jane, 'and in the evenin' I gen'rally knit bed-socks.'

Overpass it, Mr. Editor; any port in a storm, you know. You are a kind-hearted man, sir, as none has better reason to know than ourselves, so please don't let these poor idle rich upset you. They are doing their best, you know. That young minx opposite has already got to her second muffin; perhaps Nemesis may be persuaded presently to take her case in hand.

You must talk a little louder, please, now that the Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas have opened fire upon that magnificent 1812 Overtour by Tchaikowski.

'How rippin' they play, don't they, Adela?' said Cousin Jane from Cumberland. 'So nice and loud.'

'What?' snarled the young minx above the strident outcries of the great retreat.

'Rather makes you think of otter huntin' — just when they begin the worry.'

The irresistible *elan* of the Blue Bulgarian Bazoukas inspired Mr. Philip to an act of hardihood. Under cover of the clamor he hailed a passing waiter.

'Large whiskey and small polly,' said the desperate young man.

Girt with this classic beverage, he was once more able to look the whole world in the eye. It was indeed a happy inspiration, for hardly had his courage risen, when, at 5.27 by the hand of the clock, among the greenery, a most distinguished figure emerged through a host of minor persons and converged upon the scene.

Ping went the central organ of the young man's being. The hour and the man had come to hand. And ye gods, there was Cinderella!

Retain your presence of mind, my lords and gentlemen; the authentic heroine is coming to you, as fast as her feet in very sensible number threes can bring her. And her trim form inhabits a plain blue serge costume made by a very ordinary provincial tailor on very reasonable terms; and her sensible head is surmounted by a *hat*, not a coal-scuttle, nor a sauceboat, nor a beehive, but a form of headgear well behind the fashion two years ago in Manchester; and there is just a common strip of fur around her throat, because the weather east of Piccadilly is still blowing rather chilly, and she has to sing this evening.

She is coming past the tables, whose critical occupants are wondering why young ladies from the suburbs are admitted to this Valhalla, which holds all that is best and brightest in the metropolis. Not of course that Arminius comes within the purview of this misdirected criticism; his far-flung gaze surmounted by a noble topper; astrachan collar inches deeper than the

heir's; white spats by Grant and Cockburn, and a very snappy pair of gloves.

The far-flung gaze of Arminius Wingrove has seen the vacant places at the table, although he affecteth not to notice 'em.

'Ow did-do, Lady Adela. When did you return from Highcliff?'

Rude girl slowly raiseth fin.

'Awful good of you, Fat — Minnie, I mean — old boy.' The heir, stronger for his liquid sustenance, spoke in tones of deep emotion. 'Sit here, Miss Caspar, won't you? I know you are Miss Caspar, I've seen you so often lately.'

General introductions, which even the best society seems at present unable to dispense with.

Nice sensible Cousin Jane from Cumberland smiled so kind and pleasant, and thought they ought to have more tea.

'And what's your choice in cakes, Miss Caspar?' said the young man brightly. 'Scones or muffins or some of those toppin' things with sugar on 'em.'

'Thanks, anything'll do for me,' said the Principal Girl, as easy as if she were playing Cinderella. 'No fresh tea — quite warm and liquid. Just as I like it. I'll pour it out myself. No use offering tea to Mr. Wingrove. A whiskey and apollinaris; and — I didn't catch your name — had n't you better have another one yourself?'

Oh, how rippin'! The heir to the barony was wreathed in smiles. But the rude girl opposite stared considerable at such spontaneity and natural ease of bearing.

'Such a bore,' said Arminius. 'Got to go to-morrah to the Cassel. Dare say, Lady Adela, I shall see you there.'

'Papa is so poorly,' said the rude girl, thawing some. 'But of course Aunt Selina will explain it to the Cassel as she is in waiting there just now.'

'Don't know Blackhampton!' said

the Principal Girl. 'Oh, but you ought. It is the duty of every Englishman to know dear, dirty old Blackhampton. It is the very best town in England. You are always *sure* of your friends in front when you play in Blackhampton.'

The heir to the barony supposed it was so! Not in any perfunctory spirit, my lords and gentlemen. How do you suppose the young chap could be perfunctory with his divinity drinking her Bohea and eating Monsieur Eschoffier's famous comfit cakes as though she enjoyed them thoroughly?

Don't let us heed the rude girl opposite. She is quite safe in the competent hands of Arminius.

'Here's your whiskey and polly,' said the Principal Girl, 'and Mr. Wingrove's too. Better have some more tea, I think. Miss Percival and Lady Adela are going to have some to keep me company. Oh yes — *please!* And I say, waiter, have you any of those cakes with currants in them, like you get at Nottingham?'

The waiter, a little loftily, said he would inquire.

Never mind the rude girl opposite; Arminius has her well in hand. With that chaste pair of yellow gloves and his knowledge of the world there is really no need to fear for him, my lords and gentlemen. A Miss Caspar — Drury Lane — the Backinghams thought the stock was bound to go higher. Sorry that the stage had no interest for Lady Adela. Yes, the Cassel was looking awfully well just now, in every way quite its own bright and cheery Presence.

The heir to the barony said he had been to Blackhampton. 'Only once — but I've been there.'

'Oh, how interesting! — to play for the Olympians against Blackhampton Rovers — no — really — I did n't catch your name — why, who *are* you?'

'My name is Shelmerdine,' said the

heir to the barony, as modestly as the circumstances permitted.

'Why — *the* Mr. Shelmerdine!'

If there was such a person as *the* Mr. Shelmerdine, the heir to the barony feared it was a true bill.

Cinderella, with her provincial naïveté, did n't know that lords and people did such democratic things as these.

'Do all sorts of wild things when you are up at the 'Varsity,' said the heir to the barony. 'And, of course, you know, that was before my guv'nor got his leg up.'

'Now it is no good your being modest, is it?' said Cinderella. 'Because I know all about you. It was you who kicked those three goals against Scotland in nineteen four.'

The confusion of the heir to the barony was dire.

'Not a bit of good your blushing, is it? I saw the match — I was only a flapper then, playing Fairy Footlight at the Royal Caledonian, Glasgow, and I went with my Aunt Bessie to Celtic Park, and saw you kick three goals, and I won tons of chocolates off the Scotchies in the company, because I had put my pinafore on old England, as I always have, and as I always shall —'

'— They say the new system of drainage at the Cassel —'

'— Steve Bloomer himself could n't have done better than you did that day — and it is no use your being modest, is it?'

'— And the Kaiser is one of the most charming and well-read men I have ever —'

'And so you really are the great Phil Shelmerdine, with your hair brushed just as nice as ever. Even when I was a flapper, and wore a blue ribbon round my pigtail, I used to think your hair was fine. You ought never to have left off playing socker; but I suppose you kind of had to when Mr.

Vandeleur made a peer of your poor father. But England needs you more than ever now that Steve is on the shelf.'

'Don't you find the theatre a very trying profession, Miss Caspar?' said nice, sensible Cousin Jane from Cumberland. 'Are n't the late hours a dreadful strain?'

'One sort of gets used to them,' said Cinderella. 'I'm as strong as a horse; and it's great fun; and it is wonderful how one gets to love the good old British Public.'

'And how the British Public gets to love you, Miss Caspar — not of course that I mean that that is wonderful.'

Not so bad for a very dull young man. But don't get out of your depth, young fellow, — that is our advice to you.

'Oh, Homburg is the greatest bore of all —' The seventh unmarried daughter suspended the story of her sorrows to train a gaze of twenty-four candle-power upon the heir.

'I shall never forget your Cinderella, and such a cold as you had! But it seems to be better now.'

'The best way with a cold is to pretend you have n't got it.'

'And I shall always remember your "Arcadee" and "Nelson and his Gentlemen in Blue." We were in a box, you know, second tier on the left, my friend Clapham and his five kids — lost their mother last year — and their nannas. They simply howled with joy. That little Marge is a nailer. I should like you to meet her, Miss Caspar. When she grows up she'll be just like you.'

Miss Insolence opposite rose in the majesty of black velvet and white ermine.

'Goo'-bye.'

Arminius received a fin at an angle of sixty-five degrees.

'Jane.'

Cousin Jane was so glad to have met Miss Caspar, and hoped before she returned to Cumberland to have the pleasure of seeing her play Cinderella. But that other unmannerly young madam never even bowed. Yes, Mr. G-lsw-rthy, we shall really have to save it up for her. A proper young cat, my lords and gentlemen.

'Well, I'm awfully proud to have met you, Miss Caspar. And I hope you'll honor me some day soon by bringing your friends along to tea. My number on the telephone is 059 Mayfair, and I'll lay in a stock of cake.'

'Delighted! — and you must come and see us, me and my old Granny — Mrs. Cathcart — used to play Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble, and those old swells, although I dare say you can hardly remember them. But she's a dear, Mr. Shelmerdine; and if you want to hear about the dignity of the profession and how her granddaughter's lowered it, come round to Bedford Gardens Number Ten any Sunday afternoon, and you'll say she is the dearest old thing about.'

VIII

IN WHICH IT IS OUR PRIVILEGE TO
MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE
GODDAUGHTER OF EDMUND KEAN

Mr. Philip counted the hours till Sunday came. He was sorely infected now by the deadly virus.

He had forgotten those three goals against Scotland. They were never mentioned in his own little world. In Grosvenor Square, in particular, no store was set by such irresponsible undergraduate behaviour. There his career only dated from the time he had managed to get his commission so easily in the Second; and he had never been quite forgiven for tiring of a respectable course of life so soon. It was strange

that this sportswoman, so full of sense and pluck, had seen him in the crowded and glorious hour when life was his in its fulness. He had lived in those days, crudely and vulgarly perhaps, but now he wanted to have done with his idleness and start to live again.

He was in love with Mary Caspar, and that was all about it! She rang true in every note, whether she drank tea at the Carlton or warbled ditties on the boards of Drury. No wonder that she was the uncrowned queen of many a provincial city; no wonder that every errand boy in the metropolis whistled 'Nelson' and 'Arcadee.'

On his way to the Albany, he called at a news-agent's and invested a shilling in picture-postcards of Mary Caspar.

'I suppose you sell a lot of these?'

'Hundreds,' said the young man behind the counter. 'We've sold out three times in a fortnight, and the demand is increasing.'

Yes, it was clear enough that, as usual, the public knew a good thing when they saw it.

On the Sunday afternoon, as five o'clock was striking from St. Martin's Church, Mr. Philip drove up to Bedford Gardens and pulled the door-bell of Number Ten.

Miss Caspar received him with unaffected cordiality.

'And this is Granny, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Cinderella, proudly.

Granny was a stately old dame in a turban, turned eighty-three — a really wonderful old lady. Her speech was lively and forcible; and her manner had the charm of one who had grown old with dignity. It had a semi-humorous touch of grandeur also, as of one who has known the great world from the inside and is not inclined to rate it above its value.

She shook hands and said she was glad to meet the son of his father.

'A good and honorable and upright

man, I'm sure, Mr. Shelmerdine, although his politics are all wrong, to my mind. You see we artists, even the oldest of us, live for ideas, and these unfortunate Vandeleurites — but we won't talk politics, although it was I who bought Mr. Vandeleur his first bells and coral. At that time nobody except his mother and myself, and possibly his nurse, foresaw that he was the future Prime Minister of England. Polly, my dear, the tea.'

'You boastful old Granny,' said Mary. 'And I don't think Mr. Shelmerdine is a bit impressed.'

'Oh yes I am — awfully,' said Mr. Shelmerdine gallantly, handing tea.

And he came within an ace of dropping the cup on the hearthrug, because Mary chose at that fateful moment to twitch her adorable left eyelid so artfully that he had to whisk away his countenance to keep from laughing in the face of Grandmamma.

'Mr. Shelmerdine, have you seen my granddaughter play at the Lane?'

Yes, Mr. Shelmerdine had, and if he might say so, admired her playing awfully.

'I am sorry to hear you say that,' said the old lady. 'To my mind she displays a strange lack of ambition. We are an old theatrical family, Mr. Shelmerdine, a very old theatrical family. When I was her age I was playing Lady Macbeth to John Philip Kemble.'

The young man was mightily interested, although, to be sure, this was the first he had heard of John Philip Kemble; but happily he had a sort of general idea that Lady Macbeth was the name of a thrilling drama by the late Earl of Lytton.

Mary's laugh was ready and responsive to this damaging criticism.

'Yes, Granny dear, but then you had genius and that's a thing that does n't often occur in any family, does it?'

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'Polly, child,' — the natural grandeur showed a little, — 'it is a mere *façon de parler* to speak of ambition, respect for one's calling, determination to live up to the highest that is within one's self, as genius, but the absence of genius does not excuse any one for lowering the traditions of a distinguished family. Mr. Shelmerdine, I hope you agree with me.'

Appealed to at point-blank range, the young man was fain to agree with Grandmamma. But if his note of conviction was not very robust, it must be remembered that his present ambition was to run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds.

'By taking pains,' said the old lady, 'and showing a proper reverence for its calling, even a modest talent may add a cubit to its stature. That, at least, was the opinion of John Philip Kemble and Mr. Macready.'

Of course Mr. Shelmerdine was bound to agree with these great men.

'To think of my granddaughter playing Cinderella at the Lane, when she should be playing Lady Macbeth at His Majesty's!'

'Oh, but, ma'am,' said the young man, 'she is a nailin' good Cinderella, you know.'

'A *nailin'* good Cinderella, when her great-grandmother played with Betterton and Garrick, and one of her forebears was in Shakespeare's own company!'

The young man thought silence would be safer here. Still knightly conduct was undoubtedly called for.

'I hope you won't mind my sayin', ma'am,' said the heir to the barony, 'that she's the finest Cinderella I've ever — although I dare say I ought n't to say it in her presence.'

But Grandmamma would neither brook contradiction, nor admit any extenuating circumstances. Polly was really a disgrace.

'Well, Granny dear,' — and again that wicked left eyelid came into action — 'you can't deny that next year they are going to double my salary at the Lane, though I am sure I get quite enough already.'

'Polly, my child, do you suppose for a moment that John Philip Kemble would have urged such an excuse?'

Grandmamma's majesty dissolved Miss Mary in light-hearted mirth.

'I quite see your point, ma'am,' said the young man, playing as well as he knew how.

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said the old lady, 'I make you my compliments on your good sense.'

It must certainly be said for the heir to the barony, that he made quite a favorable impression upon Grandmamma. Rather a plume in the bonnet of the parfit, gentil knight moreover; because Granny had been kissed by Mr. Dickens, had known Mr. Thackeray almost as intimately as she knew her own father, had dined and supped with Mr. Gladstone, and had a very poor opinion indeed of Mr. Disraeli.

IX

A LITTLE LUNCH AT DIEUDONNÉ'S

Mr. Philip was in for an attack of the ancient malady. What made it worse for him was that he had never had it before. He was twenty-nine, a very healthy and normal citizen, 'a little slow in the uptake' to be sure, but with a snug little patrimony already, and the heir to something even more substantial. He should, of course, like other interesting young men, have tried to keep out of mischief by serving his country in a Household regiment.

It was a mistake to have left the Second, said his admirable parents. He wanted a wife, said all the world. It was really necessary that a young

man rising thirty should provide himself with this indispensable accessory.

In his rather torpid way, he rather agreed. Still, he got no farther, although it was perfectly clear that the hour and the girl were waiting for him.

To be quite frank, he had never exactly hit it off with Adela. Self-willed and over-bearing young women were amusing in the right place and season; but he was much too shrewd a young chap to crave to be tied up for life with one of them. But if he was n't careful, the fetters might easily be riveted. Things had rather shaped that way for twelve months past.

Yes, the young man was in a rather parlous state just now. Let the right sort of girl come along, and the consequences were likely to be serious. The fruit was ripe for plucking. A single shake of the branch and it might fall from the tree.

Cinderella had shaken the tree pretty severely. Simple, kind, and cheerful, she was just the sort of girl you could get on with. Straight as a die, overflowing with life and sympathy, she had the noble faculty of being genuinely interested in all the world and his wife.

Would she come out to lunch?

Oh yes, any day except Wednesday and Saturday, when she had to play.

So the very next morning they lunched at Dieudonné's, and everything seemed perilously pleasant.

Punctual to the minute; how delightful to have a table in the corner; the restaurant of all others she liked to lunch at; and lark and oyster-pudding and Chablis, the fare above all others she coveted. Comparisons are odious, as the world has long agreed, but really they seemed inevitable just now!

Did n't he think Granny was wonderful? And really quite great in her day. A link with the past, much esteemed in the profession.

Was Miss Caspar never tired of the theatre? Was n't it an awful grind? Did n't she ever want a night off? When she was feeling as cheap as she must have been feeling a fortnight ago last Saturday, did n't she feel inclined to turn it up?

No, she just loved it all the time. Her motto was Nelson's, 'Never to know when you were beaten.' It was Nelson's motto, was n't it? Besides, having two thousand people in your pocket, gave you such a sense of power. And then the princely salary — a hundred pounds a week, and next year it was going to be doubled. She really did n't know how she would ever be able to spend it.

'Why spend it at all? Why not invest it at four-and-a-half per cent?'

'Oh yes — for a rainy day!'

Such an idea was evidently quite new to Cinderella, and she proclaimed it forthwith as the very zenith of human wisdom.

'You must let me spend a little, though.'

She spoke as though he had charge already of her hundred pounds a week.

'Not more than a fiver now and again.' The good forebears made answer for the heir to the barony. 'No need, really. Of course, when you take a holiday abroad, you can dip a little more freely.'

Granny thought the provinces were vulgar, but Cinderella was quite sure that Mr. Shelmerdine did n't agree with Grandmamma.

'Now look me right in the eyes and tell me whether the provinces are vulgar. Honest Injun now, and on your oath!'

The good gray eyes were open to a width that was positively astonishing.

Mr. Shelmerdine did not agree with Grandmamma.

'No, of course you don't. The provinces are hearty and easy to get on

with, and we are very fond of each other, and I don't consider either of us vulgar. Of course, it is Granny's Victorianism, to which I always pretend to give in, although I don't really. Do you know dear dirty old Sheffield? The next time you go and play against the Wednesday — I beg your pardon, I had forgotten those wretched Tories had made your father a peer; well, the next time you go to Sheffield, — which you never will again, — ask the dear old Tykes whether they have ever seen Mary Caspar as Alice in *Dick Whittington*. Why, it was I who presented the Cup and Medals to the United when they won the Hallamshire and West Riding Charity vase.'

'Oh, really.'

'You must n't say, "Oh, really"; you must say, "Did you, ma lass! I wish I'd been playin' in ta match."'

Would Miss Caspar have a cigarette?

Avec plaisir; but she insisted on lighting his before he was allowed to light hers.

'I wonder if I know you well enough to call you Philip?' she said at about the fourth puff. 'Your name is such a long one, is n't it?'

The heir to the barony was bound to admit that his name was long, and that even Philip was shorter when it became Phil.

'Would n't Phil be just a little familiar, considering that we have only known each other a week?'

'I seem to have known you for years and years and years.'

'Well, if you really mean that, Philip, I don't think there is any reason why it should n't be Phil. But you must n't go beyond Mary, you know. To Granny I'm Polly, of course; but there's only one other person outside the family who calls me Polly, because somehow I object to it on principle. And you'll never be able to guess who that is.'

'Mr. Vandeleur?'

'Dear no! — of all people. I am a perfectly ferocious Radical.'

'Well, I hope it is n't — ?'

'— Be careful, Philip. *Very* dangerous ground. But no, it is n't he. The only other person who is allowed to call me Polly is the Lessee and Manager of the Royal Italian Opera House, Blackhampton.'

A sudden pang of consternation went through the being of Mr. Philip. There was a confounded ring on her finger!

'Goose,' said Mary, with her incorrigible frankness, and vastly amused by the course of the young man's gaze. 'Old enough to be my father. But he's a dear; and if I ever marry any one — which I never shall — I don't think I should mind marrying him, although he's just celebrated his silver wedding, and he's got a family of eleven, seven girls and four boys, all with a broad enough accent to derail any tram in Blackhampton.'

Yes, Mr. Philip enjoyed every moment of this little luncheon at Dieu-donné's.

Before going to misspend his afternoon at one of his clubs, he accompanied the charmer as far as Bedford Gardens. They went on foot for the sake of the exercise, which she vowed she would rather die than do without; along the Strand if he did n't mind, because she loved it so.

The Strand was a wonderful place, they both agreed. Certainly, he had been in it before — often — though always on the way to the play or to supper at the Savoy. But he had to admit that this was the first time he had come to it in broad daylight as an amateur.

'You get more human nature to the square inch in the dear old Strand than any place in the world,' said this young woman who had traveled the five continents in the exercise of her calling.

'Piper, miss? 'Orrible murder in the Borough.'

Mary was proof against this lure; and with true feminine irrelevance, proceeded to pile insult upon the head of injury by calling upon a young gentleman of nine, who apparently was not going to Eton next term, and whose person was held together by a single button, to explain the absence of his shoes and stockings.

'Are n't got none, lidy.'

'Why have n't you?'

'Ain't 'ad none, lidy, since mother was put away for doin' in father a year lawst Boxin' night.'

'I daresay it is quite a good reason,' said Mary Caspar, 'if only it could be translated into English. What did your mother do to your father?'

'E come 'ome ravin' and mother throwed a paraffin lamp at him, and the judge give her ten years.'

Mary Caspar opened her purse and produced the hundredth part of her week's salary.

'Never let me see you again without your boots — or your stockings either.'

The recipient looked at the sovereign doubtfully. Then he looked up at the donor.

'Gawd bless yer, lidy,' he said, depositing this incredible wealth in some inaccessible purlieu of his late father's waistcoat.

The heir to the barony was rather silent as they turned up Bedford Street. He was, of course, a drone in the hive, but he sometimes indulged in the habit of turning things over in his mind.

'There's something wrong, you know, somewhere. A kid not a day more than nine, all on his own. I think we ought to have got his name and address.'

Mary thought he would have forgotten his name and that he would n't have been at the trouble to possess himself of anything so superfluous as an address, but she agreed with a further display of true feminine irrelevance — and what would any Principal Girl be

without it?—that they certainly ought to have got them. So they turned back for the purpose. But the bird had flown. They walked back as far as Trafalgar Square, crossed over and came back on the other side, but their quarry had quitted the Strand.

‘We must look out for him again,’ said the heir to the barony. ‘Although I expect there are thousands like him.’

‘Millions,’ said Mary.

‘And of course it don’t matter what you do in individual cases, so the johnnies say who know about it — but you must let me stand that sovereign, although it is good of you and all that.’

The heir to the barony produced the sum of one pound sterling and inserted it in Mary’s muff, a very ordinary sort of rabbit-skin affair, our feminine readers will regret to learn.

Mary declined point-blank to accept the sovereign, which irresponsible behaviour on her part made the young man look rather troubled and unhappy.

‘Oh, but you must.’

‘Why?’

The heir to the barony seemed perfectly clear in his own mind that she ought to do as she was told, but not being gifted in the matter of clothing his thoughts with language, the reasons he gave seemed both vague and inadequate to an independent-minded young woman whose salary for the time being was equal to that of the First Lord of the Treasury.

They parted on Grandmamma’s doorstep, with a hearty handshake, and a reluctant promise on Mary’s part to come out to tea on the morrow at Harrod’s Stores. The young man walked on air to one of his numerous houses of call, firm in the conviction that he had never enjoyed a luncheon so much in all his born days.

‘Ye-es, Agatha, I a-gree with you,’ said the first Baron Shelmerdine of

Potterhanworth at half-past seven that evening, twisting his face in the torment of achieving the conventional without a suspicion of the baroque or the bizarre. ‘The ve-ry next shirts I order from Hoodlam shall all turn down. Harold Box, I believe — so why not I? Oh, confound it all — that’s the third I’ve ruined.’

‘Fetch another, Wally, and I will tie it for you,’ said the Suffolk Colthurst superbly.

It was humiliation for a Proconsul, but we are pledged to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in this ingenuous narrative. And of their courtesy we ask none of our readers to accuse us of malice.

‘You must bend a bit, Wally.’ The Suffolk Colthurst grappled firmly with the situation. ‘Better order two dozen at once from Heale and Binman. Their’s carry more starch.’

Here it was that Destiny came into the picture, casual-like.

‘Wally,’ — the Suffolk Colthurst had just achieved a reticent, self-respecting single bow, — ‘now that Lord Warlock has agreed to that settlement, if I were you, I would send round a note to the Albany for Philip to come and see us in the morning.’

‘Well tied, Agatha. I’ll write a note to Philip now.’

If the truth must be set down, and that of course is essential in all circumstances, the parental communication, in spite of the fact that it had an impressive device on the back and a motto in Latin, was not the first note that was opened at B-4 the Albany on the following morning. It was not the second, nor the third either, because there was quite a pile of correspondence in front of the kidneys and bacon at a quarter past ten in the forenoon of Tuesday, the first of Feb.

‘Dear Philip,’ said the parental

communication, when it was open at last, 'Your Mother will be pleased if you will come to luncheon to-morrow, as there is an important matter she would like me to speak to you about. Luncheon at one-thirty sharp, as I have to go down to the House. Your affectionate Father, S. of P.'

Mr. Philip helped himself pensively, but not illiberally, to kidneys and bacon. He sprinkled salt and pepper over them, spread mustard on the plate, buttered his toast, poured out a cup of tea of almost immoral strength, read over the parental communication again, and then made use of an objurgation.

'I wish the good old mater would n't get so meddlin',' said he.

Nevertheless, like a dutiful young man, he decided he must go and lunch at 88 Grosvenor Square. But by the time he had put on his boots with five buttons, and had been inserted into the coat with the astrachan collar, and had sauntered forth to his favorite florist's, twirling his whangee cane, somehow the good old sky of London did n't look quite so bright as it did yesterday.

His favorite florist's was in charge of his favorite young lady assistant, Miss Pearson by name, whom, a fortnight ago, he had had serious thoughts of calling Sally, without her permission. But a good deal of water had flowed under London Bridge in the meantime, so that now, whether she gave her permission or whether she withheld it, he no longer yearned to be guilty of any such freedom.

Still Miss Pearson was a very good sort for all that; and the heir to the barony raised his hat to her this morning in his politest manner; although perhaps it is right to remark that he would still have done so on any other morning, and even if Miss Pearson had not been such a very good sort — but in that case he might have gone a little

higher up the street, as far as Miss Jackson.

'Mornin', Miss Pearson. How are we?'

Miss Pearson was so-so. Had been to the Coliseum to see *Richard III*, the previous evening.

'Have you been to Drury yet?'

No, but Miss Pearson's best boy had promised to take her next Monday — that being her night out.

'I *envy* you, Miss Pearson,' said the heir to the barony, with emotion. 'And the young chap — of course.'

'Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Miss Pearson, 'do you know what my impression is?'

Mr. Shelmerdine had not the faintest idea what her impression was.

'My impression, Mr. Shelmerdine,' said Miss Pearson, 'is, that you are in love.'

No rebutting evidence being offered, Miss Pearson grew grave and serious as became a young lady of good Scottish lineage on the spindle side.

'If you'll take my advice, Mr. Shelmerdine, you'll go a short sea-voyage. I've noticed a deterioration in you during the last fortnight. It is far worse than when Cassie Smallpiece was at the Gaiety. I shall go and see for myself on Monday, but I've no opinion of actresses as a class. It is time you married that Lady Adela, you know.'

It was the first time that Miss Pearson had been moved to these communications so far as this particular client was concerned; but the fair president of as smart a florist as was to be found in Piccadilly was a lady of considerable social insight.

'Well, Miss Pearson,' said the heir to the barony, slowly and thoughtfully, 'you know that I always value your opinion, but Mary Caspar is an absolute nailer.'

'Go across to Dean and Dawsons,' said Miss Pearson. 'Or you can use

my telephone, if you don't want to run the risk of crossing the street. Egypt or Switzerland or a short sea-voyage. Think what a blow it would be to your father if you did n't marry a lady in society.'

'Ha, you have n't seen her yet, Miss Pearson,' cried the incredible young man. 'If I could book a couple of stalls for Monday, do you think your young chap would mind accepting 'em?'

'Only too pleased, I'm sure,' said Miss Pearson promptly. 'No false delicacy about Alf. He's in the green-grocery the other side the Marble Arch.'

The heir to the barony was a little 'slow in the uptake,' but like others who labor under that natural defect, in the end he generally contrived to get to his destination.

'I hope you ain't throwin' yourself away, Miss Pearson,' said the heir to the barony. 'Blow to your people, I'm sure, if you are side-tracked by anything under a bank clerk.'

'Money before position, Mr. Shelmerdine, is my motto,' said Miss Pearson. 'If you've got the one, you can always get the other.'

The heir to the barony seemed rather impressed by this pearl of wisdom. He pondered it while that very able and personable young woman twined a piece of wire round a posy of violets. And then as if to prove a general proposition, Position itself appeared and somewhat abruptly terminated this instructive tête-à-tête.

Position entered in the person of a youthful marquis, leading a bull terrier whose natural beauty was almost as chastened as his own.

'Why Shel — have n't seen you for years!'

Position held out a hand gloved somewhat aggressively in yellow. His senior by four years shook the gauntlet warily.

'Mornin', Sally.'

Position turned its back and put its elbows on the counter. It might have been the sole proprietor, not only of those most desirable lock-up basement premises, but of Miss Pearson and all their other contents. Still no reproof was forthcoming.

During an even earlier phase of Position's adolescence, it had been Mr. Shelmerdine's privilege as a House Prefect, a member of the Eleven, a member of Pop, and of other high dignities, to lay into Position in no uncertain manner. Alas that his zeal had proved so unfruitful!

Autre temps, autres mœurs. Had we the pen of the sage, the fervor of the poet, the *saeva indignatio* of the preacher, what a theme is here, my lords and gentlemen! Position not only usurping the badge of intimacy, reserved for the peers of the Keeper of the Field, but actually venturing to take the *pas* of him by addressing Miss Pearson by her first name, setting his elbows on the counter and removing a bunch of violets from her ample bosom, while he — the unspeakable humiliation of it! — actually had to wait meekly for his own.

Had there been a toasting-fork within the precincts of those desirable lock-up basement premises, it is appalling to think of the consequences that might have ensued.

Miss Pearson handed Mr. Shelmerdine his bunch of violets in a manner quite decidedly *dégagé*, as though her interest in him had assumed a less acute phase. Raging within, the heir to the barony, a mere 1905 creation, sought the purer air of the Ritz Arcade, leaving the field to 1720, who could be heard saluting Sally not too chastely, as his early benefactor hurriedly crossed the threshold of his favorite florist's.

'Called me Shel — my God! If only I'd got that long-handled old-fashioned one with the five prongs — !'

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND WEST POINT

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

THE comparison suggested by the title of this paper will appear a contradiction in terms to many persons who have been accustomed to think of West Point and the army as a nursery of caste rather than of democracy. In reality, however, the fundamental principle of the socialist propaganda is one which is put into actual practice in the Military Academy Service and is found to work; and the system enforced there, considered apart from the strictly military end in view, is in miniature an ideal social democracy. It may seem a strained effort to attempt a parallel between the life of a small and select body of men, organized for a special purpose and controlled by absolute external authority, and the life of the great world outside; but human motives, like the force of gravitation, are unchanged by the circumstances of their exercise, and the smaller example is therefore not without instructive application to the larger.

In keeping with the thoroughly democratic origin of the student body at West Point are the rules and regulations by which it is governed. There is absolute uniformity in treatment, duties, and privileges, an entire absence of favoritism and of all distinctions of wealth, and a prohibition of secret societies with their petty likes and dislikes, and of practices which foster the snobbishness and heartburnings characteristic of so much of American school life. Particular stress is laid upon the practical enforcement of

the principles of honesty, fidelity, courage, justice, and the like, which must, of course, lie at the foundation of any social system if it is permanently to succeed. While West Point has always maintained this democratic simplicity, with little modification from external changes, the tendency of school life outside is distinctly away from it. This is to be deplored, not only because of its adverse influence upon the happiness of student life, but because that influence is necessarily projected into after-life, and thus affects society as a whole. In the opinion of many thoughtful observers, there is required an awakening on this subject, and an effort to restore to our schools something of the equality of the West Point system. It is a matter no less essential to the citizenship of this country than the mental training which is ordinarily considered the primary object of youthful education.

This only in passing. The purpose of the present paper is not to discuss methods of education, but to show by a practical example that the fundamental aim of social democracy is not visionary or hopeless, but on the contrary eminently practical. Reduced to its final analysis, this purpose is an ever nearer approach to equality of opportunity, and to an equitable distribution of the products of labor. Few will deny that such equality and equity are of the very essence of justice. This does not mean that social goods shall be divided on a communistic basis, or that differences in physical and intel-

lectual capacity shall be ignored and mankind reduced to a dead level of mediocrity. It means rather that natural inequalities shall have free play, so that society may reap the full benefit of superior capacity; but it also means that such capacity shall be restrained from that unjust exploitation of wealth which results in a distribution without any definite relation to actual human needs.

Deeply fixed in the thought of the more well-to-do, is the belief that anything like equality of opportunity or condition would be incompatible with their own enjoyment and with efficiency of work in the lower classes. The dignity of self-sustained leadership on the one hand, and the spur of necessity on the other, seem to them the only forces which can keep the world moving. But this belief has really no higher authority than that of tradition and long-established custom; and in the example here chosen for comparison, every argument in support of it is disproved by experience. West Point, and in only a less degree the service outside, demonstrates the impotence of wealth or privilege as a necessary spur to endeavor. Equality of opportunity, privileges, and pecuniary rewards is found to be in no sense incompatible with individual initiative, with efficiency in work, and with the general happiness. No loss results — rather the reverse — from the absence of all extraneous advantages, and from compelling every one to stand on his own merit, performing the work for which he is fitted, without any reference to the pecuniary compensation which he receives.

Conscience is so far a creature of education, and so little a matter of abstract justice, that in the present state of civilization it fails to perceive the lack of equity in a system which gives to superior capacity, and to su-

perior service resulting therefrom, a superior share of the fruits of human labor. It quite overlooks the fact that this gift of superior capacity is an advance payment to the recipient of dearer worth than any pecuniary reward can be, and one which his utmost efforts can never adequately repay. It is *he* who is the debtor to society, and it is a reversal of his obligation to hold that society is a debtor to *him*. Every candid individual recognizes in his heart the truth of this. The possessor of superior natural gifts would not exchange places with his less favored fellows for any conceivable pecuniary gain; yet without a qualm he uses his advantage to tax them to the limit of his ability to extort, or of their ability to pay. And the tax thus imposed, in the form of high salaries or fees or outright exploitation without any pretense at return service, is converted into an engine of additional extortion (through interest, rents, profits, etc.), until the accumulation, like a huge snowball, growing faster the larger it becomes, soon loses all relation, not only to reasonable personal needs, but even to assumed superiority of service. Passing on through transfer, bequest, or inheritance, it eventually results in giving to mediocre talent precedence over superior, and in fixing almost immovable barriers in the way of equal opportunity.

'Uto every one that hath shall be given,' is an aphorism which has done duty in defense of privilege ever since it was first uttered. Yet it is clear that its Author intended to make duty performed, not possession of ability, the justification of reward. He punished the faithless servant, not because he had little, but because he did not use what he had. He rewarded the faithful servants, not because they had much, but because they used what they had. And the real reward was not in material

things, but in honor and authority — from ruler over few things to ruler over many. It is a gross perversion of this beautiful lesson to hold that it justifies superior ability in exploiting the less favored mass of humanity. With something of effrontery, a recent apologist for this doctrine said, 'A great house on the Avenue is a receipt from society for value received.' An inventory of these houses, and a fair estimate of the services to society of their owners and of others who do not own such houses, would rudely upset that theory. If ownerships along the Avenue could be suddenly readjusted on the basis of value received, there would result a boom in the local record and abstract business such as it has never yet dreamed of. In a majority of cases the statement above quoted is not true in fact; in none is it true in principle. It is the right of society to *exact* superior service from superior capacity, and that without any 'house on the Avenue' either as a bribe or as a reward.

The world now has before it a great object lesson upon this question of reward for service. A few years ago the chief executive of this nation was casting about for men to take charge of building the Panama Canal. Seeking them among the great railway corporations of the country, it was necessary to offer salaries commensurate with those paid to the higher officials of such corporations. Yet he had within reach a body of men competent to handle that work, with whom the question of salary beyond their regular pay as public servants would have cut no figure whatever, and with whom the distinguished character of the service would have been extra reward enough. These men are now in charge of that work, and although they stepped into the shoes of their predecessors to a certain extent in the matter of pay and

are actually receiving largely increased salaries, every one, from the President down, knows that this increase was not necessary to secure the highest efficiency of which these men were capable. If they had gone down there with only such reasonable increase over their slender army pay as increased risk and expense would naturally require, not a man of them would have rendered any less valuable service on that account.

And this is not the only example. Much of our best public service — in our wars, in the engineering work of the Army, in the Reclamation service, in the scientific bureaus of the government — has been and is being done upon salaries which even inferior talent in much of the work in private life would look down upon with contempt. Likewise the supremely important service which the educators in our colleges and universities are rendering in equipping youth for the work of life is done with as pure devotion and as strenuous effort as many times their pay commands from the servants of great corporations.

The question here discussed is not the adequacy or inadequacy of a given salary, but the relation of salary to efficiency. The point insisted upon is that high salaries are necessary to high efficiency only as a false convention of society makes them so. Change this convention, as is done in the Army, and it would be found that just as high results — most probably higher — would follow comparative equality of wages as now are secured through exaggerated differences. The honor of service, the sense of authority, the love of recognition, are motives enough to call forth all that is worth calling forth in any man. Does any one believe that if an approximate equality of wages existed in the railway service from top to bottom there would be any

less strenuous seeking for promotion? any less devotion to duty? any less efficiency in the different grades of employment? Would the ambitious youthful telegraph operator look forward any less hopefully to some day becoming president of the road if that position carried a salary of only five thousand dollars instead of fifty thousand? West Point answers this question in the negative. The striving for advancement and recognition there could be no more strenuous if there were corresponding increase in pay instead of no increase at all. In the Engineer Department of the Army, where the responsibility and character of work vary greatly, and it often happens that an officer of no higher rank or pay (sometimes less) than another may be charged with more important duties, that fact makes not the slightest difference in his devotion to duty or efficiency in work. There is a distinct degradation of our finer ideals in the prevalent notion that the character of service should be gauged by the salary attached to it. Perhaps the most regrettable incident connected with the building of the Panama Canal was an impression which at one time got abroad of an apparent indifference to these ideals, and a subordination of the sense of honor attaching to so great a work to considerations of mere pecuniary reward.

The argument that mere capacity for service is not a true criterion of wages should not be taken as a plea for uniformity of wages regardless of the service rendered. It is, at most, a plea that the needs of the individual as a human being should be the primary and controlling factor. If the pecuniary demands of a position were limited solely to the individual necessities of the occupant, uniformity might be practicable and just. But they are not. Position itself imposes varying de-

mands dependent upon its importance. The drain upon the private purse of a cabinet officer or a railway president, arising solely from the necessities of service, is much greater than upon that of a fourth-class postmaster or a locomotive engineer. A perfectly equitable adjustment of wages could scarcely mean equality. Consideration for society rather than for the individual prevents it. The true criterion would seem to be the individual necessities of livelihood (essentially the same for all men) and the added needs which the position itself imposes.

But even on this basis a practical difficulty in the way of a strictly equitable system is found in a condition of things with which society, in spite of the marvelous progress of civilization, has yet scarcely begun to reckon. What is service, and what are legitimate individual needs? In common acceptance, service is the specific work which an individual does for some employer, and compensation is determined upon this narrow basis, and is practically uniform in any locality for any given grade of work. It takes no account of that other, and often more important, service which is done for society in the rearing of children. It takes no direct account of the increased necessities which this larger service requires. Under the present imperfect system the individual who assumes nothing of this universal duty receives as large compensation as the one who assumes it in full. It may be replied that, inasmuch as most adults do marry and rear children, the grand average of wages has a definite relation to the grand average of needs — and this is probably true. But the system is nevertheless full of inequity through inability to take cognizance of individual needs — something quite impossible in the present organization of society, owing to the detail-work involved and the

lack of permanence in the relation of employer and employed.

The system of pay in the Army offers an interesting example on an elaborate scale of an effort to devise an equitable wage-system on the basis of average needs. Promotion roughly keeps pace with increasing family responsibilities, and the resulting increase of pay thus meets increased personal needs and increased demands of position. To compensate in part for irregularities in promotion, there is an arbitrary increase of pay, based upon length of service alone. This takes place every five years, beginning with entry into the service, and continues for four successive increases, or during a period of twenty years at that time of life when domestic burdens are presumably most onerous. From that time on there is no further increase except that which comes with promotion in rank, or with increased demands of position. When the age of retirement comes and the demands of position cease, and the work of rearing a family is presumably complete, the pay is arbitrarily reduced and all perquisites are cut off, thus again roughly adapting compensation to actual needs.

On the basis of grand averages, this is perhaps as equitable a system as it is possible to devise. It leaves to the officer of high rank not much more of a surplus over his necessary outgo (often less) than to the officer of low rank, or even the enlisted man himself. The character or importance of the service rendered does not enter the question at all. Neither does the question of individual capacity for service. It is assumed that every man will do his best, regardless of the pay he receives. As his special ability discloses itself he may be assigned to special work and be given difficult and important duties to perform, and he may, as is continually the case, distinguish himself above his

co-equals in rank. But there is never any thought that such superior service entitles him to increased pecuniary compensation. If given promotion on account of such service, it is not primarily a reward to himself, but for the good of the service, that he may be in a position where his abilities can have a larger field for their exercise.

On a less elaborate system the general principle applies to the gradation of wages paid to our educators. Certain it is that differences of salary do not measure differences in capacity to serve, nor differences in services actually rendered. They are probably not much, if any, greater than differences in individual needs and demands of position dependent upon length of service.

It is when we pass to the great business enterprises outside the salaried professions that the differences between extremes of wages become such as to arrest attention. One naturally asks what there is in the insurance business, for example, which calls for a president's salary fifty times as great as that of a clerk who may himself rise to the rank of president, while the pay of the highest officer in the Army is less than five times that of the lowest, and the range of salaries in educational institutions is little if any greater. This discrepancy is certainly not necessary for efficiency of service. It is the result of definite causes, all of which are an outgrowth of the still venerated system of *laissez faire*. In the first place, there is unregulated competition, with the exaggerated extremes which such competition always brings. But this is only a part, and the least objectionable part, of the system. Its chief evil lies in the power of the managers of great enterprises to give themselves, in the form of salaries, an undue share of the revenues. It is the survival of an evil which has characterized all history, and has flourished under a variety

of hideous forms. To-day it is shorn of the bald iniquities of the past and sanctioned by the plausible theory of value received (for superior service); but it is none the less a relic, undemocratic in principle, and its inevitable tendency is to perpetuate those conditions which are a principal barrier to equality of opportunity.

The fee system, which results to a large extent in restricting the benefits of high professional service to the very wealthy, is another form of the same evil. Still further removed from organized equity is the system of profit in which unrestrained competition, with its temptation to fraud and corruption, leads to almost unlimited evils; while at the bottom of the scale is that social parasitism which makes no pretense at real service but battens on the vices, weaknesses, and credulity of human nature. West Point and the public service demonstrate that these features of the existing order are not in themselves necessary, either to the highest professional excellence, the distribution of social goods, or the general happiness. It is not because they are indispensable that they are retained, but because society, through natural inertia, is reluctant to assume those broad responsibilities which the progress of civilization has now made it practicable and desirable that it should assume.

A salaried basis for all human industry, except possibly agriculture in certain of its phases, and an adjustment of wages on the basis of needs, are necessary if we are to realize the ideal of equal opportunity. That the tendency of the times is in that direction can scarcely be doubted. The great department store, the railway system from coast to coast, the vast consolidation of industrial enterprises, are healthy symptoms of the universal movement. It is the public duty to

help, not hinder, this tendency, and to favor its growth, while restraining unhealthy and corrupt excrescences. With this progressive development will come a greater degree of public control, greater permanence in the relations of employer and employed, and an increased practicability of reaching down to the individual needs of humanity.

Would the universal application of such a system banish discontent from human life? It is not a question of discontent, but of injustice; not of altering human nature, but of restraining its selfishness. The utmost that social progress can hope to accomplish is to remove those causes of discontent which are based upon injustice. And it is a distinct tribute to human nature that discontent with social conditions is relative rather than absolute. The actual quantity of goods which one possesses is of less consequence to most men than inequity of distribution. The pioneer settlers of this country, on a footing of comparative equality, though possessing little of what are deemed necessities to-day, unquestionably enjoyed more real contentment than do their richer posterity, who are confronted at every turn by the unjust distribution of wealth. And to-day the life at West Point, and in a less degree the garrison life at army posts, proves that the more effectually artificial distinctions can be removed, the more genuinely wholesome is the comradeship and good-fellowship of social life.

The grand lesson of West Point is that this ideal system of equality of opportunity, with all that it implies, is a practical working system; and that, wherever put into operation, it does produce the results expected from it. It is the evidence, which many despair of ever seeing, that true democracy may exist in the midst of

great social wealth. The word *true* is used advisedly, for the democracy of West Point is quite as far removed from ochlocracy (dead-levelism) on the one hand, as it is from oligarchy and plutocracy on the other. It recognizes that no social system can march which does not make use of the basic principles of military organization and discipline. Distinctions and grades there must always be, for nature has so decreed; but the only gradation which West Point recognizes is that founded upon justice, and rank therein is determined by worth, and not by wealth or privilege, whether inherited or acquired.

At the recent graduation exercises at the Academy, the Secretary of War said to the graduating class: 'In a world where money is too often made the measure of men . . . the chief reason why the nation has such traditional faith in the graduates of this Academy is because it believes them to have higher ideals and nobler standards.' And on the same occasion a Professor, who was about to retire from active service under operation of law, left in his farewell address this noble

conception of service and its reward: 'The law of life is labor, and the joy of life is accomplishment.'

These ideals, and the democratic simplicity and equality of its social life, are the precious gift of West Point to the nation — more important even than the specific technical work which is its official *raison d'être*. War may pass away, and with it the necessity of purely military service; but for every step away from that necessity there will be a longer step toward the necessity of a wider application of these fundamental principles of our military system. We may conceivably cease to need an army, but we shall never cease to need West Point.

Steadily, yet surely, public authority is laying its powerful arm upon all human activity. More and more it is grappling with those vital problems which have been looked upon hitherto as being outside its legitimate province. Entrenched opinion affects to view this tendency with alarm; but if it be held to be true to the democratic ideal of West Point, then every fresh advance will be a new triumph for civilization.

HIS CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

HE yearned for a sign from the heavens. Could one intimation be vouchsafed him, how it would confirm his faltering faith! Jubal Kennedy was of the temperament impervious to spiritual subtleties, fain to reach conclusions with the line and rule of mathematical demonstration. Thus, all unreceptive, he looked through the mountain gap, as through some stupendous gateway, on the splendors of autumn: the vast landscape glamorous in a transparent amethystine haze; the foliage of the dense primeval wilderness in the October richness of red and russet; the 'hunter's moon,' a full sphere of illuminated pearl, high in the blue east while yet the dull vermilion sun swung westering above the massive purple heights. He knew how the sap was sinking; that the growths of the year had now failed; presently all would be shrouded in snow, but only to rise again in the reassurance of vernal quickening, to glow anew in the fullness of bloom, to attain eventually the perfection of fruition. And still he was deaf to the reiterated analogy of death, and blind to the immanent obvious prophecy of resurrection and the life to come.

His thoughts, as he stood on this jutting crag in Sunrise Gap, were with a recent 'experience meeting' at which he had sought to canvass his spiritual needs. His demand of a sign from the heavens as evidence of the existence of the God of revelation, as assurance of the awakening of divine grace in the human heart, as actual proof that wist-

ful mortality is inherently endowed with immortality, had electrified this symposium. Though it was fashionable, so to speak, in this remote cove among the Great Smoky Mountains, to be repentant in rhetorical involutions and a self-accuser in fine-spun interpretations of sin, doubt, or more properly an eager questioning, a desire to possess the sacred mysteries of religion, was unprecedented. Kennedy was a proud man, reticent, reserved. Although the old parson, visibly surprised and startled, had gently invited his full confidence, Kennedy had hastily swallowed his words, as best he might, perceiving that the congregation had wholly misinterpreted their true intent and that certain gossips had an unholy relish of the sensation they had caused.

Thereafter he indulged his poignant longings for the elucidation of the veiled truths only when, as now, he wandered deep in the woods with his rifle on his shoulder. He could not have said to-day that he was nearer an inspiration, a hope, a 'leading,' than heretofore, but as he stood on the crag it was with the effect of a dislocation that he was torn from the solemn theme by an interruption at a vital crisis.

The faint vibrations of a violin stirred the reverent hush of the landscape in the blended light of the setting sun and the 'hunter's moon.' Presently the musician came into view, advancing slowly through the aisles of the red autumn forest. A rapt figure it was, swaying in responsive ecstasy

with the rhythmic cadence. The head, with its long, blowsy yellow hair, was bowed over the dark polished wood of the instrument; the eyes were half closed; the right arm, despite the eccentric patches on the sleeve of the old brown-jeans coat, moved with free, elastic gestures in all the liberties of a practiced bowing. If he saw the hunter motionless on the brink of the crag, the fiddler gave no intimation. His every faculty was as if enthralled by the swinging iteration of the sweet melancholy melody, rendered with a breadth of effect, an inspiration, it might almost have seemed, incongruous with the infirmities of the crazy old fiddle. He was like a creature under the sway of a spell, and apparently drawn by this dulcet lure of the enchantment of sound was the odd procession that trailed silently after him through these deep mountain fastnesses.

A woman came first, arrayed in a ragged purple skirt and a yellow blouse open at the throat, displaying a slender white neck which upheld a face of pensive, inert beauty. She clasped in her arms a delicate infant, ethereal of aspect with its flaxen hair, transparently pallid complexion, and wide blue eyes. It was absolutely quiescent, save that now and then it turned feebly in its waxen hands a little striped red-and-yellow pomegranate. A sturdy blond toddler trudged behind, in a checked blue cotton frock, short enough to disclose cherubic pink feet and legs bare to the knee; he carried that treasure of rural juveniles, a cornstalk violin. An old hound, his tail suavely wagging, padded along the narrow path; and last of all came, with frequent pause to crop the wayside herbage, a large cow, brindled red and white.

'The whole fambly!' muttered Kennedy. Then, aloud, 'Why don't you

uns kerry the baby, Basil Bedell, an' give yer wife a rest?'

At the prosaic suggestion the crystal realm of dreams was shattered. The bow, with a quavering discordant scrape upon the strings, paused. Then Bedell slowly mastered the meaning of the interruption.

'Kerry the baby? Why, Aurely won't let none but herself tech that baby.' He laughed as he tossed the tousled yellow hair from his face, and looked over his shoulder to speak to the infant. 'It air sech a plumb special delightful peach, it air, — it air!'

The pale face of the child lighted up with a smile of recognition and a faint gleam of mirth.

'I jes' kem out ennyhows ter drive up the cow,' Basil added.

'Big job,' sneered Kennedy. 'Pears-like it takes the whole fambly to do it.'

Such slothful mismanagement was calculated to affront an energetic spirit. Obviously, at this hour the woman should be at home cooking the supper.

'I follered along ter listen ter the fiddle, — ef ye hev enny call ter know.' Mrs. Bedell replied to his unspoken thought, as if by divination.

But indeed such strictures were not heard for the first time. They were in some sort the penalty of the disinterested friendship which Kennedy had harbored for Basil since their childhood. He wished that his compeer might prosper in such simple wise as his own experience had proved to be amply possible. Kennedy's earlier incentive to industry had been his intention to marry, but the object of his affections had found him 'too mortal solemn,' and without a word of warning had married another man in a distant cove. The element of treachery in this event had gone far to reconcile the jilted lover to his future, bereft of her companionship, but the habit of industry thus formed had continued

of its own momentum. It had resulted in forehanded thrift; he now possessed a comfortable holding, — cattle, house, ample land; and he had all the intolerance of the ant for the cricket. As Bedell lifted the bow once more, every wincing nerve was enlisted in arresting it in mid-air.

‘Mighty long tramp fur Bobbie, thar, — why ’n’t ye kerry him?’

The imperturbable calm still held fast on the musician’s face. ‘Bob,’ he addressed the toddler, ‘will you uns let daddy kerry ye like a baby?’

He swooped down as if to lift the child, the violin and bow in his left hand. The hardy youngster backed off precipitately.

‘Don’t ye *dare* ter do it!’ he virulently admonished his parent, a resentful light in his big blue eyes. Then, as Bedell sang a stave in a full rich voice, ‘Bye-oh, Baby!’ Bob vociferated anew, ‘Don’t you *begin* ter dare ter do it!’ every inch a man though a little one.

‘That’s the kind of a fambly I hev got,’ Basil commented easily. ‘Wife an’ boy an’ baby all walk over me, — plumb stomp on me! Jes’ enough lef’ of me ter play the fiddle a leetle once in a while.’

‘Mighty nigh all the while, I be afeared,’ Kennedy corrected the phrase. ‘How did yer corn crap turn out?’ he asked, as he too fell into line and the procession moved on once more along the narrow path.

‘Well enough,’ said Basil; ‘we uns hev got a sufficiency.’ Then, as if afraid of seeming boastful he qualified, ‘Ye know I hain’t got but one muel ter feed, an’ the cow thar. My sheep gits thar pastur’ on the volunteer grass ’mongst the rocks, an’ I hev jes’ got a few head ennyhows.’

‘But *why* hain’t ye got more, Basil? Why ’n’t ye work more and quit wastin’ yer time on that old fool fiddle?’

The limits of patience were reached.

The musician fired up. ‘‘Kase,’ he retorted, ‘I make enough. I hev got grace enough ter be thankful fur sech ez be vouchsafed ter me. I ain’t wantin’ no meracle.’

Kennedy flushed, following in silence while the musician annotated his triumph by a series of gay little harmonics, and young Hopeful, trudging in the rear, executed a soundless fantasia on the cornstalk fiddle with great brilliancy of technique.

‘You uns air talkin’ ’bout what I said at the meetin’ las’ month,’ Kennedy observed at length.

‘An’ so be all the mounting,’ Aurelia interpolated with a sudden fierce joy of reproof.

Kennedy winced visibly.

‘The folks all ’low ez ye be no better than an onbeliever.’ Aurelia was bent on driving the blade home. ‘The idee of axin’ fur a meracle at this late day, — so ez ye kin be satisfied in yer mind ez ye hev got grace! Providence, though merciful, air *obleege*d ter know ez sech air plumb scandalous an’ redic’lous.’

‘Why, Aurely, hesh up,’ exclaimed her husband, startled from his wonted leniency. ‘I hev never hearn ye talk in sech a key, — yer voice sounds plumb out o’ tune. I be plumb sorry, Jube, ez I spoke ter you uns ’bout a meracle at all. But I war’ consider’ble nettled by yer words, ye see, — ’kase I know I be a powerful, lazy, shif’less cuss —’

‘Ye know a lie, then,’ his helpmeet interrupted promptly.

‘Why, Aurely, hesh up, — ye — ye — *woman*, ye!’ he concluded injuriously. Then resuming his remarks to Kennedy, ‘I know I *do* fool away a deal of my time with the fiddle —’

‘The sound of it is like bread ter me, — I could n’t live without it,’ interposed the unconquered Aurelia. ‘Sometimes it minds me o’ the singin’ o’ runnin’ water in a lonesome place.

Then agin it minds me o' seein' sunshine in a dream. An' sometimes it be sweet an' high an' fur off, like a voice from the sky, tellin' what no mortal ever knowed before, — an' *then* it minds me o' the tune them angels sung ter the shepherds abidin' in the fields. I *could n't* live without it.'

'Woman, hold yer jaw!' Basil proclaimed comprehensively. Then, renewing his explanation to Kennedy, 'I kin see that I don't purvide fur my fambly ez I ought ter do, through hatin' work and lovin' to play the fiddle.'

'I ain't goin' ter hear my home an' hearth reviled.' Aurelia laid an imperative hand on her husband's arm. 'Ye know ye could n't make more out'n sech ground, — though I ain't faultin' our land, neither. We uns hev enough an' ter spare, all we need an' more than we deserve. We don't need ter ax a meracle from the skies ter stay our souls on faith, nor a sign ter prove our grace.'

'Now, now, *stop*, Aurely! — I de-clar', Jube, I dunno what made me lay my tongue ter sech a word ez that thar miser'ble benighted meracle! I be powerful sorry I hurt yer feelin's, Jube; folks seekin' salvation git mightily mis-put sometimes, an' —'

'I don't want ter hear none o' yer views on religion,' Kennedy interrupted gruffly. An apology often augments the sense of injury. In this instance it also annulled the provocation, for his own admission put Bedell hopelessly in the wrong. 'Ez a friend I war argufyin' with ye agin' yer waste o' time with that old fool fiddle. Ye hev got wife an' children, an' yit not so well off in this worl's gear ez me, a single man. I misdoubts ef ye hev hunted a day since the craps war laid by, or hev got a pound o' jerked venison stored up fer winter. But this air yer home,' — he pointed upward at a little clearing beginning, as they approached, to be

visible amidst the forest, — 'an' ef ye air satisfied with sech ez it be, that comes from laziness stiddier a contented sperit.'

With this caustic saying he suddenly left them, the procession standing silently staring after him as he took his way through the woods in the dusky red shadows of the autumnal gloaming.

Aurelia's vaunted home was indeed a poor place, — not even the rude though substantial log-cabin common to the region. It was a flimsy shanty of boards, and except for its rickety porch was more like a box than a house. It had its perch on a jutting eminence, where it seemed the familiar of the skies, so did the clouds and winds circle about it. Through the great gateway of Sunrise Gap it commanded a landscape of a scope that might typify a world, in its multitude of mountain ranges, in the intricacies of its intervening valleys, in the glittering coils of its water-courses. Basil would sometimes sink into deep silences, overpowered by the majesty of nature in this place. After a long hiatus the bow would tremble and falter on the strings as if overawed for a time; presently the theme would strengthen, expand, resound with large meaning, and then he would send forth melodies that he had never before played or heard, his own dream, the reflection of that mighty mood of nature in the limpid pool of his receptive mind.

Around were rocks, crags, chasms, — the fields which nourished the family lay well from the verge, within the purlieus of the limited mountain plateau. He had sought to persuade himself that it was to save all the arable land for tillage that he had placed his house and door-yard here, but both he and Aurelia were secretly aware of the subterfuge; he would fain be always within the glamour of the prospect through Sunrise Gap!

Their interlocutor had truly deemed that the woman should have been earlier at home cooking the supper. Dusk had deepened to darkness long before the meal smoked upon the board. The spinning-wheel had begun to whirl for her evening stent when other hill-folks had betaken themselves to bed. Basil puffed his pipe before the fire; the flicker and flare pervaded every nook of the bright little house. Strings of red-pepper-pods flaunted in festoons from the beams; the baby slumbered under a gay quilt in his rude cradle, never far from his mother's hand, but the bluff little boy was still up and about, although his aspect, round and burly, in a scanty nightgown, gave token of recognition of the fact that bed was his appropriate place. His shrill plaintive voice rose ever and anon wakefully.

'I wanter hear a bear tale, — I want-er hear a bear tale.'

Thus Basil must needs knock the ashes from his pipe the better to devote himself to the narration, — a prince of raconteurs, to judge by the spell-bound interest of the youngster who stood at his knee and hung on his words. Even Aurelia checked the whirl of her wheel to listen smilingly. She broke out laughing in appreciative pleasure when Basil took up the violin to show how a jovial old bear, who intruded into this very house one day when all the family were away at the church in the cove, and who mistook the instrument for a banjo, addressed himself to picking out this tune, singing the while a quaint and ursine lay. Basil embellished the imitation with a masterly effect of realistic growls.

'Ef ye keep goin' at that gait, Basil,' Aurelia admonished him, 'daylight will ketch us all wide awake around the fire, — no wonder the child won't go to bed.' She seemed suddenly impressed with the pervasive cheer.

'What a fool that man, Jube Kennedy, must be! How *could* ennybody hev a sweeter darling-er home than we uns hev got hyar in Sunrise Gap!'

On the languorous autumn a fierce winter ensued. The cold came early. The deciduous growths of the forests were leafless ere November waned, rifled by the riotous marauding winds. December set in with the gusty snow flying fast. Drear were the gray skies; ghastly the sheeted ranges. Drifts piled high in bleak ravines, and the grim gneissoid crags were begirt with gigantic icicles. But about the little house in Sunrise Gap that kept so warm a heart, the holly trees showed their glad green leaves and the red berries glowed with a mystic significance.

As the weeks wore on, the place was often in Kennedy's mind, although he had not seen it since that autumn afternoon when he had bestirred himself to rebuke its owner concerning the inadequacies of the domestic provision. His admonition had been kindly meant and had not deserved the retort, the flippant ridicule of his spiritual yearnings. Though he still winced from the recollection, he was sorry that he had resisted the importunacy of Basil's apology. He realized that Aurelia had persisted to the limit of her power in the embitterment of the controversy, but even Aurelia he was disposed to forgive as time passed on. When Christmas Day dawned, the vague sentiment began to assume the definiteness of a purpose, and noontide found him on his way to Sunrise Gap.

There was now no path through the woods; the snow lay deep over all, unbroken save at long intervals when queer footprints gave token of the stirring abroad of the sylvan gentry, and he felt an idle interest in distinguishing the steps of wolf and fox, of opossum and weasel. In the intrica-

cies of the forest aisles, amid laden boughs of pine and fir, there was a suggestion of darkness, but all the sky held not enough light to cast the shadow of a bole on the white blank spaces of the snow-covered ground. A vague blue haze clothed the air; yet as he drew near the mountain brink, all was distinct in the vast landscape, the massive ranges and alternating valleys in infinite repetition.

He wondered when near the house that he had not heard the familiar barking of the old hound; then he remembered that the sound of his horse's hoofs was muffled by the snow. He was glad to be unheralded. He would like to surprise Aurelia into geniality before her vicarious rancor for Basil's sake should be roused anew. As he emerged from the thick growths of the holly, with the icy scintillations of its clustering green leaves and red berries, he drew rein so suddenly that the horse was thrown back on his haunches. The rider sat as if petrified in the presence of an awful disaster.

The house was gone! Even the site had vanished! Kennedy stared bewildered. Slowly the realization of what had chanced here began to creep through his brain. Evidently there had been a gigantic landslide. The cliff-like projection was broken sheer off, — hurled into the depths of the valley. Some action of subterranean waters, throughout ages, doubtless, had been undermining the great crags till the rocky crust of the earth had collapsed. He could see even now how the freeze had fractured out-cropping ledges where the ice had gathered in the fissures. A deep abyss that he remembered as being at a considerable distance from the mountain's brink, once spanned by a foot-bridge, now showed the remnant of its jagged, shattered walls at the extreme verge of the precipice.

A cold chill of horror benumbed his senses. Basil, the wife, the children, — where were they? A terrible death, surely, to be torn from the warm securities of the hearth-stone, without a moment's warning, and hurled into the midst of this frantic turmoil of nature, down to the depths of the gap, — a thousand feet below! And at what time had this dread fate befallen his friend? He remembered that at the cross-roads' store, when he had paused on his way to warm himself that morning, some gossip was detailing the phenomenon of unseasonable thunder during the previous night, while others protested that it must have been only the clamors of 'Christmas guns' firing all along the country-side. 'A terrible clap, it was,' the raconteur had persisted. 'Sounded ez ef all creation hed split apart.' Perhaps, therefore, the catastrophe might be recent. Kennedy could scarcely command his muscles as he dismounted and made his way slowly and cautiously to the verge.

Any deviation from the accustomed routine of nature has an unnerving effect, unparalleled by disaster in other sort: no individual danger or doom, the aspect of death by drowning, or gunshot, or disease, can so abash the reason and stultify normal expectation. Kennedy was scarcely conscious that he saw the vast disorder of the landslide, scattered from the precipice on the mountain's brink to the depths of the Gap — inverted roots of great pines thrust out in mid-air, foundations of crags riven asunder and hurled in monstrous fragments along the steep slant, unknown streams newly liberated from the caverns of the range and cascading from the crevices of the rocks. In effect he could not believe his own eyes. His mind realized the perception of his senses only when his heart suddenly plunged with a wild hope, — he had discerned amongst the

turmoil a shape of line and rule, the little box-like hut! Caught as it was in the boughs of a cluster of pines and firs, uprooted and thrust out at an incline a little less than vertical, the inmates might have been spared such shock of the fall as would otherwise have proved fatal. Had the house been one of the substantial log-cabins of the region its timbers must have been torn one from another, the daubing and chinking scattered as mere atoms. But the more flimsy character of the little dwelling had thus far served to save it, — the interdependent ‘framing’ of its structure held fast; the upright stud-ding and boards, nailed stoutly on, rendered it indeed the box that it looked. It was, so to speak, built in one piece, and no part was subjected to greater strain than another. But should the earth cave anew, should the tough fibres of one of those gigantic roots tear out from the loosened friable soil, should the elastic supporting branches barely sway in some errant gust of wind, the little box would fall hundreds of feet, cracked like a nut, shattering against the rocks of the levels below.

He wondered if the inmates yet lived, — he pitied them still more if they only existed to realize their peril, to await in an anguish of fear their ultimate doom. Perhaps — he knew he was but trifling with despair — some rescue might be devised.

Such a weird cry he set up on the brink of the mountain! — full of horror, grief, and that poignant hope. The echoes of the Gap seemed reluctant to repeat the tones, dull, slow, muffled in snow. But a sturdy halloo responded from the window, uppermost now, for the house lay on its side amongst the boughs. Kennedy thought he saw the pallid simulacrum of a face.

‘This be Jube Kennedy,’ he cried, reassuringly. ‘I be goin’ ter fetch help, — men, ropes, and a windlass.’

‘Make haste then, — we uns be nigh friz.’

‘Ye air in no danger of fire, then?’ asked the practical man.

‘We hev hed none, — before we war flunged off’n the bluff we hed squinched the fire ter pledge Bob, ez he war afeard Santy Claus would scorch his feet comin’ down the chimbley, — powerful lucky fur we uns; the fire would hev burnt the house bodaciously.’

Kennedy hardly stayed to hear. He was off in a moment, galloping at frantic speed along the snowy trail scarcely traceable in the sad light of the gray day; taking short cuts through the densities of the laurel; torn by jagged rocks and tangles of thorny growths and broken branches of great trees; plunging now and again into deep drifts above concealed icy chasms, and rescuing with inexpressible difficulty the floundering struggling horse; reaching again the open sheeted roadway, bruised, bleeding, exhausted, yet furiously plunging forward, rousing the sparsely settled country-side with imperative insistence for help in this matter of life or death!

Death, indeed, only, — for the enterprise was pronounced impossible by those more experienced than Kennedy. Among the men now on the bluff were several who had been employed in the silver mines of this region, and they demonstrated conclusively that a rope could not be worked clear of the obstructions of the face of the rugged and shattered cliffs; that a human being, drawn from the cabin, strapped in a chair, must needs be torn from it and flung into the abyss below, or beaten to a frightful death against the jagged rocks in the transit.

‘But not ef the chair war ter be steadied by a guy-rope from — say — from that thar old pine tree over thar,’ Kennedy insisted, indicating the long bole of a partially uprooted and in-

verted tree on the steeps. 'The chair would swing cl'ar of the bluff then.'

'But, Jube, it is onpossible ter git a guy-rope over ter that tree, — more than a man's life is wuth ter try it.'

A moment ensued of absolute silence, — space, however, for a hard-fought battle. The aspect of that mad world below, with every condition of creation reversed; a mistake in the adjustment of the winch and gear by the excited, reluctant, disapproving men; an overstrain on the fibres of the long-used rope; a slip on the treacherous ice; the dizzy whirl of the senses that even a glance downward at those drear depths set astir in the brain, — all were canvassed within his mental processes, all were duly realized in their entirety ere he said with a spare dull voice and dry lips, —

'Fix ter let me down ter that thar leanin' pine, boys, — I'll kerry a guy-rope over thar.'

At one side the crag beetled, and although it was impossible thence to reach the cabin with a rope it would swing clear of obstructions here, and might bring the rescuer within touch of the pine, where could be fastened the guy-rope; the other end would be affixed to the chair which could be lowered to the cabin only from the rugged face of the cliff. Kennedy harbored no self-deception; he more than doubted the outcome of the enterprise. He quaked and turned pale with dread as with the great rope knotted about his arm-pits and around his waist he was swung over the brink at the point where the crag jutted forth, — lower and lower still; now nearing the slanting inverted pine, caught amidst the débris of earth and rock; now failing to reach its boughs; once more swinging back to a great distance, so did the length of the rope increase the scope of the pendulum; now nearing the pine again, and at last fairly lodged on the icy bole,

knottng and coiling about it the end of the guy-rope, on which he had come and on which he must needs return.

It seemed, through the inexperienced handling of the little group, a long time before the stout arm-chair was secured to the cables, slowly lowered, and landed at last on the outside of the hut. Many an anxious glance was cast at the slate-gray sky. An inopportune flurry of snow, a flaw of wind, — and even now all would be lost. Dusk too impended, and as the rope began to coil on the windlass at the signal to hoist every eye was strained to discern the identity of the first voyagers in this aerial journey, — the two children, securely lashed to the chair. This was well, — all felt that both parents might best wait, might risk the added delay. The chair came swinging easily, swiftly, along the gradations of the rise, the guy-rope holding it well from the chances of contact with the jagged projections of the face of the cliff, and the first shout of triumph rang sonorously from the summit.

When next the chair rested on the cabin beside the window, a thrill of anxiety and anger went through Kennedy's heart to note, from his perch on the leaning pine, a struggle between husband and wife as to who should go first. Each was eager to take the many risks incident to the long wait in this precarious lodgment. The man was the stronger. Aurelia was forced into the chair, tied fast, pushed off, waving her hand to her husband, shedding floods of tears, looking at him for the last time, as she fancied, and calling out dismally, 'Far'well, Basil, far'well.'

Even this lugubrious demonstration could not damp the spirits of the men, working like mad at the windlass. They were jovial enough for bursts of laughter when it became apparent that Basil had utilized the ensuing in-

terval to tie together, in preparation for the ascent with himself, the two objects which he next most treasured, his violin and his old hound. The trusty chair bore all aloft, and Basil was received with welcoming acclamations.

Before the rope was wound anew and for the last time, the aspect of the group on the cliff had changed. It had grown eerie, indistinct. The pines and firs showed no longer their semper-virent green, but were black amid the white tufted lines on their branches, that still served to accentuate their symmetry. The vale had disappeared in a sinister abyss of gloom, though Kennedy would not look down at its menace, but upward, always upward. Thus he saw, like some radiant and splendid star, the first torch whitely aglow on the brink of the precipice. It opened long avenues of light adown the snowy landscape, — soft blue shadows trailed after it, like half-descried draperies of elusive hovering beings. Soon the torch was duplicated; another and then another began to glow. Now several drew together, and like a constellation glimmered crown-like on the brow of the night, as he felt the rope stir with the signal to hoist.

Upward, always upward, his eyes on that radiant stellar coronal, as it shone white and splendid in the snowy night. And now it had lost its mystic glamour, — disintegrated by gradual approach he could see the long handles of the pine-knots; the red verges of the flame; the blue and yellow tones of the focus; the trailing wreaths of duntinted smoke that rose from them. Then became visible the faces of the men who held them, all crowding eagerly to the verge. But it was in a solemn silence that he was received; a drear cold darkness, every torch being struck downward into the snow; a frantic haste in unharnessing him from the ropes, for he was almost frozen. He

was hardly apt enough to interpret this as an emotion too deep for words, but now and again, as he was disentangled, he felt about his shoulders a furtive hug, and more than one pair of the ministering hands must needs pause to wring his own hands hard. They practically carried him to a fire that had been built in a sheltered place in one of those grottoes of the region, locally called 'Rock-houses.' Its cavernous portal gave upon a dark interior, and not until they had turned a corner in a tunnel-like passage was revealed an arched space in a rayonnant suffusion of light, the fire itself obscured by the figures about it. His eyes were caught first by the aspect of a youthful mother with a golden-haired babe on her breast; close by showed the head and horns of a cow; the mule was mercifully sheltered too, and stood near, munching his fodder; a cluster of sheep pressed after the steps of half a dozen men, that somehow in the clear-obscure reminded him of the shepherds of old summoned by good tidings of great joy.

A sudden figure started up with streaming white hair and patriarchal beard.

'Will ye deny ez ye hev hed a sign from the heavens, Jubal Kennedy?' the old circuit-rider straitly demanded. 'How could ye hev strengthened yer heart fur sech a deed onless the grace o' God prevailed mightily within ye? Inasmuch as ye hev done it unto one o' the least o' these my brethren, ye hev done it unto me.'

'That ain't the *kind* o' sign, parson,' Kennedy faltered. 'I be lookin' fur a meracle in the yearth or in the air, that I kin view or hear.'

'The kingdom o' Christ is a spiritual kingdom,' said the parson solemnly. 'The kingdom o' Christ is a *spiritual* kingdom, an' great are the wonders that are wrought therein.'

THE KINGDOM OF ALL-SOULS

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

I HEARD in my youth of a Kingdom, lying far at the whole world's end,
And pilgrim-wise I clothed myself in my boyhood there to wend;
Through the beautiful, the dutiful, the holy highway ran,
So was I told, and it stretched through the midst of all the glory of man;
And all men spoke of the Kingdom, when they looked on my face of joy,
And the souls of the dead spun the golden thread in the heart of the silent boy.
So I lived with beauty and duty long; and I flourished in noble years;
But I came not nigh to the Kingdom thereby; and my youth was thronged with
fears;
For he who seeks only the Kingdom, goes lonely, however it be at the prime;
Now, in man's estate, perplexed, desolate, I looked forward and back through
time.

For a curious thing had happened in the lands where eternally
Blows the mighty breath of the Trades of Death by the old remembering sea;
Incredible was the leap and sweep of my astonished sense;
Stars in their burning unveiled to me yearning their spirit-throngs intense;
And on glimmering seas Tripolitan borne, bright as to Jacob's eye,
I saw, all the night, forms whose substance was light move in the gold on high;
And on earth the fire-fountains and snowy mountains that first poured the power
of man,
Blue blown spaces and sandy places where his racing raptures ran;
And whatever his soul has fashioned fairest, carved or painted or sung,
On my eyes, in my ears, on my moving lips, ever divinely hung.

Then was I ware in my mystic self of a discord shaping there,
And a darkness filmed my outward eye and netted the visual air;
Man in the strife of his sorrowing life had such power upon my sight;
In the stench and murk of Sicilian mines I lost my ways of light;
For a youth with a torch came gazing on me, with the nude archaic line
That I loved in the marbles of Athens, and the fire of his soul sank in mine;
The woe of his eyes, the want of his limbs, the intimate look of his soul, —
Who shall measure the wave of passion that from spirit to spirit may roll!

And, year after year, grew poverty dear; and thereat I wondered then,
That my soul issued first unto wan lives accurst in the loveliest lands of men.

Then I said to my Spirit beside me tall: 'I have fear — this is some charm
That the Impish Ones have wrought upon me to do me malignant harm,
That for the blood-wasted and beauty-blasted I lay bright worship by, —
Hover above it — sink in it — love it, — 't is some charm of the Evil Eye!' —
But my Spirit beside gathered height in his pride. Then a greater wonder arose,
Whereat my delicate-being aloof with the horror thereof froze;
For I saw in the den of a prison-pen, on a peak of Argos' coast,
Men whom whips compel, mould as in hell the matrix of the Host;
Murderers, thieves, and every brood of dark and heinous sin
Forged in that shed the seal of God's Bread, that stamps Christ's name therein.

Since then I have taken man's hands in mine, and nevermore felt shame,
Such unearthly light upon my soul-sight in that flooding moment came;
And I mixed with all races in primitive places, wherever we might meet
In the gangway of the nations, drunken tavern, desert street;
And I saw men's souls unsheltered and bare, as one seeth eye to eye, —
This the wonder, this the marvel, that my nature, all awry,
Trembling ever turned most truly to the lower and the worse.
Then I said, abashed, to my Spirit, who flashed: 'This is some terrible curse
That Heavenly Wrath sends on my path, that I lose from my soul the awe
Of all justice human, eternal, — I, who was born within the law!'

Then my Spirit brightened as a cloud that lightened; and I heard o'er con-
fusions within

The Voice that comes over chaos when a new world shall begin:
'I have cleansed thy eyes of beauty; I have cleansed thy heart of duty;
I am soul that brightens from thee, seeing spiritual beauty,
Greatens, doing spiritual duty; incorruptible is spirit, —
Nought to thee the vesture meaneth, gleam or gloom that men inherit;
Thou art waking in the Kingdom, where through shadows half-divined
The dark planet moves up slowly to the glory of the mind;
Past the sensual, past the moral, now thy being newly rolls, —
Thou art living, thou art breathing, in the Kingdom of All-Souls!'

I lay in the darkness hushed and o'erawed, as the sense of the words sank in, —
One human spirit that all men inherit, undeprived by their woe or their sin;
No curst servile races, no virtue-throned places! — and splendors o'er me ran, —
Above me immense, gathering light intense, with the beautiful form of man,

The Spirit stood bright in angelical might, and his countenance beamed
afar,
Born with our birth for dominion o'er earth, Master and Lord of our Star;
Heaven shook with the rays from his arrowy hand, and the stars in the zenith
grew wan, —
I saw, I know, in that mighty glow the foregleam of some dawn;
And as a gold pillar of sunrise that flamed, and a mounting glory showered,
Majestical over my dark form that soul of morning towered.

JAPANESE COMMERCIAL HONOR

BY ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

I

FEW things in the history of modern Japan are better worth noting just now than the curious revulsion of feeling against its people which has prevailed since its recent war, during which the praises of all things Japanese were resounding throughout the Western world. Incidentally, that universal acclaim reveals clearly the one absorbing interest which to-day dominates armed Christendom — proficiency in international slaughter. But in the case of Japan the stirring accounts of her warlike deeds were followed, not merely by a turning away of public attention on the part of the West, but by the rise of a spirit of criticism and detraction so bitter as to call for some explanation. The one which most naturally suggests itself is that overpraise has borne its legitimate fruit, and the Island Empire is suffering from the former ecstasies of its friends. The multiplicity of criticisms, however, the curious feature of the case, would seem to indicate an actual con-

spiracy to rob the Japanese of their good name.

Some of the charges brought against them may readily be accounted for, especially the chorus raised by returning travelers to the effect that the Japanese had been enormously overrated, and that there was nothing in them to correspond to the panegyrics which had been lavished upon them. It was wholly natural that the average tourist, after feeding upon the sloppy optimism of Sir Edwin Arnold concerning his experience there, should be grievously disillusioned at not finding the angels whom he so rapturously pictured. It is also readily explicable that the army of readers in whom the desire to visit Japan had been aroused by Lafcadio Hearn's writings, should have returned bitterly disappointed, and consequently full of the spirit of detraction. They made the mistake of forgetting that Hearn was essentially a poet, unusually endowed with the gift of poetic vision. No other writer upon Japan has so clearly or so truthfully delineated the spirit of the land

and its people; and because the tourist army could not possibly see what he saw, it becomes absurd for them to class his wonderful prose-poems with the rhapsodies of Sir Edwin.

As to the recrudescence of racial prejudice following the termination of the war, it may be said, that entirely apart from its excitation by the labor element in the Western coast states, it had a distinctly rational basis in the underlying determination of the American people, in view of the one tremendous racial problem now on their hands, not to be confronted with another.

Far less explicable, and in fact only to be accounted for by the existence of an actual conspiracy, recently denounced in the United States Senate, is the persistent recurrence of the newspaper talk about Japanese designs upon America, a charge at which the people of the Empire are amazed, and at which its government stands aghast. Possibly these attempts of the American yellow press to foster strife between the two countries, without either cause or conceivable pretext, would now be abandoned were it generally known, as after nearly a quarter of a century of contact with its people I would unhesitatingly testify, that in Japanese hearts America is by far the most favored nation on earth. They regard it as their mother country; even as we are at last coming to regard England. It is in truth the mother of their modern life. Commodore Perry to-day is enrolled among their national saints, the Fourth of July is observed as one of the chief festivals of the year and the name of George Washington appeals to the youth of the land as does no other name in all history. Wholly inexplicable to all American residents in the country is the ever recurring war-talk in the United States, as evidenced by the fact that invariably

they have had to await the arrival of the Western papers in order to get any 'war' news. When it is further added that the Japanese government, instead of being the pack of fools which it would be if it cherished any design of attacking America, is not only one of the most level-headed governing bodies in the world, but is intensely aware of the power of our nation and the value of its friendship, it would seem to be high time that this senseless bogey of possible war between the two countries should be given final burial.

Of far more importance, as affecting the interests of both nations, is the impression gaining popular credence throughout the West that in the great race now on for prizes in the world of industry and trade, Japan must be barred out because of the low standard of commercial honor there prevailing, — a standard impossible in a business world based so thoroughly upon a system of credit as is that of the Occident.

In general comment upon this impression, — unfortunately in some of its aspects the best founded of all the prejudices against the nation which have recently come into vogue, — let me say that while I hold no brief for Japan, yet so exaggerated are the reports which have gained ground, and consequently so unjust is the feeling engendered, that there would seem to be great need, without blinking in the least the facts telling against her credit, of a fair and discriminating analysis of the circumstances in her past history and modern life which have fastened this evil reputation upon her, and have made her to-day the pariah of the commercial world. For while there are real reasons why she is so regarded, they are not those upon which the existing prejudice is mainly based; the situation is unfortunate enough without the exaggerated and unreason-

able accretions which have gathered around it.

To cite an instance of the way in which the case is being put, the question which has been most frequently asked me since my return from the East has been this: 'Why is it that the Japanese are so dishonest that they cannot even trust themselves, and have to employ Chinamen at the head of all their great business concerns?' Now upon what does this well-nigh universal impression rest? Its sole source is the sapience of the average tourist, who usually has business relations only with the branches of the three great banks established in the treaty ports. When he cashes his letter of credit he observes the singular fact that the money is being handled by a Chinaman instead of by a native. Here is something worth noting, and the note is at once sent abroad to the effect above mentioned, the simple truth being that these three banks — all of them, by the way, foreign concerns — are the only business houses in the entire empire so conducted; and had our tourist taken the trouble to make inquiry he would have learned that, when Japan was opened and these foreign corporations in China sent their branches into the new field, they sent their Chinese *compradores* with them. The human mind, always swift to jump at conclusions, has seldom displayed its agility more conspicuously than in this instance.

On much the same foundation of unreason is based the inveterate and universal habit of regarding the frequent reports of mercantile trickery and breaches of trust as evidence of general corruption; whereas in Japan, as everywhere throughout the world, it is only the exceptions to the rule which constitute the pabulum of the press. Only defalcations and thefts and dishonesties are deemed news wor-

thy of mention, while no note is made of the hundreds of millions of dollars changing hands every day without the loss of a single cent.

Yet, while all this can be said, and should be said, in the interest of simple justice, it is nevertheless undeniable that in Japan the ideals of commercial honor and the methods adopted in the conduct of business are not what they are in the West, and there is much of which the Occidental may justly complain. All the more, however, is it worth his while to inquire into the real causes of the mercantile conditions there prevailing, if only to temper the harshness of his judgment. A glance at the unique mercantile history of the Empire may thus be of some use in explanation, though not necessarily in justification, of existing business ways and peculiarities.

II

The history underlying the popular impression as to the comparative merits of the Chinese and the Japanese is of peculiar interest in this line of explanation, inasmuch as it tells almost the whole story. The fact that in the olden days in Japan the merchant was placed and rigidly held at the bottom of the social scale, and the soldier at the top, while in China exactly the reverse was the case, fully explains why Japan has produced a splendid soldiery, and has woefully suffered in her mercantile life, while the army of China has been the sport of the nations though her merchants have attained a high place in the world of business credit.

This is a difference between the two peoples often noted and commented upon; and particularly unfortunate is it just now for Japan, preëminently a peaceful and industrial nation, ambitious only to gain a standing in the commercial field, to be handicapped

by an evil reputation arising from her ancient prejudice against mercantile life. A further glance at her history, however, reveals the fact that her attitude toward the merchant was not a mere prejudice, but a necessity incident to her peculiar isolation.

When, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the policy of complete seclusion was decided upon, the government was confronted with the problem of furnishing supplies for a large and rapidly growing population, — forbidden to emigrate, forbidden almost without exception to trade with other countries, — on a small group of islands, only one twelfth of whose area was available for cultivation. This problem, it may well be imagined, must have grown more serious every year, especially in view of the profound peace which prevailed for two centuries and a half, thus completely doing away with the check to over-population furnished by the war-waste. The leading and most natural result of this situation was the exaltation of the farming class. The cultivation of the soil was raised to the dignity of a profession, nay, even of a fine art, especially in the provinces directly under the control of the Shogunate. Every effort was made by the government, not only to improve the condition, but also to cultivate the self-respect of the agricultural classes. It was thus that the farmer came to rank next to the Samurai in the social scale, and that his interests came to be so assiduously cherished.

As if to emphasize his importance, the merchant was put below him in rank, and no farmer was even allowed to become a merchant without the consent of the government; the idea being that this was a lowering of his position, and that the dignity of the cultivator of the soil should be preserved. While one result of this policy was the

creation of a real, and in many respects an ideal democracy, under the guidance of perhaps the most aristocratic government the world has ever seen, another was the affixing of such a social stigma upon the merchant class that the improvement in its moral status to-day is little less than a marvel.

There is also another item from the economic history of the olden day in Japan which should have weight in tempering the harshness of Western judgment. A common complaint made by tourists is that they are obliged to pay for everything far higher prices than the natives are charged; or, in other words, that because they are foreigners they are being fleeced. But a glance at the social conditions by which the people have been educated would reveal the curious fact that throughout Japan's long period of isolation it was an accepted principle that the rich must live for the sake of the poor, and prices have always been based upon the purchaser's rank in society or his presumed ability to pay. This understanding remains largely in force to-day, being fully recognized and acted upon by all favored classes throughout the Empire. The Occidental, coming from lands where the reverse practically holds good, — the poor living for the sake of the rich, — naturally complains of being robbed, as from his point of view he really is; but it is not because he is a foreigner, but because, being a tourist, he is presumably wealthy, and must therefore conform to the custom of the country which permits the poor to levy a tax upon the rich without thereby incurring the slightest imputation of dishonesty.

Much has been written about the transforming ability of the Japanese, and the swiftness with which they have adopted Western ways, but the change in their outward life is a thing easy of

accomplishment compared with a revolution in their mental make-up. The influences of centuries of training are not to be overcome in a day, and it is only fair for the West to give the new nation time to adapt itself to business ways almost the reverse of those in which it has been educated.

Untoward as is the situation for a people whose only eager ambition to-day is to enter the field of the world's industrial and commercial life, there are several reasons for believing that the handicap under which the nation is laboring will be overcome in a comparatively short time. One reason is that what are called the common people have few superiors in the practice of what is generally termed 'common honesty.' The nation, in other words, is sound at the core. House servants, however much they may profit by their 'squeezes' or commissions, — a recognized custom of domestic life, — can be trusted without reserve and almost without exception. The same is true of the small tradesman, who, in direct contradiction to the rule which prevails in the West, is more likely to be scrupulously honest than is the wholesale merchant. Making a contract for an article for a specified sum, the workman reported to me, when it was finished, that it had cost him a yen and a half less than he had estimated, and he made the new price accordingly.

In the old days, and the custom still holds, the landlord who evicted a defaulting tenant incurred deep social disgrace, it being universally taken for granted that the latter would surely pay his rent if he could. These may be deemed small matters, but they are facts of common experience among all who have lived in the midst of the people, and they are deeply significant. In spite of all that has been said, and of all that with perfect truth can still be said, of mercantile rascalities as prac-

ticed by a large contingent of those who have to do with the foreign merchants of the treaty ports, I cannot repress the conviction that the nation as a whole is sound at the core, and that when its people as a whole are denounced as lacking in moral integrity they are greatly maligned. That the rank and file, in spite of the stigma which for centuries was attached to all engaged in mercantile pursuits, have been able, in any degree, to hold fast to their integrity is a fact of the best possible augury for the moral and commercial future of the Empire.

III

Another reason for cherishing the hope that the old order of thought in reference to those engaged in mercantile pursuits will sooner or later cease to be operative, and that they will be accorded the social position which their class holds in the West, is the fact that the influence of the all-powerful government is being constantly exerted toward that end. A decided and most significant change has already been wrought by the action of the Emperor in bestowing peerages upon such merchants, business men, and captains of industry as have become prominent in the field of mercantile life, and have proved in that field their efficiency and integrity. It is wholly impossible to compute the strength and importance of this factor in the building of the new nation and in the furtherance of its ambition to enter upon a commercial career, the history of the Empire having shown that all effective reforms or changes in the life of the people have begun at the top. Whatever the Emperor says goes, and is at once accepted as the law. All the radical changes in administrative affairs, which have of late so astonished the world, furnish decided proof of the immense

power thus exerted from above, — a power just as certain to be felt in social life and customs as in matters of state. Even though the 'cake of custom' is the hardest to break, its power of resistance has been already materially weakened by this wise policy of the Emperor; and the merchant is no longer the pariah of the realm. The entire press of the land unites with the government in exalting his function as the chief means for the furtherance of the national ambition.

Prominent among those who by the Emperor's favor have risen from the social dust into places of highest honor is a family whose history is significant, not only as illustrating the value of imperial favor, but also as eminent proof that the heart of the nation is sound at the core, and that business integrity has persisted in spite of the tremendous odds against which it has labored for centuries. The Mitsui family of Japan have been called the Rothschilds of the East; but while the fame of the latter has gone abroad over the world, the Mitsuis have remained practically unknown except to a few Western merchants who have had extensive dealings with the Orient. The European family owes its great renown to the fact that for a century there has been no slightest stain upon its commercial honor. But its career, it should be remembered, has been passed in a world where business itself has been held in honor; while the Mitsuis, engaged in a pursuit utterly contemned by public sentiment, for three centuries, in spite of the demoralizing influence of the social ban, have been trusted by government and people alike, and have kept the honor of their name unstained. Now, thanks to the new spirit animating the nation, they no longer stand so conspicuously alone. Other great commercial families are being ranged with this one,

their members not only enrolled among the peers of the realm, but ranking with the merchant princes of the West as exponents of all that is honorable in the conduct of mercantile affairs. To their number are yearly being added many of the Samurai, or knightly chivalry of old, who once scorned all contact with trade, but who are now entering the field of business affairs, determined to bring to the rescue of their country the fine sense of honor in which they were educated under the ancient régime. That they will eventually succeed in their task, backed as they are by the instinct of common honesty pervading the rank and file, there can be no manner of doubt.

In the meantime, however, the West will not only be called upon to exercise patience in dealing with a people brought up upon an entirely different business basis from that which is the standard here, but it will also have to exercise an extraordinary degree of care. So far as business is a game in which the smartest carries off the prize, the Japanese, as a direct result of their peculiar business training, are contestants by no means to be despised. They are a people with so strong a native aptitude for trading that not even the social stigma cast upon the business of money-making, nor the restricted field in which of old it could be carried on, could wholly repress it. Most curious and interesting are the ways in which this aptitude has asserted itself despite the limitations to which it has been subject. The striking of bargains for gain having been made disreputable, trading as a game, or rather as a contest of wits, has always been a popular amusement. Let a foreigner to-day start a dicker with a Japanese shopman, and the constantly increasing throng of bystanders will look on with intense interest, not so much in the hope that their countryman will win,

as in curiosity to see which will triumph in the contest of wits, every instance of bargaining having come to be regarded as such. Even therefore while money-making has been under the social ban, the perceptions of a by-no-means dull-witted people have been constantly sharpened by it. Now a larger and freer field for the enjoyment of their favorite game, with the added stimulus of personal gain, has been opened to them. If in this field Western tradesmen have expected to find the Japanese mere innocents and children it is more than probable that they have already realized their mistake. The land was indeed fast sealed for centuries, and during those centuries Western business life had far larger opportunities for development; but the Japanese, with their native aptitude for trade, had also in their seclusion a training of their own, and that training has evolved a race of men who in the modern commercial contest of wits will be likely to hold their own.

This basis of trade relations was, perhaps, under the conditions formerly prevailing, not open to so many objections as it now is. The country was then upon a strictly cash basis, as were all the people in their dealings

with one another, and therefore little practical harm could ensue from the practice of trade as a contest of wits. But on coming out into a business world based upon credit, the conditions were totally changed. The element of morality lies at the very foundation of a system of credit, and in like measure mere shiftiness or smartness, without reference to moral considerations, is held in stern disfavor. It behooves the Japanese therefore to rid their mercantile operations not only of the social stigma once attaching to them, but also of the peculiar stimulus to dishonest dealing which grew out of the ancient social status. We cannot say, by any means, that the idea of trade as a contest of wits is eliminated from the commercial affairs of the West. Sharpers are here, as everywhere, always in evidence. It is nevertheless, however, true that here the great fabric of commercial life rests upon the foundation of credit, and deep down under that is the popular conviction that honesty is not only the best but the only policy by which credit can be kept alive and operative. It is in this direction that the Samurai spirit of Japan is now moving, and the Samurai are the leaders of the land.

THE PROMISED LAND

BY MARY ANTIN

I

THE long chapter of troubles which led to my father's emigration to America began with his own illness. The doctors sent him to Courland to consult expensive specialists, who prescribed tedious courses of treatment. He was far from cured when my mother also fell ill, and my father had to return to Polotzk to look after the business.

My mother kept her bed for nearly two years, suffering and wasting. The business was ruined and the house was stripped to pay the doctors' and apothecaries' bills, and my father grew old under his worries. Then everything took a sudden turn. My mother began to improve, and at the same time my father was offered a good position as superintendent of a grist-mill.

As soon as my mother could be moved, he took us all out to the mill, about three versts out of town, on the Polota. We had a pleasant cottage there, with the miller's red-headed, freckled family for our only neighbors. If our rooms were barer than they used to be, the sun shone in at all the windows; and as the leaves on the trees grew denser and darker, my mother grew stronger on her feet, and laughter returned to our house as the song-bird to the grove.

We children had a very happy summer. We had never lived in the country before, and we liked the change. It was endless fun to explore the mill; to squeeze into forbidden places, and be

pulled out by the angry miller; to tyrannize over the mill-hands, and be worshiped by them in return; to go boating on the river, and discover unvisited nooks, and search the woods and fields for kitchen herbs, and get lost, and be found, a hundred times a week. And what an adventure it was to walk the three versts into town, leaving a trail of perfume from the wild-flower posies we carried to our city friends!

But these good things did not last. The mill changed hands, and the new owner put a protégé of his own in my father's place. So, after a short breathing-spell, we were driven back into the swamp of growing poverty and trouble.

The next year or so my father spent in a restless and fruitless search for a permanent position. My mother had another serious illness, and his own health remained precarious. What he earned did not more than half pay the bills in the end, though we were living very humbly now. Polotzk seemed to reject him, and no other place invited him.

Just at this time occurred one of the periodic anti-semitic movements whereby government officials were wont to clear the forbidden cities of Jews, whom, in the intervals of slack administration of the law, they allowed to maintain an illegal residence in places outside the Pale, on payment of enormous bribes, and at the cost of nameless risks and indignities.

It was a little before Passover that the cry of the hunted thrilled the Jewish world with the familiar fear. The

wholesale expulsion of Jews from Moscow and its surrounding district, at cruelly short notice, was the name of this latest disaster. Where would the doom strike next? The Jews who lived illegally without the Pale turned their possessions into cash and slept in their clothes, ready for immediate flight. Those who lived in the comparative security of the Pale trembled for their brothers and sisters without, and opened wide their doors to afford the fugitives refuge. And hundreds of the latter, preceded by a wail of distress, flocked into the open district, bringing their trouble where trouble was never absent, mingling their tears with the tears that never dried.

The open cities becoming thus suddenly crowded, every man's chance of making a living was diminished in proportion to the number of additional competitors. Hardship, acute distress, ruin for many: thus spread the disaster, ring beyond ring, from the stone thrown by a despotic official into the ever-full river of Jewish persecution.

Passover was celebrated in tears that year. In the story of the Exodus we would have read a chapter of current history, only for us there was no deliverer and no promised land.

But what said some of us at the end of the long service? Not 'May we be next year in Jerusalem,' but 'Next year — in America!' So there was our promised land, and many faces turned toward the West. And if the waters of the Atlantic did not part for them, the wanderers rode its bitter flood by a miracle as great as any the rod of Moses ever wrought.

My father was carried away by the westward movement, glad of his own deliverance, but sore at heart for us whom he left behind. It was the last chance for all of us. We were so far reduced in circumstances that he had to travel with borrowed money to a Ger-

man port, whence he was forwarded to Boston, with a host of others, at the expense of the Baron de Hirsch Emigration Committee.

I was about ten years old when my father emigrated. I was used to his going away from home, and 'America' did not mean much more to me than 'Kherson,' or 'Odessa,' or any other names of distant places. I understood vaguely, from the gravity with which his plans were discussed, and from references to ships, committees, and other unfamiliar things, that this enterprise was different from previous ones; but my excitement and emotion on the morning of my father's departure were mainly vicarious.

I know the day when 'America' as a world entirely unlike Polotzk lodged in my brain, to become the centre of all my dreams and speculations. Well I know the day! I was in bed, sharing the measles with some of the other children. Mother brought us a thick letter from father, written just before boarding the ship. The letter was full of excitement. There was something in it besides the description of travel, something besides the pictures of crowds of people, of foreign cities, of a ship ready to put out to sea. My father was traveling at the expense of a charitable organization, without means of his own, without plans, to a strange world where he had no friends; and yet he wrote with the confidence of a well-equipped soldier going into battle. The rhetoric is mine. Father simply wrote that the emigration committee was taking good care of everybody, that the weather was fine, and the ship comfortable. But I heard something, as we read the letter together in the darkened room, that was more than the words seemed to say. There was an elation, a hint of triumph, such as had never been in my father's letters before. I cannot tell how I knew it. I felt a stirring, a

straining in my father's letter. It was there, even though my mother stumbled over strange words, even though she cried, as women will when somebody is going away. My father was inspired by a vision. He saw something — he promised us something. It was this *America*. And 'America' became my dream.

If it was nothing new for my father to go far from home in search of his fortune, the circumstances in which he left us were unlike anything we had experienced before. We had absolutely no reliable source of income, no settled home, no immediate prospects. We hardly knew where we belonged in the scheme of our small society. My mother, as a breadwinner, had nothing like her former success. Her health was permanently impaired, her place in the business world had long been filled by others, and there was no capital to start her anew. Her brothers did what they could for her. They were well-to-do, but they all had large families, with marriageable daughters and sons to be bought out of military service. The allowance they made her was generous compared to their means, — affection and duty could not do more, — but there were four of us growing children, and my mother was obliged to make every effort within her power to piece out her income.

How quickly we came down from a large establishment, with servants and retainers, and a place among the best in Polotzk, to a single room hired by the week, and the humblest associations, and the averted heads of former friends! But oftenest it was my mother who turned away her head. She took to using the side streets, to avoid the pitiful eyes of the kind and the scornful eyes of the haughty. Both were turned on her as she trudged from store to store, and from house to house, peddling tea or other ware; and both were

hard to bear. Many a winter morning she rose in the dark, to tramp three or four miles in the gripping cold, through the dragging snow, with a pound of tea for a distant customer; and her profit was perhaps twenty kopecks. Many a time she fell on the ice, as she climbed the steep bank on the far side of the Dvina, a heavy basket on each arm. More than once she fainted at the doors of her customers, ashamed to knock as a suppliant where she used to be received as an honored guest. I hope the angels did not have to count the tears that fell on her frostbitten, aching hands as she counted her bitter earnings at night.

And who took care of us children while my mother tramped the streets with her basket? Who but Fetchke? Who but the little housewife of twelve? Sure of our safety was my mother, with Fetchke to watch; sure of our comfort, with Fetchke to cook the soup and divide the scrap of meat and remember the next meal. Joseph was in heder all day; the baby was a quiet little thing; Mashke was no worse than usual. But still there was plenty to do, with order to keep in a crowded room, and the washing, and the mending. And Fetchke did it all. She went to the river with the women to wash the clothes, and tucked her dress up and stood bare-legged in the water, like the rest of them, and beat and rubbed and rinsed with all her might, till our miserable rags gleamed white again.

And I? I usually had a cold, or a cough, or something to disable me; and I never had any talent for housework. If I swept and sanded the floor, polished the samovar, and ran errands, I was doing much. I minded the baby, who did not need much minding. I was willing enough, I suppose, but the hard things were done without my help.

My mother sent me sometimes to deliver a package of tea, and I was proud

to help in business. One day I went across the Dvina and far up 'the other side.' It was a good-sized expedition for me to make alone, and I was not a little pleased with myself when I delivered my package, safe and intact, into the hands of my customer. But the storekeeper was not pleased at all. She sniffed and sniffed, she pinched the tea, she shook it all out on the counter.

'Na, take it back,' she said in disgust; 'this is not the tea I always buy. It's a poorer quality.'

I knew the woman was mistaken. I was acquainted with my mother's several grades of tea. So I spoke up manfully.

'Oh, no,' I said; 'this is the tea my mother always sends you. There is no worse tea.'

Nothing in my life ever hurt me more than that woman's answer to my argument. She laughed — she simply laughed. But I understood, even before she controlled herself sufficiently to make verbal remarks, that I had spoken like a fool, had lost my mother a customer. I had only spoken the truth, but I had not expressed it diplomatically. That was no way to make business.

I felt very sore to be returning home with the tea still in my hand, but I forgot my trouble in watching a summer storm gather, up the river. The few passengers who took the boat with me looked scared as the sky darkened, and the boatman grasped his oars very soberly. It took my breath away to see the signs, but I liked it, and I was much disappointed to get home dry.

When my mother heard of my misadventure she laughed, too, but that was different, and I was able to laugh myself.

This is the way I helped in the housekeeping and in business. I hope it does not appear as if I did not take our situation to heart, for I did — in my own

fashion. It was plain, even to an idle dreamer like me, that we were living on the charity of our friends, and barely living at that. It was plain, from my father's letters, that he was scarcely able to support himself in America, and that there was no immediate prospect of our joining him. I realized it all, but I considered it all temporary, and I found plenty of comfort in writing long letters to my father, letters which he treasured for years.

As an instance of what I mean by my own fashion of taking trouble to heart, I recall the day when our household effects were attached for a debt. We had plenty of debts, but the stern creditor who set the law on us this time was none of ours. The claim was against a family to whom my mother sublet two of our three rooms, furnished with her own things. The police officers, who swooped down upon us without warning, as was their habit, asked no questions and paid no heed to explanations. They affixed a seal to every lame chair and cracked pitcher in the place; aye, to every faded petticoat found hanging in the wardrobe. These goods, comprising all our possessions and all our tenants', would presently be removed, to be sold at auction, for the benefit of the creditor.

Lame chairs and faded petticoats, when they are the last one has, have a vital value in the owner's eyes. My mother moved about, weeping distractedly, all the while the officers were in the house. The frightened children cried. Our neighbors gathered to bemoan our misfortune. And over everything was the peculiar dread which only Jews in Russia feel when agents of the government invade their homes.

The fear of the moment was in my heart, as in every other heart there. It was a horrid, oppressive fear. I retired to a quiet corner to grapple with it. I was not given to weeping, but I

must think things out in words. I repeated to myself that the trouble was all about money. Somebody wanted money from our tenant, who had none to give. Our furniture was going to be sold to make this money. It was a mistake, but then the officers would not believe my mother. Still, it was only about money. Nobody was dead, nobody was ill. It was all about *money*. Why, there was plenty of money in Polotzk. My own uncle had many times as much as the creditor claimed. He could buy all our things back, or somebody else could. What did it matter? It was only *money*, and money was got by working, and we were all willing to work. There was nothing gone, nothing lost, as when somebody died. This furniture could be moved from place to place, and so could money be moved, and nothing was lost out of the world by the transfer. *That* was all. If anybody —

Why, what do I see at the window? Breine Malke, our next-door neighbor is — yes, she is smuggling something out of the window! If she is caught! — Oh, I must help! Breine Malke beckons. She wants me to do something. I see — I understand. I must stand in the doorway, to obstruct the view of the officers, who are all engaged in the next room just now. I move readily to my post, but I cannot resist my curiosity. I must look over my shoulder a last time, to see what it is Breine Malke wants to smuggle out.

I can scarcely stifle my laughter. Of all our earthly goods, our neighbor has chosen for salvation a dented bandbox containing a moth-eaten bonnet from my mother's happier days! And I laugh not only from amusement, but also from lightness of heart. For I have succeeded in reducing our catastrophe to its simplest terms, and I find that it is only a trifle, and no matter of life and death.

I could not help it. That was the way it looked to me.

II

I am sure I made as serious efforts as anybody to prepare myself for life in America, on the lines indicated in my father's letters. In America, he wrote, it was no disgrace to work at a trade. Workmen and capitalists were equal. The employer addressed the employee as *you*, not, familiarly, as *thou*. The cobbler and the teacher had the same title, *Mister*. And all the children, boys and girls, Jews and Gentiles, went to school! Education would be ours for the asking, and economic independence also, as soon as we were prepared. So he wanted Fetchke and me to be taught some trade; and my sister was apprenticed to a dressmaker, and I to a milliner.

Fetchke, of course, was successful, and I, of course, was not. Fetchke managed to learn her trade, although most of the time at the dressmaker's she had to spend in sweeping, running errands, and minding the babies — the usual occupations of the apprentice in any trade.

But I — I had to be taken away from the milliner's after a couple of months. I did try, honestly. With all my eyes I watched my mistress build up a chimney-pot of straw and things. I ripped up old bonnets with enthusiasm. I picked up everybody's spools and thimbles, and other far-rolling objects. I did just as I was told, for I was determined to become a famous milliner, since America honored the workman so. But most of the time I was sent away on errands — to the market to buy soup-greens, to the corner store to get change, and all over town with bandboxes half as round again as I. It was winter, and I was not very well dressed. I froze; I coughed; my mis-

tress said I was not of much use to her. So my mother kept me at home, and my career as a milliner was blighted.

This was during our last year in Russia, when I was between twelve and thirteen years of age. I was old enough to be ashamed of my failures, but I did not have much time to brood about them. My Uncle Solomon took me with him to Vitebsk, where I spent several months in comfort and happy activity.

The thing that looms up above all the adventures of this pleasant interval is my introduction, through the books I found in my uncle's house, to the garden of secular literature. For the first time in my life I read stories that were not in the Bible, and poetry that was not solemn. I ransacked the house for dusty old journals, and sat up nights to read them. Many things fell into my hands that were not intended for a reader of my tender years and slim experience, — wild novels, in Russian, about cruel Cossacks and abducted maidens, — but nothing printed ever harmed me, as if the things that did not belong to my nature failed to take root in my mind.

Vitebsk was a metropolis, compared to which Polotzk was a mere village. Through Uncle Solomon, who traveled much in connection with his business, I got an idea of a world greater even than Vitebsk, and my imagination reached out beyond my boundaries. My cousin Hirshel also, who was a student in the high school, where he learned many things out of many books, afforded me alluring glimpses of a large world just beyond my reach. I worshiped his retreating footsteps when he set out with his student's satchel in the morning, and envied him the troubles of which he complained in the evening.

It was during this epochal visit to Vitebsk that I earned money by the work of my hands, for the first and

only time in my life. Although I was hopelessly clumsy at knitting and embroidery, the more difficult art of lace-making aroused my enthusiasm, so that I attained considerable skill with the cushion and bobbins. In Vitebsk I turned my one accomplishment to good account, by giving lessons. I enjoyed greatly going about the city in the important character of teacher, and I began to feel superior to circumstances.

I have never seen money that was half so bright to look at, half so pretty to clink, as the money I earned by these lessons. And it was easy to decide what to do with my wealth. I bought presents for everybody I knew. I remember to this day the pattern of the shawl I bought for my mother. When I came home, and unpacked my treasures, I was the proudest girl in Polotzk.

The proudest, but not the happiest. I found my family in such a pitiful state that all my joy was stifled by care, if only for a while.

Unwilling to spoil my holiday, my mother had not written me how things had gone from bad to worse during my absence, and I was not prepared. Fetchke met me at the station, and conducted me to a more wretched hole than I had ever called home before.

I went into the room alone, having been greeted outside by my mother and brother. It was evening, and the shabbiness of the apartment was all the gloomier for the light of a small kerosene lamp standing on the bare deal table. At one end of the table — is this Edle Dvereh? My little sister, dressed in an ugly gray jacket, sat motionless in the lamplight, her fair head drooping, her little hands folded on the edge of the table. At sight of her I grew suddenly old. It was merely that she was a shy little girl, unbecomingly dressed, and perhaps a little pale from underfeeding. But to me, at that mo-

ment, she was the personification of dejection, the living symbol of the fallen family state.

Of course my sober mood did not last long. Even 'fallen family state' could be interpreted in terms of money, — absent money, — and that, as once established, was a trifling matter. Had n't I earned money myself? Heaps of it! Only look at this, and this, and this that I brought from Vitebsk, bought with my own money! No, I did not remain old. For many years more I was a very childish child.

Perhaps I had spent my time in Vitebsk to better advantage than at the milliner's, from any point of view. When I returned to my native town I *saw* things. I saw the narrowness, the stifling narrowness, of life in Polotzk. My books, my walks, my visits, as teacher, to many homes, had been so many doors opening on a wider world; so many horizons, one beyond the other. The boundaries of life had stretched, and I had filled my lungs with the thrilling air from a great Beyond. Child though I was, Polotzk, when I came back, was too small for me.

And even Vitebsk, for all its peep-holes into a Beyond, presently began to shrink in my imagination, as America loomed near. My father's letters warned us to prepare for the summons, and we lived in a quiver of expectation.

Not that my father had grown suddenly rich. He was so far from rich that he was going to borrow every cent of the money for our third-class passage; but he had a business in view which he could carry on all the better for having the family with him; and, besides, we were borrowing right and left anyway, and all to no definite purpose. With the children, he argued, every year in Russia was a year lost. They should be spending the precious years in school, in learning English, in

becoming Americans. United in America, there were ten chances of our getting to our feet again to one chance in our scattered, drifting state.

So at last I was going to America! Really, really going, at last! The boundaries burst. The arch of heaven soared. A million suns shone out for every star. The winds rushed in from outer space, roaring in my ears, 'America! America!'

III

On the day when our steamer-ticket arrived, my mother did not go out with her basket, my brother stayed out of heder, and my sister salted the soup three times. I do not know what I did to celebrate the occasion. Very likely I played tricks on Edle Dvereh, and wrote a long letter to my father.

Before sunset the news was all over Polotzk that Raphael's Chane Chaye had received a steamer-ticket for America. Then they began to come. Friends and foes, distant relatives and new acquaintances, young and old, wise and foolish, debtors, creditors, and mere neighbors — from every quarter of the city, from both sides of the Dvina, from over the Polota, from nowhere — a steady stream of them poured into our street, both day and night, till the hour of our departure. And my mother gave audience. Her faded kerchief half way off her head, her black ringlets straying, her apron often at her eyes, she received her guests in a rainbow of smiles and tears. She was the heroine of Polotzk, and she conducted herself appropriately. She gave her heart's thanks for the congratulations and blessings that poured in on her; ready tears for condolences; patient answers to monotonous questions; and handshakes and kisses and hugs she gave gratis.

What did they not ask, the eager,

foolish, friendly people! They wanted to handle the ticket, and mother must read what was written in it. How much did it cost? Was it all paid for? Were we going to have a foreign passport, or did we intend to steal across the border? Were we not all going to have new dresses to travel in? Was it sure that we could get kosher food on the ship? And with the questions poured in suggestions, and solid chunks of advice were rammed in by nimble prophecies. Mother ought to make a pilgrimage to a 'Good Jew,' — say the Rebbe of Libavitz, — to get his blessing on our journey. She must be sure and pack her prayerbooks and Bible, and twenty pounds of zwieback at the least. If they did serve *trefah* on the ship, she and the four children would have to starve, unless she carried provisions from home. Oh, she must take all the feather-beds! Feather-beds are scarce in America. In America they sleep on hard mattresses, even in winter. Chave Mirel, Yachne the dressmaker's daughter, who emigrated to New York two years ago, wrote her mother that she got up from childbed with sore sides, because she had no feather-bed. Mother must n't carry her money in a pocketbook. She must sew it into the lining of her jacket. The policemen in Castle Garden take all their money from the passengers as they land, unless the travelers deny having any.

And so on, and so on, till my poor mother was completely bewildered. And as the day set for our departure approached, the people came oftener and stayed longer, and rehearsed my mother in long messages for their friends in America, praying that she would deliver them promptly on her arrival, and without fail, and might God bless her for her kindness, and she must be sure and write them how she found their friends.

The last night in Polotzk we slept at my uncle's house, having disposed of all our belongings, to the last three-legged stool, except such as we were taking with us. I could go straight to the room where I slept with my aunt that night, if I were suddenly set down in Polotzk. But I did not really sleep. Excitement kept me awake, and my aunt snored hideously. I was going away from Polotzk, forever and ever, in the morning. I was going on a wonderful journey. I was going to America. How could I sleep?

My uncle gave out a false bulletin, with the last batch that the gossips carried away in the evening. He told them that we were not going to start till the second day. This he did in the hope of smuggling us quietly out, and so saving us the wear and tear of a public farewell. But his ruse failed of success. Half of Polotzk was at my uncle's gate in the morning, to conduct us to the railway station, and the other half was already there before we arrived.

At the station the procession which accompanied us disbanded and became a mob. My uncle and my tall cousins did their best to protect us, but we wanderers were almost torn to pieces. They did get us into a car at last, and barricaded the door with our numerous bundles, but the riot on the station platform continued unquelled. When the warning bell rang out, it was drowned in a confounding babel of voices — fragments of the oft-repeated messages, admonitions, lamentations, blessings, farewells. 'Don't forget!' — 'Take care of —' 'Keep your tickets —' 'My Jacob —' 'Garlic is best!' — 'A happy journey!' — 'God help you!' — 'Good-bye! Good-bye!' — 'Remember —'

The last I saw of Polotzk was an agitated mass of people, waving colored handkerchiefs and other frantic bits of

calico, madly gesticulating, falling on each other's necks, gone wild together. Then the station became invisible, and the shining tracks spun out from sky to sky. I was in the middle of the great, great world, and the longest road was mine.

IV

Our route lay over the German border, with Hamburg for our port. Leaving the city of Vilna on a gray wet morning in early April, we set out for the frontier. This was the real beginning of our journey, and all my faculties of observation were alert. I took note of everything — the weather, the trains, the bustle of railroad stations, our fellow passengers, and the family mood at every stage of our progress.

The bags and bundles which composed our traveling outfit were much more bulky than valuable. A trifling sum of money, the steamer-ticket, and a foreign passport, were the magic agents by means of which we hoped to span the ten thousand miles of earth and water between us and my father. The passport was supposed to pass us over the frontier without any trouble; but on account of the prevalence of cholera in some parts of the country, the poorer sort of travelers, such as emigrants, were subjected, at this time, to more than ordinary supervision and regulation.

At Verzhbolovo, the last station on the Russian side, we met the first of our troubles. A German physician and several gendarmes boarded the train and put us through a searching examination as to our health, destination, and financial resources. As a result of the inquisition we were informed that we would not be allowed to cross the frontier unless we exchanged our third-class steamer-tickets for second-class, which would require two hundred rubles more than we possessed. Our

passport was taken from us, and we were to be forced to turn back on our journey.

A long letter which I wrote to my uncle in Polotzk during my first year in America describes the situation:—

‘We were homeless, houseless, and friendless in a strange place. We had hardly money enough to last us through the voyage for which we had hoped and waited for three long years. We had suffered much that the reunion we longed for might come about; we had prepared ourselves to suffer more in order to bring it about, and had parted with those we loved, with places that were dear to us in spite of what we passed through in them, never again to see them, as we were convinced — all for the same dear end. With strong hopes and high spirits that hid the sad parting, we had started on our long journey. And now we were checked so unexpectedly but surely, the blow coming from where we little expected it, being, as we believed, safe in that quarter.

‘When mother had recovered enough to speak, she began to argue with the gendarme, telling him our story and begging him to be kind. The children were frightened and all but I cried. I was only wondering what would happen.

‘Moved by our distress, the German officers gave us the best advice they could. We were to get out at the station of Kibart, on the Russian side, and apply to one Herr Schidorsky, who might help us on our way.’

The letter dwells gratefully on the kindness of Herr Schidorsky, who became the agent of our salvation. He procured for my mother a pass to Eidtkuhnen, the German frontier station, where his older brother, as chairman of the Baron de Hirsch Emigration Committee, arranged for our admission into Germany. During the nego-

tiations, which took several days, the good man of Kibart entertained us in his own house, shabby emigrants though we were. The Schidorsky brothers were Jews, but it is not on that account that their name has been lovingly remembered for fifteen years in my family.

On the German side our course joined that of many other emigrant groups, on their way to Hamburg and other ports. We were a clumsy enough crowd, with wide, unsophisticated eyes, with awkward bundles hugged in our arms, and our hearts set on America.

The letter to my uncle faithfully describes every stage of our bustling progress. Here is a sample scene of many that I recorded:—

‘There was a terrible confusion in the baggage-room where we were directed to go. Boxes, baskets, bags, valises, and great, shapeless things belonging to no particular class, were thrown about by porters and other men, who sorted them and put tickets on all but those containing provisions, while others were opened and examined in haste. At last our turn came, and our things, along with those of all other American-bound travelers, were taken away to be steamed and smoked and other such processes gone through. We were told to wait till notice should be given us of something else to be done.’

The phrase ‘we were told to do this’ and ‘told to do that’ occurs again and again in my narrative, and the most effective handling of the facts could give no more vivid picture of the proceedings. We emigrants were herded together at the stations, packed in the cars, and driven from place to place like cattle.

‘At the expected hour we all tried to find room in a car indicated by the conductor. We tried, but could only find enough space on the floor for our

baggage, on which we made believe to be sitting comfortably. For now we were obliged to exchange the comparative comforts of a third-class passenger train for the certain discomforts of a fourth-class one. There were only four narrow benches in the whole car, and about twice as many people were already seated on these as they were probably supposed to accommodate. All other space, to the last inch, was crowded by passengers or their luggage. It was very hot and close and altogether uncomfortable, and still at every new station fresh passengers came crowding in, and actually made room, spare as it was, for themselves. It became so terrible that all glared madly at the conductor as he allowed more people to come into that prison, and trembled at the announcement of every station.’

The plight of the bewildered emigrant on the way to foreign parts is always pitiful enough, but for us who came from plague-ridden Russia the terrors of the way were doubled.

‘In a great lonely field opposite a solitary house within a large yard, our train pulled up at last, and a conductor commanded the passengers to make haste and get out. He need not have told us to hurry; we were glad enough to be free again after such a long imprisonment in the uncomfortable car. All rushed to the door. We breathed more freely in the open field, but the conductor did not wait for us to enjoy our freedom. He hurried us into the one large room which made up the house, and then into the yard. Here a great many men and women, dressed in white, received us, the women attending to the women and girls of the passengers, and the men to the others.

‘This was another scene of bewildering confusion, parents losing their children, and little ones crying; bag-

gage being thrown in one corner of the yard, heedless of contents, which suffered in consequence; those white-clad Germans shouting commands always accompanied with "Quick! Quick!" the confused passengers obeying all orders like meek children, only questioning now and then what was going to be done with them.

'And no wonder if in some minds stories arose of people being captured by robbers, murderers, and the like. Here we had been taken to a lonely place where only that house was to be seen; our things were taken away, our friends separated from us; a man came to inspect us, as if to ascertain our full value; strange-looking people driving us about like dumb animals, helpless and unresisting; children we could not see, crying in a way that suggested terrible things; ourselves driven into a little room where a great kettle was boiling on a little stove; our clothes taken off, our bodies rubbed with a slippery substance that might be any bad thing; a shower of warm water let down on us without warning; again driven to another little room where we sit, wrapped in woolen blankets, till large, coarse bags are brought in, their contents turned out, and we see only a cloud of steam, and hear the women's orders to dress ourselves, quick, quick, or else we'll miss — something we cannot hear. We are forced to pick out our clothes from among all the others, with the steam blinding us; we choke, cough, entreat the women to give us time; they persist: "Quick, quick, or you'll miss the train!" Oh, so we really won't be murdered! They are only making us ready for the continuing of our journey, cleaning us of all suspicions of dangerous sickness. Thank God!'

In Polotzk, if the cholera broke out, as it did once or twice in every generation, we made no such fuss as did these

Germans. Those who died of the sickness were buried, and those who lived ran to the synagogues to pray. We travelers felt hurt at the way the Germans treated us. My mother nearly died of cholera once, but she was given a new name, a lucky one, which saved her; and that was when she was a small girl. None of us were sick now, yet hear how we were treated! Those gendarmes and nurses always shouted their commands at us from a distance, as fearful of our touch as if we had been lepers.

We arrived in Hamburg early one morning, after a long night in the crowded cars. Here we were piled up on a high wagon, with our bags and baggage, and driven for hours, not one of us guessing where our destination lay. At length our mysterious ride came to an end, on the outskirts of the city, where we were once more lined up, cross-questioned, disinfected, labeled, and pigeon-holed. This was one of the occasions when we suspected that we were the victims of a conspiracy to extort money from us; for here, as at every repetition of the purifying operations we had undergone, a fee was levied on us, — so much per head. My mother, indeed, seeing her tiny hoard melting away, had long since sold some articles from our baggage to a fellow passenger richer than she, but even so she did not have enough money to pay the fee demanded of her in Hamburg. Her statement of that fact was not accepted, and we all suffered the last indignity of having our persons searched. We had nothing left for the policeman in Castle Garden.

This last place of detention turned out to be a prison. 'Quarantine' they called it, and there was a great deal of it — two weeks of it. Two weeks within high brick walls, several hundred of us herded in half a dozen compartments, — numbered compartments, —

sleeping in rows, like sick people in a hospital; with roll-call morning and night, and short rations three times a day; with never a sign of the free world beyond our barred windows; with anxiety and longing and homesickness in our hearts, and in our ears the unfamiliar voice of the invisible ocean, which drew and repelled us at the same time. The fortnight in quarantine was not an episode; it was an epoch, divisible into eras, periods, events.

The greatest event was the arrival of some ship to take some of the waiting passengers. When the gates were opened and the lucky ones said good-bye, those left behind felt hopeless of ever seeing the gates open for them.

Our turn came at last. We were conducted through the gate of departure, and after some hours of bewildering manœuvres, described in great detail in the report to my uncle, we found ourselves, we five frightened pilgrims from Polotzk, on the deck of a great big steamship afloat on the strange big waters of the ocean.

For sixteen days the ship was our world. My letter dwells solemnly on the details of the life at sea. It does not shrink from describing the torments of seasickness; it notes every change in the weather. A rough night is described, when the ship pitched and rolled so that people were thrown from their berths; days and nights when we crawled through dense fogs, our fog-horn drawing answering warnings from invisible ships.

The perils of the sea were not minimized in the imaginations of us inexperienced voyagers. The captain and his officers ate their dinners, smoked their pipes, and slept soundly in their turns, while we frightened emigrants turned our faces to the wall and awaited our watery graves.

All this while the seasickness lasted. Then came happy hours on deck,

with fugitive sunshine, birds atop the crested waves, band-music and dancing and fun. I explored the ship, made friends with officers and crew, or pursued my thoughts in quiet nooks. It was my first experience of the ocean, and I was profoundly moved.

'I would imagine myself all alone on the ocean, and Robinson Crusoe was very real to me. I *was* alone sometimes. I was aware of no human presence; I was conscious only of sea and sky and something I did not understand. And as I listened to its solemn voice, I felt as if I had found a friend, and knew that I loved the ocean. It seemed as if it were within as well as without part of myself; and I wondered how I had lived without it, and if I could ever part with it.'

And so, suffering, fearing, brooding, rejoicing, we crept nearer and nearer to the coveted shore, until, on a glorious May morning, six weeks after our departure from Polotzk, our eyes beheld the Promised Land, and my father received us in his arms.

During his three years of probation my father had made a great many false starts in business. His history for that period is the history of thousands who come to America, like him, with pockets empty, hands untrained to the use of tools, minds cramped by centuries of repression in their native land. Dozens of these men pass under your eyes every day, my American friend, too much absorbed in their honest affairs to notice the looks of suspicion which you cast at them, the repugnance with which you shrink from their touch. You see them shuffle from door to door with a basket of spools and buttons, or bending over the sizzling irons in a basement tailor-shop, or rummaging in your ash-can, or moving a pushcart from curb to curb, at the command of the burly policeman. 'The Jew peddler!' you say, and dismiss him from

your premises and from your thoughts, never dreaming that the sordid drama of his days may have a moral that concerns you.

What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizenship papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is one day going to mend your state constitution for you? What if the ragpicker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools? Think, every

time you pass the greasy alien on the street, that he was born thousands of years before the oldest native American; and he may have something to communicate to you, when you two shall have learned a common language. Remember that his very physiognomy is a cipher, the key to which it behooves you to search for most diligently.

[In the January issue, Mary Antin will describe the first stages in the making of an American citizen. — THE EDITORS.]

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

HIS HIGHNESS THE NAWAB

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

'I HATE India!' said Mem-Sahib gloomily.

It was mid-July. The greater rains had been with us for a month, sluicing, amid electric blazes and thunder crashes, up and down the hot Ganges valley.

The Berhampore Civil Station was a desert. Our respected seniors and their dames had fled before the storm to Darjiling among the rhododendrons, where they dined their coevals, played swift tennis on the courts, flirted atrociously, as Gilber Sahib alleged, and peered through pearl-white mists at splendid Himalayan snows.

We who remained in the plains, amid the illimitable rice-fields of the rain-soaked delta, heat-worn and depressed, had planned to break our loneliness by a visit to the Nawab.

We needed cheering. Mem-Sahib was feverish and dreadfully homesick. Gilber Sahib, our one neighbor, was, as always, pensive in his friendliness. The Assistant Magistrate, who, like Tertius, writes this epistle, was overburdened with the charge of the District: a million and a quarter lean, dark people; among them innumerable half-starved children, to whom multitudes of doomed babies were ceaselessly added, down many-streamed Ganges to the ocean, and up the wide valley to the snow-wreathed hills; a distressing thing, not to be mitigated to the Assistant Magistrate by the deputed glory of supreme command, with the right to order about the Collector Sahib's round dozen of scarlet-turbaned chaprassies, and the daily privilege of inspecting the gaol amid fire-blossomed acacias.

'I hate India!' said Mem-Sahib disconsolately; a sentiment not without an echo in the heart of the Assistant Sahib.

The rains had driven some of the intolerable heat out of the air, and, ceasing for a few hours, had left the warm world full of freshness under a superb curtain of gray cloud. We were seated, Mem-Sahib and I, before the first bungalow of a barrack-like row, separated by a red road from the tree-fringed square. Our cane arm-chairs stood on a square island of concrete amid the soaking grass. We were waiting already helmeted, for the carriage and for Gilber Sahib.

The air was full of the gurgling of minas, guzzling water-logged worms on the vividly green grass, and chattering like school-girls.

Over Gilber Sahib's white barrack stood a patriarchal mango tree, about whose green glossy dome white egrets congregated. Above the shiny green of the leafage those white birds carried on their mystic dance. Lance-beaked and long-legged they rose, with curved white wings and snowy plumes, poising like blown petals in the air, or setting forth, a silvery line against the gray, or circling in the air and settling back again with wings curved upward amid the green: taking all these lovely poses that enthralled the artist of Japan, until, to liberate his soul, he took brush and made every delicate line of them immortal.

'I hate India!' cried Mem-Sahib despairingly; and then, on a sudden, took on a more cheerful air; for round the bend of the Murshidabad road appeared a big, high-swung victoria from the Nawab Bahadur's stables, bearing down on us with a fine clatter of hoofs. At the same moment, across the corner of the square came Gilber Sahib, a good little Frenchman with chivalry in his heart, and a dash of sadness where

some old love-story had left its incurable pain. In a light suit, as befitted these hot-house days, under a helmet of white sola pith, he came over to us, pensive as always, and made his morning compliments to Mem-Sahib, who, being of the Russian persuasion, dearly loved to talk French.

'Bonjour, madame! et comment ça va, ce matin?'

Cheered by the gentle gray courtesy of Gilber Sahib, the lady responded hopefully and began to hate India a little less, preening herself for the drive in the big victoria now drawing up beside us on the road: a magnificent pair of Australian bays, a Punjabi coachman splendid in silver and crimson, and two gorgeous though bare-footed grooms, also from the up-country, their button-shaped turbans barred with silver.

The grooms hopped down from the back of the carriage, swung the door open with many salaams, and inducted us to our seats, the lady and Gilber Sahib having the place of honor while the Assistant Magistrate sat facing them, with the bronze-image countenances of the grooms looking down at him.

With a swing and clatter of hoofs we were off. Our kindly Moslem nobleman always sent for his visitors. And we, who helped to govern India, might, if need were, borrow a carriage, or an elephant or two, or a horse. But there must be no presents, save only fruit or flowers; no handfuls of sapphires, no tinsel slippers filled with gold mohurs and left under sofa-cushions, as in the large days of old.

Meanwhile Gilber Sahib was gladdening the lady's heart with the gossip which she so frankly enjoyed.

'His late Highness, ah, madame!' he said, with pretty French gestures and smiles, 'his late Highness was galant homme et homme galant! He shared the tastes of Solomon, — il avait les

goûts de Salomon, sans avoir sa sagesse! The good Prophet Mahomet, chère madame, recognizing the irresistible sweetness of the ladies, permitted his followers to take four charmers in lawful vedlock.'

Mem-Sahib declared that she could sympathize perfectly with that, and could not see why it should not be extended to husbands, so that one might have one for each mood.

Gilber Sahib shook a reproving finger.

'His late Highness,' he resumed, 'obeyed the ordinance of the Prophet; in his zeal, he even exceeded it — by some dozens. There was a lovely princess from the Vale of Kashmir, with long, languishing eyes; there were other Indian brides; there was a wildly enthusiastic Englishwoman, whom His Highness gathered in from a small hotel in a London suburb, and who, when overwrought, enforced her conjugal persuasions with a riding-whip or a pistol; two of her daughters are growing up in the harem now; and there was an Abyssinian girl —'

Here came into the memory of the Assistant Sahib a fragment of that most haunting of all lyrics: —

It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on a dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abara: . . .

'— A dark, lithe, smiling beauty,' went on Gilber Sahib, 'who danced her way into his late Highness's not unsociable heart. And do you know, madame,' Gilber Sahib here became very mysterious, 'her son turned out to be the wisest of them all; and when the old Nawab died, full of years and progeny, the British Government chose him to succeed, and inducted him into all the glories of the Nizamat.'

Mem-Sahib perked up. She forgot how hot it is in India in July. Her lips framed a question. Gilber Sahib mys-

teriously nodded, and pressed his finger to his lips.

'On le dit, au moins, madame!'

He went on to say, still with little shrugs and smiles, that there was fierce Oriental jealousy between the brothers. The son of the Kashmiri princess — a charmingly handsome gentleman whom we knew very well — held that he, and not the child of the Abyssinian beauty, should have been heir to the Nawabs, and so lay ever in wait for the incumbent, seeking, in default of beer, which is forbidden to pious Muslims, to put poison in his sherbet; knowing which, the elect brother tasted no food but what his own faithful cooks had not only prepared, but had also tasted themselves.

All of which I recount, not to approve the habit of gossip, but to characterize Gilber Sahib.

While we were thus pulling august persons to pieces, our dashing equipage had whirled us past the barracks once tenanted by the fatal regiment among whom flamed up the Mutiny of 1857, ever since void of military occupants; past the club, now quite deserted, in a meadow rank with 'thief-thorn' grass, which fastens itself abominably in one's socks and trouser-legs, — the club where Gilber Sahib and the Assistant Magistrate each afternoon of the rains played melancholy billiards, sipping weak beverages flavored with quinine and gin; past the Chota Lal Dighi, which is the lesser Scarlet Tank, with its mirrored date-palms and pearl-bedewed gossamers; past the Maidan, where we held the races in February, whereat one of our official ladies flirted emphatically with the new Assistant Police Sahib, who was a very pretty youth, and sang 'The Long Indian-Day' with entrancing pathos; and so on, to a cross-road near a pond bedecked with blue and red water-lilies, where, amid shadowy Indian trees,

stood the barred house of a Raja, who, being out of favor with the world, one day incontinently hanged himself, and who still flitted there, a disconsolate wraith.

I have a posthumous grudge against that Raja. I cannot for the life of me see why a love-lorn Raja of Ind should not be at liberty, if so minded, to hang himself and have a ghost. Yet I never drove past that lugubrious abode but I had to hear the tale of the up-hanging Raja, — the narrator truculently counting on a horror I did not feel. If the Raja had a mind to hang himself, why, then, be hanged to him, and there's an end.

But perhaps that is only the effect of Indian heat upon the nerves.

We sped along the wide road, rose-red and set in Indian greenery, with plumed date-palms on either side, or fan-palms stark as bottle-brushes; the air hot as a palm-house, quivering with the hum and whirr of myriad locusts, and sweet with the scent of yellow-blossomed babul bushes.

Then other memories were evoked. Our swift course brought us to the outskirts of Kassim Bazar, where two centuries ago Dutch, French, and English factors vied for Bengal silks; where, in a sad, unkempt cemetery, rest, if rest they can so far from home, the wife and child of Warren Hastings, who was Resident here in Clive's day. Of the once vast city, nought remains but crumbling ruins smothered in Indian jungle. So swift is change in the changeless East.

There still remained the good Nawab Bahadur's stables, where we reined up amid a patter of dusky grooms; and a second pair of fine 'Walers,' as we of Anglo-India call the big-boned steeds from New South Wales, took the place of the first, foam-lathered from their eighteen-mile rattle through the heat. The change was made nervous,

at least for the horses, by the trumpeting of elephants; for His Highness's two score and ten huge pachyderms were anchored, like enormous gray boulders, in a mango-grove by the wayside, where they cheerfully munched heaps of roots and bales of hay, trumpeting hilariously, with the sound of paying out chain-cable from an iron ship; whereat the horses grew hysterical, gibing under the hand of our masterful Punjabi.

On our journey's briefer second stage, we saw a pretty bit of Indian color. The red road was framed with the gold-ribbed plumes of young cocoanut palms, with a backing of feathery bamboo thickets, and rich Bengal greenery. To us, round a corner of the road, entered a group of brown Bengalis, three women and two men, like draped bronze statues. Each woman carried, poised on her head, and steadied by a statuesque right arm, a broad, deep basket, heaped up, as it seemed, with golden almonds brilliantly yellow against the green.

Mem-Sahib cried out with delight.

'Something in my line, madame!' said Gilber Sahib.

'Mais, comme c'est joli!' exclaimed the lady.

Gilber Sahib raised his white helmet with a gallant little bow, as though the compliment were personal to him. Then he made amends, explaining that the women were carrying baskets of silk cocoons to the filature. We called on Gilber Sahib once, in his big white barrack, and found him seated amid cables of coiled gold, like a Modernist genie of the Arabian Nights.

Meanwhile, we had completed our journey and reached Murshidabad. Visible city there was none, so wreathed were all things in gardens and trees. We did, it is true, pass through one brief line of shops, where, in little open booths under thatched screens, were

piled brass water-pots, or strange-hued fruit and vegetables, or big red earthen jars, or bales of Madras muslin and Kashmiri cloth. The grooms hopped to the ground, and ran ahead through the sparse crowd of Bengalis, shouting 'Kabardâr!' which meant, from its practical effect, 'Make way for your betters!' and little brown naked kiddies scurried away before them. A gray cat, just escaping, was caught up by a pathetic old woman with a mahogany face framed in white hair, who hugged it lovingly and made fiendish grimaces at the too headlong grooms.

'She loved her *biral*, and her *biral* loved her!' pensively murmured Gilber Sahib, half thinking in Bengali, as we whirled round the corner to the guard-house of the Palace.

A dozen little soldiers, who, bare-foot and beltless, were luxuriating in a smoke, dropped their hookahs suddenly as we swung into sight, and shuffled into belts and slippers to salute us. I knew those little soldiers well. We had an interview every pay-day. Then, passing a wide, barren lawn, we drew up under the high porte-cochère, our journey's end.

Big and magnificent in its way, the home of the Nawabs of Murshidabad, but not with the Eastern splendor of the Rajput palaces. Here was rather the Italian Renaissance in red stucco: a long, five-storied pile with Corinthian columns. Mem-Sahib said it reminded her of St. Petersburg, which is, indeed, equally outlandish. The palace was built for the Nawabs by the British Raj, in a day of less instructed taste.

The Nawab's secretary received us, like a Persian god, in a lower hall decked with tiger skins and Afghan weapons. There were also little Italian goddesses of white marble, which drew the eye of Gilber Sahib. They were comfortably clad for the Indian heat. The Persian god convoyed us up the stair to the

state apartments, where His Highness the Nawab Bahadur of Murshidabad was waiting to receive us.

Very graciously he did it, with the perfect manners of an Oriental; cordially too, for we had met a good many times before, and had made friends. His Highness, on this occasion, was dressed in white, with a purple fez, a thimble-shaped cap with an aigrette of heron feathers.

The big punkah flopped and flagged between the columns, as we sat and talked. Mem-Sahib, who was born in the Caucasus amid Georgian and Circassian dignitaries, and so had a happy way with Oriental princes, took us all aback by suddenly asking the good gray prince how many brothers he had. His Highness looked at her with a queer little smile, half tolerant, half amused, and began, with great show of seriousness, to count them on his fingers, first of the right hand, then of the left; after going once or twice round, he halted, started again, then stopped and said, —

'I am afraid I must ask my secretary!'

The Persian god replied, with dignity, —

'Your Highness had a hundred and nineteen brothers!'

Mem-Sahib, no whit abashed, then asked this good Oriental nobleman concerning his sisters.

He smiled very charmingly, saying, —

'I am afraid I do not know; we never counted them!'

Which reminds one of those Biblical reckonings, 'besides women and children!'

Perhaps apprehending further piercing inquiries, the good prince rose, and, slightly stooping, led us to an ornate portrait of his father, the parent of this so numerous progeny: a magnificent and kingly Oriental, with eye like an eagle, and dight with gold lace and

many decorations. A right fierce spirit, one would say, this Moslem squire of dames; far more warlike than his quiet, gray-haired successor, whose slight figure, all in white, stood in marked contrast to the great warrior.

We sat down beneath the portrait, and, as always at this season, under a flapping punkah, and the conversation turned, I know not by what gradations, to religion.

The Nawab, a Shiah by faith, and therefore inclined to toleration, declared that he was imbued with the idea that all religions at heart are one.

'Still,' he said, 'there are deep differences. It seems to me,' he went on, with the gentle seriousness so characteristic of him, 'that Christianity has been the better religion for women; my own has been better for men. What an ideal of manliness the Prophet's faith holds up; think of the Osmanli Turks or the Arab Sheiks, or our own Moguls: all devotedly religious. A virile faith. But the religion of Jesus has always been wonderfully tender to women and children, and I think to-day your churches are built on the hearts of women; but your leading men, in politics or science or literature, seem to me to be estranged from Christianity. It does not hold their intellects as it holds the hearts of the women. But of course I speak as a stranger,' he added, with the shy smile that was so winning, 'and really know very little of these things. For my own part,' he went on, after a pause, 'I think that Buddhism attracts me more than any other religion. There is such a spirit of gentle charity through all Buddhist history; no religious wars. I have been reading Edwin Arnold's book, and it appeals to me; he who sows wheat reaps wheat; who sows sesame reaps sesame. The understanding of that should reconcile every one to his place

and lot. And then, most of all, it holds out such a beautiful ideal of final peace; perfect ceasing from all sorrows, freedom from the last remnant and memory of ourselves, in Nirvana, where the Silence reigns!' And the good prince became silent, with a far-away look in his eyes, as of one who was infinitely weary of the burden of being, and full of immeasurable longing for the Beyond.

'Buddhism is the true Oriental religion,' he went on; 'we, who are genuine Orientals, have in our blood the feeling of the great Nirvana, the brooding stillness and peace. You Westerns are frightened at it, and long for strife. We long for rest.'

Gilber Sahib sat with a slight smile of gentlest irony. One suspected him of being a Voltairean at heart, full of skepticism concerning these high matters. But, with a Frenchman's pretty politeness, he said nothing, contenting himself with that little ironical smile.

Then, to amuse us, His Highness very cordially offered to take us and show us his Treasury, and led the way along corridors under a magnificent painting by Vandyke, the present of some Anglo-Indian ruler, to a small chamber, whose door was heavily barred with steel. There he showed us all kinds of wonderful and costly things in gold and silver, gleanings from Aladdin palaces, which filled the heart of Mem-Sahib with joy. Particularly entrancing to her were the good prince's personal adornments, kept here for safety: aigrettes of table diamonds and rubies; a set of emerald buttons, each as large as one's finger-nail, and a full score in number; and, final glory, three huge table emeralds, each as large as Mem-Sahib's visiting card, which the good prince wore as belt-buckles — one at a time, of course.

One could see Mem-Sahib warming up to the point where she must in-

evitably ask more questions. His gentle Highness, who, I think, was secretly not a little diverted by the vivacious lady, and who showed her many marks of kindly friendship, caught the coming question in her eyes, smiled a little smile of amusement, and anticipated inquiry by telling us a tale of the brave days of old: —

‘The Grand Mogul lay a-dying in his palace at Delhi,’ he began, looking back in thought to those wild, tumultuous days, ‘and the great viceroys were gathered round him: the Nawab of Oudh, the Prince of Kashmir, and the Nawab of Bengal. His Majesty took a long time dying, much longer than they had expected; and the three great viceroys found the time hanging somewhat heavily on their hands. So they dined awhile, and then, growing weary of this also, they went to look at the Grand Mogul’s Treasury. From looking, they came to longing; and the upshot of it all was, that they determined to anticipate the possible testamentary dispositions of the Mogul Emperor, and divide his treasure then and there. Kashmir got the sapphires,’ he said, with a quaintly humorous smile, ‘Oudh got the diamonds; and, as for the emeralds, why, here they are!’

Gilber Sahib had been *bon enfant* too long, and now had a reaction. He yielded to the temptation to make light mischief.

‘Ah, those were the good times, before the English came!’ he said; ‘do you not wish they were back again?’

There was a touch of personal feeling in this, too; for had not Gilber Sahib’s own people held great empire once, as rivals of the English, and even fought in the Nawab’s army at Plassey against the indomitable-hearted Clive? — fought, and been defeated, though Clive was outnumbered twenty to one. The good Nawab smiled.

‘You must remember,’ he said, ‘that

my ancestors were very good friends of the English, even before Plassey. We pulled together with Clive, and Clive helped us into power, when Surajud-Daulah fell by the weight of his own evil stupidity. We have always been very good friends.’

Here the Assistant Magistrate ventured to ask a question, which might, perhaps, have been indiscreet: —

What, in the good Nawab’s view, was the chief difference brought in by English rule?

The Nawab reflected. One could see reminiscence and half-stifled regret chase each other in his kindly brown eyes. Then at last he spoke: —

‘For the poorest people, and that means the vast majority in India, the change has been greatest. And I think the greatest change of all has been this, that, under English rule, every peasant knows exactly what he must pay in taxes. That, it has always seemed to me, is the weakest part of our Mussulman systems; it is always just the same thing, whether in Macedonia, or in Egypt, or here in Bengal. The imperial government farms out the collection of the revenue, and the tax-farmers mercilessly oppress the people with their extortions. You can hardly realize what a horrible mountain of suffering and misery may grow from that one thing; a far greater total, it seems to me, than even the violence of pillage and war. That came seldom, but the hawks and vultures were always there, and no man knew what he must pay, or what he could keep. That seems to me the greatest boon; yet our peasants are poor, miserably poor.’ He was silent, his face clouded over and touched with pain, and his lips again murmured, ‘miserably poor!’

Here seems to me the touch of tragedy in this gentle prince’s life: that he sees so much misery, which makes so strong an appeal to his heart, and

yet, with all his titles and decorations, has so little power to counteract it, save by ample doles of charity, which, from certain reasons, I knew him constantly to make. There might well have been some wider field of work for his good, gentle heart. I imagined him thinking, though he did not say it, —

‘You have done most for the poorest and most wretched; but, for the rest of us, you weigh somewhat heavily on our souls!’

But that may be a fancy. His Highness rose, with something of a sigh, and invited Mem-Sahib to pay a visit to his ‘mothers,’ as he said, in his courtly way, and also to one splendid grandmother, a very queen of the ancient world. Mem-Sahib told us wonderful stories of that visit, and of the strange Haroun Al Raschid regions through which she was led, and of the marvels she saw and heard; all of which the Assistant Magistrate may some day record.

The quiet hours sped; the good Nawab nourished us; the time came for our return.

Once more we found ourselves in the high-swung carriage, with the masterful Punjabi in command. Evening was descending upon us; the gray mantle of clouds had rolled away, and there were transparent spaces of pure light, gradually growing dim and spiritual. Crickets began their whirring refrain, in the grass, from the stems and branches of trees, till the whole world throbbed with their pulsations.

The air was drowsy, the wind soft as a zephyr of paradise, gently swaying the dark, ferny arms of the palm-trees shadowed against the dying glow of the sky.

Then, as we sped swiftly on, came darkness; and, with darkness, the stars, — great, colored jewels, standing forth, as it seemed, from the purple curtain of night; the benign air, and darkness, and the crickets’ song.

A CHRISTMAS WISH

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

THAT love may light the eyes of them
Who keep the season of His Birth,
Till to the starry hosts, our earth
Shall be the Star of Bethlehem.

JOHN MORLEY

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

THE Liberal cabinet which, with some changes of personnel but no deviation in policy, has governed the British Empire since 1906, will probably fill a wider space in the chronicles of time than any other group of English statesmen since the days of Cromwell. Upon it has fallen the task of retrieving, in so far as possible, the losses in wealth, prestige, and morality occasioned by the Boer War; of resisting the panics, spontaneous or contrived, which have tended to an unnecessary development of the navy; of finding means to restore the land to the people and the people to the land; of saving the poor from unemployment and starvation; of attempting to set the national free-school system beyond the reach of sectarian interference, and to transfer the franchise from property to manhood; of defending free-trade against specious arguments drawn from the examples of Germany and the United States and unscrupulously repeated by a far from disinterested press; of guiding, without jealousy and without giving occasion for irritation or loss of loyalty, the rapid adolescence of great colonial nations; of destroying the veto power of the House of Lords, and of definitely planning home rule for Ireland.

Some of these achievements and efforts are in line with the old Liberal tradition of Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone; some foreshadow, it may be, a new Liberalism, based upon a conception of property which would have been as unacceptable to the early Victorian Liberals as to the Tories of their day.

When Mr. Asquith formed his first cabinet the prediction was made that it could not hold together long, because of the incongruity between its extremes. It was said that conservative Liberals, sired and bred in the individualism of the Manchester school, could not work in harness with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. John Burns. The radical side of the cabinet, like the radical wing of the coalition majority, was socialistic, and would therefore prove unmanageable. The Labor members might sit below the gangway and hold the balance of power, together with the Irish Nationalists, but their views could not find practical expression in the cabinet without disrupting that intimate group.

Thus far — and it is already very far indeed — these predictions have not been fulfilled. The reason seems to be that the older and more conservative members of the cabinet are themselves much more advanced than was at first supposed. Mr. Asquith has shown himself not a whit less radical than Mr. Lloyd George, although of course it would be overstatement to say that he goes as far as Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, whose influence in the coalition might be thought to deserve official standing.

There is one member of this famous ministry who illustrates in person the evolution of old-fashioned Liberalism into its present form. Mr. John Morley, a disciple of Cobden and Mill, a friend of Gladstone, and a member of the House of Commons so far back as

1883, now Viscount Morley of Blackburn, and maintaining in the House of Lords an unflinching and joyful allegiance to the whole Liberal programme, is an epitome of progressive policy during the last fifty years. His views have changed less than the views of his party, because he entered public life from a very high level of Liberal theory. His associates have been overtaking him. He has had the satisfaction of seeing the ideals of his early manhood generally adopted, and to a considerable extent put into practice, by a triumphant majority. They have mellowed, but have lost hardly any of their original distinctness. This is remarkable, not only because he is seventy-three years old, but because he has, in three positions, been subject to influences which tend to convert the most radical Liberals into Conservatives. He has twice been Chief Secretary for Ireland; yet he remains a Home-ruler. He has been Secretary of State for India, wielding something like despotic powers over subject and alien races; yet he is an anti-imperialist. He is a lord; yet it was he who moved the adoption of the Parliament bill by the upper house.

Americans, as a rule, probably do not realize the thorough-going character of the new British Liberalism. We are surprised even by the fact that the older Liberalism came at length to tolerate its own radical adherents, such as Bradlaugh. No public man in the United States entertaining opinions so revolutionary as those of Lord Morley and expressing them so pointedly would be returned to Congress for twenty-five years. The principles of an English viscount would be too democratic for the countrymen of Lincoln. A professed believer in the doctrines of the French Revolution would be regarded as dangerous in the nation that Thomas Jefferson helped to found.

Mr. Morley used to be denounced as an agnostic; he perhaps was and may still be an agnostic; yet constituencies in England, where questions of religion are also questions of politics, sent him repeatedly to Parliament.

The philosophical opinions of this great public man are of a piece with his conduct in the legislature and in office. They are, moreover, extremely simple and unified. Between the publication of his *Voltaire*, in 1871, and the completion of his *Life of Gladstone*, in 1903, they do not vary except in emphasis. They are essentially the principles of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment translated, through the medium of an English mind, into terms appropriate to an age which has seen the conjectures of rationalism confirmed by natural science and historical criticism.

Lord Morley is one of the most eminent biographers and reviewers in the English-speaking world. Other names are perhaps more frequently on our lips, but death could make no more noticeable breach in the ranks of living English writers than by robbing us of his presence. His services as editor of the English Men of Letters Series will be remembered, though it is not publicly known how much attention he gave to the details of that undertaking. His essays on Wordsworth, on Byron, on Carlyle, on Macaulay, on Emerson, on John Stuart Mill, on George Eliot, on Machiavelli, on Guicciardini, are among the most solid and thoughtful critical reviews in our language. The history of English Liberalism is written in his lives of Cromwell, Walpole, Burke, Cobden, and Gladstone. The books with which he established his authority as a student of the eighteenth century and of the French *philosophes* are his *Voltaire*, published in 1871, his *Rousseau*, in two volumes, 1873, his *Diderot and the Encyclopædists*, in two volumes, 1878, together with his *Burke*,

originally published in 1867 and again, much revised, in 1879, and his essays on Vauvenargues, Turgot, Condorcet, Robespierre, and Joseph de Maistre. Nineteen volumes, almost all very compactly written, would be enough, without any political activity, to free a man from the reproach of an idle life.

One alone of Lord Morley's books is not directly historical, the noble essay, *On Compromise*. It is expressly theoretical. Yet it contains no characteristic ideas which, to a sympathetic and intelligent reader, are not perceptible in the lines or between the lines of the other books. It is the moral portrait of the author, and although drawn so long ago as 1874, it is still true in every feature to the prolific writer and active statesman who developed in later years.

One step in his long course that might possibly seem incongruous with his principles was the acceptance of a peerage. But Lord Morley has remained unfalteringly faithful to democratic principles. Not many peers of such quality would be required to overturn or transform the aristocracy. He has sometimes been reproached for the severity with which, in ruling India, he repressed sedition. But it was his duty to uphold the laws, and both humanity and common sense forbade any temporizing with tendencies that might have deluged India with blood and severed a connection which, however guilty its origins, is now almost certainly a blessing to three hundred million people. One of the net results of his Indian administration is that henceforth natives will be associated with Englishmen in the legislative and administrative departments of the Indian government. He retired from this office of immense responsibility in 1910, having been raised to the peerage in 1908.

It must serve a useful purpose to set

forth the personal opinions upon historical tendencies, chiefly religious and political, which constitute the philosophy of such a man. They have the tonic vigor, the fortifying sting, of the unperfumed and impartial sea. They brace the mind against comfortable sophistry. They are fatal to flabby growths of emotion expatiating in the semblance of reason.

A man need be no moralist to perceive that the time has come when many of the reactionary illusions which diverted the movement of thought in the nineteenth century, even while they imparted to the stream a transitory glow, must in all decency be given up. Our sentiments have lagged behind our intellectual perceptions. We cling, heart-sick at the sure intimation of change, to institutions of which we have long since perceived the imperfect origins and realized the impending doom. It is humiliating to be obliged to confess that men of clear vision a century and a half ago, not by any moral virtue in them other than their clearness and love of truth, not by any charm in them, but rather in spite of their many personal disfigurements, might have saved us and the three or four generations preceding us from frantic deviations and farcical struggles, if we and our fathers had not cried them down as 'mere rationalists.'

One need be no prophet to guess that the next stage in the evasive process will be an attempt to grip harder than ever the symbols, the terms, the authority, the emoluments, and the æsthetic apparatus of a religion of which the historical and psychological foundations have been sapped. We shall be implored, in the name of 'the stability of society' and in the interest of 'beauty,' not to touch walls that totter and the ivy that clings to them. No blandishment is more suave, scarce any pathos more poignant, than the ap-

peal of decaying ordinances wherein a mighty spirit once dwelt. But if the spirit has enlarged its sphere, if it breathes through the unimprisoned air, if it floats abroad where the world's work is done, if it hangs

Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities,

then not to follow it and live in its vitalizing touch is inexpiable treason.

Not force, but clearness, not profusion, but simplicity, are what the new age needs. The advocates of force and profusion are many, and by their very nature conspicuous. They proclaim on every hand the virtue of enthusiasm. Have faith! is their cry. Through some subtle connection, which it would be worth while for a psychologist to explain, they associate faith with fireworks, with the devil's fireworks known as navies and armies. As to the direction of all that energy which they adore, they give us no counsel, or none that is above the lowest elements of the commonplace.

Our age, on the other hand, sated with wealth and abounding in excessive force, ready to follow with faith and zeal the leadership of wise men and fools,—our age, one would think, needs direction. That it is a new age we are all conscious. The indescribable change has been felt in this country; it has been felt and acknowledged in Europe; it has announced itself with the crash of empires in Asia. The rights of man are beginning to reassert themselves, as contrasted with the rights of property. The solidarity of human interests is being recognized as never before. Constitutions and laws which seemed adequate for nations that were predominantly agricultural, and for evenly distributed peoples, are proving unfit to regulate industrial systems that reach from country to country, affecting the vital resources of all man-

kind, and unfit for the dense urban life of our time.

Only superficial thinkers imagine that these regenerating impulses can be either furthered or effectively opposed without an appeal to the deepest of all sanctions. Whether the old order is to be defended or attacked, the ultimate arguments must be founded on instincts so profound,¹ so personal, and so historic, that they amount to nothing less august than religion. One of the commonest 'evidences of Christianity' is the claim that it has made the old order possible and may yet serve to support it. And many men who feel that the old order is unjust invoke what they call pure or primitive Christian practice in favor of the changes they advocate.

On the other hand, rationalists, re-attaching themselves to the philosophy of Locke and Hume, of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, of Paine and Jefferson, of the German Aufklärung, of Godwin, of Comte, of Mill, leap free from this entanglement of Christianity with social problems, and declare that the pursuit of justice and mercy *is* religion. They repeat boldly after the ancient prophet this universal and simple creed: 'He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'

In this line stands John Morley. If it appear strange that, by virtue of his cabinet positions, a man who openly avows such principles should have had a share in the power to nominate bishops of the Anglican Church, this is not the oddest anomaly of the Establishment. It is surely a tribute to his impartiality that the once frequent attacks on him as an agnostic adviser of the Crown have almost ceased. He is by deliberate choice, and therefore probably by some original bias of his

nature, a religious teacher. If he has opposed the popular form of religion it is not because he has undervalued the importance of faith. He too has had his convictions. He has not, however, like Froude and many another writer, irritatingly assumed that his own beliefs were the axioms of all enlightened thinking. This offense, and not the looseness of statement for which he has been too severely blamed, is what really mars much of Froude's work. Huxley was not quite free from it, nor was Lecky. The author of *On Compromise*, on the other hand, has spoken as one who knew he belonged to the minority. But he has always spoken boldly, and has fairly won the enviable title, 'honest John Morley.'

Lord Morley is not a Comtist, though evidently he accepts the negations of Positivism and some of its active doctrines. He appears to feel that the Religion of Humanity is adequate for moral support and guidance. To state that he is neither so methodical and precise nor so imaginative and constructive as Comte, is only to say that he is English and not French. His temperament is practical and moderate, inclining him to esteem simple and common-sense views and to disregard small inconsistencies, and even pretty big ones, in order to hold fast a few strong positions. He does not appear to be by instinct skeptical. Merely he shows no tendency to yield to the fascination of mystical natures. For this reason, he is, as a psychologist, far less rich in haunting sympathies and profound and delicate observations than Sainte-Beuve, for example. The play of religious and political forces in the region of practical intellect, not purely speculative or purely active intellect, but mediatory between literature and life, may be better observed, for the period between 1826 and 1869, in the life and works of the great French

critic than anywhere else. For the preceding fifty years, Goethe performs the same office. For the period since Sainte-Beuve's death, one who would follow the course of the game might content himself with Matthew Arnold and Morley. The latter alone would not suffice. There is not enough poetry in him, nor enough breadth of feeling.

Morley begins almost precisely where Sainte-Beuve ended, with a sure grasp of several elementary principles; but apparently he has never entertained so many conflicting emotional sympathies. After wandering well up the height of more than one slope of thought and aspiration, Sainte-Beuve found himself at last, weary and disillusioned, clinging to the rock of positive humanitarianism, with a distinct, though slight, trust in progress, but half-fainting with the perfumes from vanished gardens of more luxuriant faith. There is no flavor of regret in Lord Morley's writings, no tone of renouncement, above all, no sentimentality.

There is hardly a trace in him of sympathy with the great reactionary movements that enriched the imagination of Englishmen and Americans in the nineteenth century: the mediævalism of Sir Walter Scott, the metaphysical apologetics of Coleridge, Newman's narcotic plea for the surrender of private judgment, Carlyle's revolt against reforms which he thought merely hedonistic. These were all instinctive, temperamental impulses, originating in character and experience rather than in deliberate weighing of evidence. They made the imagination of our race more flexible, but they perhaps, in some important respects, enfeebled judgment. They amassed a gorgeous store of figure and color, of hope and fear, but it is questionable if they strengthened the walls of the treasure-house. They opened vapory vistas into

the past, but it may be doubted if they helped to make present duty plainer and the future course more clear. The panic of reaction against the French Revolution, which was the psychological basis of all these movements and of several less illustrious ones, impeded and still impedes social progress, and has diminished by an immense amount the sum of human welfare. Corresponding movements in France were expressed in literature by Joseph de Maistre, Chateaubriand, Cousin, Guizot, and Hugo in his early manhood. They attracted and in turn repelled Sainte-Beuve, exciting his thought and determining its direction, until near the end of his life. He was never free and frank, never bold, direct, and measurably happy, until he turned his back on the phantom flood and rejected the haunting fear that intuition might, after all, be the better part of reason, that Pascal and Bossuet, the Jansenist recluses and the Jesuit saints, orthodox Protestants and Catholics on their common ground of supernaturalism, might be nearer the truth than Montaigne, Bayle, and the Encyclopædists.

It was probably the influence of John Stuart Mill that freed Morley in early manhood from apprehensions of this sort. By reading Mill *On Liberty* and then immediately Morley *On Compromise*, one can see the filiation, and incidentally receive plainer instruction in truth-telling than all the thundering pages of Carlyle afford. This short course on the duty of clear thinking and candid speech is urgently recommended as a *ductor dubitantium*. To many a tired doubter it offers peace. To many a person whose energies are wasting, unused, because his sensibilities entice him, while his reason forbids him, to enter the conventional and ancient paths of spiritual activity, it would reveal other and unbarred ways of practical expression, by showing how

many and how beautiful are the religious obligations of truth. Lord Morley's writings are full of tributes to his austere master. They are, in their totality, a monument to that great man. On every appropriate occasion the reverent pupil pays to the memory of Mill acknowledgment of vast moral indebtedness. It is of Mill, whom he came to know intimately, that Morley wrote the tenderest pages in all his works. The same deep tones run through the works of both writers, the same respect for intellectual conviction in themselves and in others, the same sense that no man lives to himself alone, the same recognition that a considerate and sympathetic hearing is due to fresh and untried opinions.

Mr. Morley entered Oxford when the influence of Newman had long passed its height. Mill had succeeded to the intellectual throne. An influence more immediate, and not dissimilar, was exercised in Mr. Morley's own college, Lincoln, by the peculiar and somewhat awful personality of Mark Pattison.

As we have seen, his writings fall into three groups: his lives of English statesmen, his lives of French philosophers, and the unique book, *On Compromise*. There are, besides, his essays on various men and women of letters, but these may nearly all be regarded as by-products of his studies in French rationalism and English liberalism, and belong in the first or the second of the two main groups accordingly.

The biographies of Englishmen are probably the less significant of the two series. There is not so much unity among the members, and the author makes less of an attempt to penetrate motives. Furthermore, Walpole, Cobden, and Gladstone are, of course, far less interesting personalities than Voltaire and Rousseau, and their respective times were humdrum in comparison with the momentous epoch of

French history just before the Revolution. The *Burke*, one of Lord Morley's most readable and artistically successful books, belongs in the French fully as much as in the English series. The *Walpole* contains a jarring note of forced apology for that statesman's faults. It is, moreover, a work of far less compass than any of the others. The *Oliver Cromwell*, though of great value as a narrative, is hardly a successful portrait. It suffers, as all other lives of Cromwell must suffer, when compared with Carlyle's speaking picture. Lord Morley is no painter. He has few colors on his palette, and they are ready-mixed. Nor has he anything like Carlyle's matchless gift of power to show a man visibly and audibly moving about, full-bodied, amid the tumults or the quiet fields where he actually did move. Tacitus, Saint-Simon, Carlyle, — it is not for even the best biographers of our day to be set over against these re-makers of men and scenes. What Lord Morley's pages possess in the way of superiority even to Carlyle — and it is a strong advantage, surely — is the sense they communicate that nothing is being cautiously withheld or purposely distorted, that the author is giving us the plain truth as he knows it. The plain truth about Cromwell, as anybody living knows it, has not enough consistency to form a satisfactory homogeneous portrait.

The *Cobden* and, even more, the *Gladstone* lose in unity what they gain in fullness, from being largely compilations of speeches and letters. Still, they are, for this reason, among the richest and truest of biographies. If they are not works of art in the highest sense, they are replete with fact and comment, holding as much of the truth as could be crammed into their many hundreds of pages. It is interesting to observe the new Liberalism emerging

in the author, his way of looking back to Cobden as having been left behind at a stage already remote. Mentioning with approval certain bills to protect labor, he remarks complacently: 'It cannot be seriously denied that Cobden was fully justified in describing the tendencies of this legislation as socialistic. It was an exertion of the power of the state in its strongest form, definitely limiting in the interest of the laborer the administration of capital.' And after referring to what thirty years more of such legislation accomplished, between 1847 and 1877, he adds: 'We find the rather amazing result that in the country where Socialism has been less talked about than any other country in Europe, its principles have been most extensively applied.'

He points out that Cobden was hindered by his zeal for personal liberty from perceiving the need for equality, which is the crying need in all industrial countries. Upon a much later occasion, in his overwhelming review of Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, 1896, he associates himself with Mill in a searching criticism of certain commonplaces which both the Conservative and the Liberal schools of political thought had always accepted without question:—

'He [Lecky] talks, for instance, of the sense of right and wrong being the basis of respect for property and for the obligation of contract. This will never do. It begs the whole question. The Socialist believes that he can make an unanswerable case the other way, namely, for the proposition that the unsophisticated sense of right and wrong, so far from being the root of respect for property, is hostile to it and is at this moment shaking it to its foundation all over the modern world. . . . The classes, Mill observed, which the present system of society makes subordinate have little reason to put faith

in any of the maxims which the same system of society may have established as principles.'

The *Life of Gladstone* is a work of immense labor loyally bestowed upon a sympathetic theme. The personal reminiscences in which it abounds are one of the chief elements of its value. They throw light on many obscure points in recent history, such as Gordon's mission to Khartoum. The author modestly keeps himself in the background, but it is evident that for many years he was not only very intimate with Gladstone, but closely associated with him in politics as counselor and agent. The *Life* has done much to restore the reputation of Gladstone, or rather to revive it, after the inevitable reaction which followed his amazing popular triumphs.

But it is in another field that Lord Morley's authority is most generally recognized. He first became known to the public as a student of the philosophy which prepared the French Revolution, the philosophy of the Enlightenment. As a fighting man in a conflict that still rages, it is through these early works that he most directly affects opinion. He occupies high rank, with Arnold, Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, as a spiritual leader, as a medium of communication between England and France, especially as a defender of plain speaking.

That plain speech on the subject of religious conformity in its connection with progressive social life is necessary, few would deny in the abstract; but in practice we are all too much disposed to act as if liberty were a settled possession and bigotry forevermore powerless. Startling examples are not wanting, however, to prove that such a feeling of security is unfounded. The following extract from a widely circulated pamphlet may serve as an illustration:—

'To establish and make universal the principles of pure democracy is the object, whether consciously or unconsciously, of the great thought-movements of our era. . . . Not only is the Bible, with its peremptory assertion of supremacy and control over mankind, directly counter to the democratic movement, but it is now the *only* real obstacle to the complete independence of humanity.'

These are not the words of a free-thinker. They occur in a book which has been widely distributed with the professed purpose of promoting a world-wide revival of evangelical religion. Those who separate the Bible unnaturally from the rest of history and literature, and fail to perceive its emancipating spirit, are capable of believing such statements. And if they also happen to dislike and fear democracy they will cherish popular Christianity as a check upon what they consider to be the wayward, innovating impulses of humanity. They are the most determined foes of progress.

Of such a nature, and more oppressive only because it was more strongly entrenched in all the high places of church and state, was the power that Voltaire made it his life-work to destroy. And for his tenacity and self-sacrifice in performing so much of the task as any one man could, Morley honors him, in a book that is at once a biography, an essay, and a eulogy.

Voltaire was not an enemy of religion; neither is his admirer. 'It cannot be too often repeated,' says the latter, 'that the Christianity which Voltaire assailed was not that of the Sermon on the Mount, for there was not a man then alive more keenly sensible than he was of the generous humanity which is there enjoined with a force that so strangely touches the heart, nor one who was on the whole, in spite of constitutional infirmities

and words which were far worse than his deeds, more ardent and persevering in its practice.' Neither was Voltaire an enemy of social order. He valued highly the culture of the rigidly settled age in which he was born. 'The epoch,' says Morley, 'was one of entire loyalty to itself and its ideas. Voltaire himself perceived and admired these traits to the full. The greatest of all overthrowers, he always understood that it is toward such ages as these, the too short ages of conviction and self-sufficiency, that our endeavor works. We fight that others may enjoy; and many generations struggle and debate, that one generation may hold something for proven.'

It might be supposed that one great advantage of an age of faith would be that it enables men to shake off undue solicitude about religion and escape the obsession of theology. But this is paradox; the facts have not been so in history. The so-called ages of faith have been ages crushed and absorbed by theology. Voltaire no doubt felt the charm of the seventeenth-century ideal, but he perceived clearly enough that the central pillar of that wide-branched vault was authority. And the material of this pillar could not withstand his analysis. He realized without flinching that the arches must fall, for the pillar was rotten. He was not alone in this. His splendid and for some time unshared advantage was, however, that he saw the connection between oppressive government and the denial of reason. As Morley affirms, 'The companionship between these two ideas of disrespect for the rights of man and disrespect for reason, or the highest distinction of man, has been an inseparable companionship. . . . To Voltaire, reason and humanity were but a single word, and love of truth and passion for justice but one emotion.'

It is the keynote of his own character

that Morley here strikes, or rather its grand chord, the harmony of two kindred notes; an ardent devotion to the welfare of all mankind, and a clear, unqualified allegiance to the rational understanding. How much the world needs that these two principles should be boldly affirmed is only too apparent as we observe the power of comfort and wealth to make men scoff at equality and doubt the possibility of continual progress, inclining them to acquiesce blandly in all evils which do not touch them and to drop with a grim smile and a sigh of relief into the city of refuge maintained by mysticism.

The hostility to Voltaire, and to rationalism generally, proceeds very naturally from those, to quote Morley again, 'who are apt to measure the merits of a philosopher by the strength of his sympathy with existing sources of comfort.' And that a settled religious faith, a sacred bond between us and our fathers, a common ground of hope and activity with those we love and desire to help in our own generation, the object and subject of all art, the motive of all knowledge and all endeavor — that a settled religious faith must be a comfort, and more than a comfort, the glory and crown of life, Morley never denies. Neither, in fact, did Voltaire. The latter knew, fully as well as his enemies, that religion is the centre of the great wheel of human life, from which radiate all the supports and impulses that keep life in the track of progress. With no other philosophy than common sense, and scarcely more of scholarly equipment than many other well-read and experienced men possessed, he scrutinized the 'supernatural evidences' of Christianity and found them startlingly inadequate to uphold its claims of dominion over conscience. His analysis, though audacious and often rancorous, was seldom, if ever, prompted by levity. His instru-

ments were slight, but his purpose was earnest and his hand sure. He has done more to purify and simplify Christianity, to eliminate its imperfections, and bring its universal, permanent properties into credit and activity, than any man since Luther. Or, again, as Morley puts it, he has forced the defenders of Christianity 'to plead for the tolerance of rational men on the comparatively modest ground of social fitness.'

But in thus estimating the validity of Christian doctrine we are exposed to a new danger, peculiar to our own era. We are now solicited by certain pleaders to neglect the promptings of rational understanding, not because they are contrary to an easy faith, but because they are unnecessary. Popular Christianity, they insinuatingly tell us, is workable. It is the best form of spiritual order which the ages have brought forth. It satisfies the cravings of the heart. It promotes a morality which is, on the whole, the best available. Its value is very high. Let us rest content with what is, so long as it is thus good and practicable, and not inquire too carefully into its origin or its essential nature. Even if reason should decide against Christianity, — and we do not assert that it might not, — we should still hold fast to it in practice. Let us retain the symbols, the historic spirit, the æsthetic satisfactions, the soul of goodness in things, — well, not evil of course, but questionable, if you please, — and turn a deaf ear to all disturbers of our peace. Let us not be so illiberal, so uncultured, so crude and harsh, so puritanical and philistine, as to listen any longer to mere reason. It would blight our sensibilities, narrow the luminous sphere of our emotions, make pale and wan the many-colored dome under which we dwell at ease, and, above all, render extremely awkward the task, already so difficult, of bring-

ing up our children! This is the murmur, too gentle and droning to be called the cry, of many 'Modernists.' The ringing sentences of Morley fall like whips of wire upon those who sell such doves for sacrifice in the forecourt of the temple.

'The modern argument,' he declares, 'in favor of the supernatural origin of the Christian religion, drawn from its suitableness to our needs and its divine response to our aspirations, must be admitted by every candid person resorting to it to be of exactly equal force in the mouth of a Mahometan or a fire-worshiper or an astrolater. If you apply a subjective test of this kind, it must be as good for the sincere and satisfied votaries of one creed as it is for those of any other'; and again he speaks with scorn of 'a fatal substitution of bland emotional complacency for robust cultivation of the reason, and firm reverence for its lessons as the highest that we can learn.' These words were drawn from him by the sight of the followers of Newman chloroforming their tortured minds. They might be applied, with pungent restorative effect, to souls that feel the lure of a new and insidious suggestion of relief, like the fickle city in Dante's reproachful phrase,

somiglianti a quella inferma
Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

Morley very properly emphasizes the fact that Rousseau represents the most important aspect of the Revolution, its social side, to which Burke signally failed to do justice. 'The pith of the Revolution up to 1790,' he declares, 'was less the political constitution, of which Burke says so much, and so much that is true, than the social and economic transformation, of which he says so little.' Rousseau formulated the central principle of the Revolution, which was, to simplify life. 'This in a sense is

at the bottom of all great religious and moral movements, and the Revolution emphatically belongs to the latter class.' The impulse to disentangle life, to shake off intricacies, 'is the mark of revolutionary generations, and it was the starting-point of all Rousseau's mental habits.' In social relations it means equality, in literature and art a return to nature. It is fitting that Rousseau should be judged according to the measure in which he remained true to this grand principle. He did remain true to it, and this explains his immense hold on the minds of men engaged in the struggle. His many enormous disqualifications for intellectual and moral leadership all counted for nothing in comparison with the fact that he was sincere and tenacious in affirming the deep principle that animated the whole movement.

On this question of simplicity, which has begun again to agitate the world, Morley sounds no uncertain note: he is for the coming revolution, if it is to mean a just equality. 'As against the theory that the existing way of sharing the laboriously acquired fruits and delights of the earth is a just representation and fair counterpart of natural inequalities among men in merit and capacity, the revolutionary theory is true, and the passionate revolutionary cry for equality of external chance most righteous and unanswerable.' He goes on to deny, as sensible people must deny, that all men have the same capacity for serving the community, yet he does not comfort himself with the thought that our present arrangements are fair, and expresses the hope that 'generations will come, to whom our system of distributing among a few the privileges and delights that are procured by the toil of the many, will seem just as wasteful, as morally hideous, and as scientifically indefensible as that older system which

impoverished and depopulated empires in order that a despot or a caste might have no least wish ungratified for which the lives or the hard-won treasure of others could suffice.'

He recognizes in Rousseau the contrary to much that gave him satisfaction in Voltaire. Yet some of Rousseau's aims were necessary correctives of the Voltairean tendencies. Voltaire and the other Encyclopædists 'forgot that imagination is as active in man as his reason, and that a craving for mental peace may become much stronger than passion for demonstrated truth.'

In his *Diderot and the Encyclopædists* he does not depart from the positions taken in his earlier volumes, nor add to the fundamental ideas therein expressed. Turgot and Condorcet are rendered in admiring terms. Wise and good men, fully accepting the revolutionary philosophy, but knowing the economic facts of their time and country, they kept steady where other men lost their balance. Turgot is Morley's great hero. But he is equally just to Joseph de Maistre, who detested the Revolution and labored to undo its work. This modest, duty-loving man is depicted in winning contrast to Holbach, Grimm, and Helvétius, who remain detestable despite all our author can do to proclaim their ultimate usefulness in advancing the cause of free thought. And quite as likely as not, they injured it, after all.

Morley's *Burke* is more delightful than any of his other books that deal with the Revolution, in which aphorisms and judgments too often hem the flow of narrative and argument. Its style is less exuberant. The author was evidently limited in regard to space, a restriction which would not have proved harmful in the other cases. He of course points out the unfortunate results of Burke's ignorance of the true cause of the French Revolution.

If Burke had possessed half of Arthur Young's knowledge of economic conditions in France, he could hardly have taken the course he did. His natural love for ordered systems, 'that worked by the accepted uses, opinions, beliefs, prejudices of a community,' blinded him to the necessity of the revolt. When the timorous, the weak-minded, and the bigoted in England were aroused to the danger to which it was supposed that the conflagration in France exposed their country, 'Burke gave them the key which enabled them to interpret the Revolution in harmony with their usual ideas and their temperament.' For this it is hard to forgive him. They seized upon the least worthy parts of his *Reflections* with avidity, but were little affected by the large political philosophy which makes that work immortal.

No one who cares for human welfare and is not forbidden by his own religious or political philosophy to see any good whatever in the French Revolution, can read Morley's works on that convulsive effort of mind without feeling indignant at the all-too-common assumption that it failed, and deserved to fail. Burke and Carlyle between them have unduly influenced opinion on this subject in the English-speaking world. The Terror and the usurpation of Napoleon will perhaps be seen some day in their true light, as aberrations and unfortunate incidents of a movement necessary, conscientiously planned, and on the whole beneficial. Even the famous code of law which replaced the old chaos of French custom has been mistakenly called the *Code Napoléon*. Let any one ask himself what would have been the history of modern Europe if France, which has in the long run remained faithful to the Revolution, had not led forlorn hopes and served as an example for the last hundred and twenty years. Of her

claims to honor, no worthier vindication exists in our language than Morley's studies of the great critical movement.

His essay *On Compromise* is a work of extraordinary value. Not to have read it is to have missed a powerful stimulus to right living. It was published in 1874, and has been often reprinted. The author first disposes of the fallacy that error may possibly be useful. He then deals with the effects of immoral compromise in politics, which are always evil, though 'in the positive endeavor to realize an opinion, to convert a theory into practice, it may be, and very often is, highly expedient to defer to the prejudices of the majority.' But 'the spirit of politics has often intruded upon the sphere of private conduct, and particularly upon religious organizations. In the celebrated chapter on religious conformity, the author treats with clear-eyed precision the cases of conscience which emerge in the conflict between social opinion and personal conviction. Since heresy is no longer traced to depravity of heart, persons are not often put under much public pressure to conform to religious usages from which they inwardly dissent. Painful difficulties do sometimes arise, however, between husbands and wives and between children and parents. Is it ever the duty of a husband to conform in order to please his wife? Should children carry obedience to parents, or filial gratitude, so far as to profess beliefs which they do not entertain? What course should be followed in bringing up children, when the parents differ, one being a believer, the other an unbeliever? The replies are not always trenchant, for some of the cases are very complex, but the discussion is straightforward and helpful. A simpler problem arises where both parents dissent from the popular creed. Here the most elementary morality

forbids teaching what is believed to be false, and yet it is not fair to make children peculiar, or incline them to a priggish aloofness, or bring them up without a large part of the culture of mind and heart which is associated with Christianity.

Of the ministers of the church, Morley declares that they 'vow almost before they have crossed the threshold of manhood that they will search no more. They virtually swear that they will to the end of their days believe what they believe then, before they have had time either to think, or to know the thoughts of others. They take oath, in other words, to lead mutilated lives. If they cannot keep this solemn promise, they have at least every inducement that ordinary human motives can supply to conceal their breach of it. . . . Consider the seriousness of fastening up in these bonds some thousands of the most instructed and intelligent classes in the country, the very men who would otherwise be best fitted from position and opportunities for aiding a little in the long, difficult, and plainly inevitable work of transforming opinion.'

He speaks of the expression, 'lower and narrower forms of truth,' as a 'fine phrase for forms of falsehood.' This is sound casuistry indeed! It is by the tacit acquiescence of enlightened opponents, he asserts, and by the dissimulation of timid unbelievers, that stupid men in power maintain pernicious creeds. And they are pernicious just because they are not true. There

is keen satire in his remark that 'resolute orthodoxy, *however prosperous it may seem among the uncultivated rich*, has lost its hold upon thought.' He argues, quite in the spirit of Milton and the sternest Puritans of the seventeenth century, against 'an hireling ministry,' speaking hotly and perhaps intemperately of 'the essential and profound immorality of the priestly profession — in all its forms, and no matter in connection with what church or what dogma — which makes a man's living depend on his abstaining from using his mind, or concealing the conclusions to which use of his mind has brought him.'

That there is heat and passion in the essay, these extracts, perhaps with disproportionate emphasis, prove. On the whole, however, it is a temperate, philosophical discussion of the larger cases of conscience which arise among men and women bound together, as we all are, by ties of political and religious order.

Men do not crowd, with noisy acclamation, round a quiet speaker of truth who denies himself the specious advantages of emotional appeal and depends solely upon plain reason. But they do come at length to respect him. John Morley, believing that 'the spiritual life of man needs direction quite as much as it needs impulse, and light quite as much as force,' has stood patient, sober, and tenacious of his ideals throughout a generation when the contrary doctrine was insistently taught.

THE TALKING WAVE

BY LUCY PRATT

THEY had been there all the afternoon, a dozen of them, gently basking on the edge of the bay, in the warm luxury of a May Saturday in southern Virginia. Now there were only two left, who watched a sail which skirted smoothly round the curve of the island just before them, and then steered straight out into the Chesapeake.

'W'at yer studyin' 'bout, Miss No'th?' questioned the smaller of the two.

His eyes wandered critically, first to the retreating sailboat, and then to the sky above.

'Look r'al bright 'n' sunny now,' he observed, 'but p'r'aps dey'll git cotch in a sto'm, too.'

The other glanced up briefly at the cloudless sky.

'I think we won't begin to worry about that yet,' she declared reasonably, 'but I was just wondering how you were going to get home.'

'I dunno, 'm, Miss No'th; I reckon yer's gwine ca'y me back in de boat, same way yer brought me. I reckon yer's gwine ca'y me back, ain't yer?'

'But you see we may not get started till after dark. They'll sail for an hour probably, and then when they do come they'll want to stop again, and the sail home will be another hour. I did n't realize how late it would be. I suppose you ought not to have come at all.'

He glanced up at her with a cloud of disappointment on his face.

'Oh, you've been a great *help*, Ezekiel, there's no doubt of that. I don't believe we could have got on with-

out you. But, you see, I'm afraid you ought not to stay so long. If you could just run back to the road —'

He interrupted her.

'T won't do no harm fer me ter stay, Miss No'th,' he begged eagerly. 'I ain' gwine mek yer no trouble, Miss No'th!'

She stepped into an old rowboat which lay anchored on the shore, and drew her fingers lightly through the water.

'It is n't the kind of day for trouble.'

She looked at the sunny, shivering, blue bay, and then she turned her head again.

'Well, stay a little longer. They'll probably be back soon. Come here, Ezekiel,' — and he clambered into the bow of the old boat, just opposite her. 'Look down there. Do you see?'

'Yas, 'm, dem's sunfish,' he answered promptly; 'dem's sunfish. Jes' look at 'em ketch de sun, Miss No'th! Look like de kine Miss Jane an' de res' uv 'em's tryin' ter ketch, time dey mos' gotten drownid.'

She peered eagerly down at the darting, flashing creatures just below.

'Time Miss Jane an' de res' uv 'em mos' gotten drownid,' he repeated. 'Don't yer know, Miss No'th? 'T wuz a gen'leman she call 'Ratio, an' a lady she call Kate, an' dey all start out ter go fishin' in de mawnin'.'

'A dream, was this? I am sure Miss Jane never started out to go fishing in her waking moments.'

'Yas, 'm. Dey all start out ter go fishin' in de mawnin'.'

'Because, to begin with, Miss Jane does n't believe in fishing. She says she considers it a very cruel sport.'

'Yas, 'm, dat's jes' w'at she tole 'em w'en dey ax 'er will she go. Say, w'y, she s'pose she kin go, but she doan' guess she is nurrer, cuz it cert'nly's a ve'y cruel spote. But dey keep on wo'in' 'er 'bout it, an' praesen'ly she say, w'y, she s'pose she kin go, but she ain' gwine ketch no fish nurrer, cuz it cert'nly's a ve'y cruel spote.'

'So de sun wuz shinin', an' dey all start out ter go fishin' in de mawnin', Miss Jane an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio an' de lady she call Kate. An' dey ain' went ve'y fur 'fo' dey come ter de aidge o' de water, an' it's ser clare dey look down an' seen de fishes a-dancin' roun' an' ketchin' de sun an' lookin' up.

"'I ain' gwine ketch 'em," Miss Jane say, "cuz dey cyan't keep on sparklin' down yonder an' lookin' up ef yer pull 'em out," she say, "an' 't ain' sense ter do it, anyway," she say.

"'Well, yer ain't 'blige ketch nuthin'," 'Ratio answer; an' he shove up de boat an' tell 'em ter git in.

'But dey ain' no sooner push off fum de sho' 'n dey seen it's two li'l' boys a-settin' dere in de bottom o' de boat.

"'Heyo!" 'Ratio say, "how come we did n' notice yer befo'?" An' he row de boat right out in de middle o' de ocean.

"'Is yer goin' wid us or ain't yer?" 'Ratio say, w'en he gotten 'em out 'bout de middle o' de ocean. But de li'l' boys wuz kine o' wrastlin' an' playin' an' ain' pay no 'tention to 'im 't all.

"'Hole on now," 'Ratio say, "yer'll capsiz us! Stop yer playin'!" he say; an' he ain' no mo' 'n spoken de words 'fo' dey done jes' zackly w'at he say. Dey capsiz de boat an' tip it over, an' nex' thing dey all uv 'em pitch out in de water, de li'l' boys an' Miss Jane

an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio an' de lady she call Kate.

"'Well, dat's a nice way fer you ter do!" 'Ratio say, soon's he kin r'ally speak an' look eroun'. "Ain't yer got de leas' sense?" he say; "is yer see w'at yer's done? Well, yer's capsiz de boat," he say, "an' not only dat, but yer's pitch us all out in de water."

'De li'l' boys wuz jes' a-lookin' roun' a li'l' fer deyselves by dat time, so co'se dey kin see w'at dey done 'thout anybody tellin' 'em. But 'Ratio keep on holl'rin' at 'em jes' same.

"'Yer's pitch us out, an' not only dat but yer's putten us in a ve'y mean persition," he say. "Where's de res' o' de pahty anyhow?" he ax. Cuz w'en he look roun' he could n' see no sign o' Miss Jane ner nobuddy.

"'Well, I doan' know where dey is, but I know 't ain' a ve'y nice way ter treat 'em," he answer.

'De li'l' boys 'mence ter look kine o' shame den, cuz w'en dey stop an' look roun' an' seen way 't wuz, w'y, co'se dey kin see dey ain' done right. Dey kin see it fer deyselves. Cuz dey ain' no sign o' Miss Jane yit, an' wuss 'n all dat, dey ain' no sign o' de lady she call Kate.

"'Well, look like dey might speak an' tell where dey is, anyway," 'Ratio say; an' jes' ez he spoken de words, w'y, Miss Jane she answer 'im, an' look like 'er voice come fum righ' down yonder in de water.

"'I doan' see no call ter speak," she say, "but sence yer's ax," she say, "I s'pose I kin tell yer I'se wedge right in under de boat, an' not only dat but my ha'r is ketch ter de boat, an' not only dat but I wish I ain' come."

"'I wish I ain' come nurrer," speak up somebody else, "cuz I'se ketch on a snag, an' not only dat but I'se los' my purse, an' not only dat but a fish is nibblin' on me." 'T wuz de lady she call Kate.

““We wish we ain’ come nurrer!”
’T wuz bofe de li’l’ boys speakin’ at
de same time.

“Well, I wish yer ain’t, nary one
uv yer!” ’Ratio answer; “I wish I ain’
come myself. But ’t ain’ no time ter
was’e talkin’ ’bout it nurrer, so keep up
good cou’ge,” he say, “an’ I’ll mek de
’tempt ter save yer, an’ tilt de boat
over,” he say.

“Is yer gwine tilt de boat right side
uppermost?” Miss Jane ax ’im.

“I’s gwine mek de ’tempt,” ’Ratio
answer; an’ he given de boat kine uv a
haul an’ a bang, an’ den Miss Jane
spoke agin.

“Wait a minute,” she say, “I tole
yer my ha’r’s ketch, an’ yer’s strainin’
on it. I ain’ no ha’r ter lose,” she say,
“an’ yer need n’ be ser rough.”

‘So ’Ratio answer ’er r’al p’lite.
“Cyan’t yer unketch yer ha’r?” he
ax.

‘But Miss Jane ain’ seem ter like way
he spoke.

“Well, I’s gwine unketch it,” she
say, “ef yer’ll stop holl’rin’ at me an’
lemme putten my mine on it.”

‘So Miss Jane putten ’er mine on it
an’ unketch ’er ha’r, an’ nex’ yer know
she come up an’ look eroun’ ’er.

“Well, I’s los’ a po’tion o’ my
ha’r, an’ not only dat, but I’s mis-
place my hat,” she say, an’ she look at
’Ratio r’al mad.

“Pshaw, dat’s too bad,” he answer,
“but keep up good cou’ge, I’s gwine
tilt de boat over now.”

‘But same time he spoke, de two
li’l’ boys got ter wrastlin’ ’gin.

“Hole on! Hole on! Stop yer play-
in’!” ’Ratio holler, “’t ain’ no ’casion
fer it! Yer’ll sink de boat nex’ yer
know!”

‘An’ de strange part wuz, ’Ratio ain’
no mo’ ’n spoke like dat, ’fo’ it’s jes’
zackly w’at de li’l’ boys done. Dey sink
de boat.

‘Well, look like ’Ratio’s mos’ too

mad ter speak to ’em den, an’ Miss
Jane look ’bout de same.

“I would n’ s’pose yer’d ack ser
mean,” she say.

“Is yer wanten git drowndid?”
’Ratio holler, “well, look ter me like
yer’s gwine git drowndid now any-
how!” he holler.

‘W’en he say dat, co’s’e dey look
roun’ an’ seen ’ow ’t wuz, cuz de waves
wuz rollin’ an’ splashin’ all roun’ ’em,
an’ den dey knowed ’Ratio’s right
’bout it. Dey knowed dey’s gwine git
drowndid. An’ de li’l’ boys ’mence ter
cry.

“‘S too late ter begin cryin’,”
’Ratio say, “yer’s gwine git drowndid,
an’ I doan’ see no way ter change
it.”

‘Miss Jane look up ez ef she feel
kine o’ skyeered den too. An’ de waves
bunt up ’ginst ’em all, an’ den roll off
agin todes de lan’.

“I cyan’ see de leas’ way ter change
it,” ’Ratio ’splain, “so de nex’ question
is, is yer all raidy ter git drowndid?”

‘Well, dey tole ’im dey did n’ reckon
dey wuz quite raidy, but de waves rare
an’ splash on ’em, an’ de win’ holler an’
blow on ’em — an’ dey come a voice.

“Turn yer haid an’ look behine
yer!” de voice seem ter say. “Turn
yer haid an’ look behine yer!”

‘An’ dey know de voice. ’T wuz de
lady dey call Kate. An’ she’s a-risin’
right up outen de water ez she speak.

“Turn yer haid!” she say. “Doan’t
yer see de wave?” she say. “Doan’t
yer hyeah de wave?” she say.

‘An’ dey all turn dey haid an’ know
w’at she mean. Cuz de wave wuz com-
in’ right ’long todes ’em, a-comin’ ’long
fas’er an’ fas’er, only look like ’t wuz
talkin’ ez it come.

“Keep up yer cou’ge!” it call.
“I’s a-rollin’ fer de sho’!” it call. “I’s
a-rollin’ fer de sho’!” it sing out. “I’s
a-comin’ fer ter ca’y yer home!”

‘Dey did n’ nobuddy speak. Dey

jes' wait dere a-lookin' kine o' skycered like at de wave.

"'I'se hyeah!" it holler, an' "'I'se hyeah!" it sing; "*I'se comin' fer ter ca'y yer home!*"

'An' w'at yer s'pose? It jes' tukken 'em right up an' ca'ied 'em erlong, a-holl'rin' an' a-singin' ez it went.

'An' dey ain' spoke yit, but dey kin see it's true, dey kin see it fer dey-selves. Dey's a-gwine back home on de wave. Dey's a-rollin' fer de lan'. An' ez it ca'ied 'em 'long n'arer 'n' n'arer, an' finely drap 'em on de sho', de lady dey call Kate she spoke once mo'.

"'Ain't I toleyerso?" shesay. "Now turn yer haid an' look behine yer!" she say. "De wave's a-gwine! Jes' turn yer haid agin an' look behine yer!"

'So dey all turn dey haid terger, an' sho' 'nough, de wave wuz turnin' roun' ter say good-bye.

"'Good-bye!" dey call; an' de wave look back an' answer, an' den turn agin an' ain' look no mo', but jes' went rollin' erlong back where it come fum, out yonder in de middle o' de ocean.

'So dey ain' drownid, cuz de wave is save 'em, an' dey look roun' on de sho' — an' off todes home, an' den dey all go trabblin' back terger, Miss Jane an' de two li'l' boys an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio an' de lady she call Kate.'

Ezekiel had paused, and his companion was looking at him with curious intentness.

'That's a pretty good story,' she observed mildly, 'though it does n't sound just like a true one.'

'W'at yer s'pose yer'd do ef yer's tip over in a boat, Miss No'th?' questioned Ezekiel with equal placidity.

'I'm sure I don't know.' Perhaps I'd drown.'

'I reckon I'd drown, too,' agreed

Ezekiel. 'I reckon I'd be too skycered ter swim, anyhow,' he added.

'Well, it would be a time when it would hardly do to lose your head. You'd surely drown if you did that.'

'Yas, 'm,' returned Ezekiel meekly; 'would you swim asho' ef yer's gittin' drownid, Miss No'th?'

'I hope I should try it, at least. I can't say I should swim very far, but whatever you do in *any* emergency, Ezekiel, don't lose your head.'

'No, 'm, I ain' gwine lose my haid,' returned Ezekiel, with an uneasy presentiment of threatening decapitation.

'That's a very important thing to learn, you know, *when to keep your head.*'

'Yas, 'm.'

Ezekiel involuntarily placed his hand over his small cap, and Miss North suddenly stood up in the old rowboat which had lain anchored on the shore. She was looking with a fixed, bewildered stare at a slowly widening stretch of water behind her, at a line of earth behind the stretch of water.

'Look!' she broke out in a voice suddenly sharp and confused, 'Ezekiel! Look, look! Don't you see! The boat! *Look!*'

Ezekiel turned in his seat and looked with slow, dawning comprehension at the steadily receding line of earth beyond, at the steadily deepening gulf of water below.

'We's adrif', Miss No'th!' he shouted, jumping up and instinctively reaching out for her as she stood at the other end of the boat, 'we's adrif'! De boat's cut loose, Miss No'th!'

With the same bewildered stare, her eyes swept the tossing, shivering bay before them and then turned out to the rolling sea beyond.

'Can you swim?' she whispered hoarsely, with a faint motion toward the receding line of earth, — 'as far — as that?'

'No, 'm, I cyan't swim's fur's dat,' muttered Ezekiel thickly.

With a quick, desperate movement, she stepped forward in the boat and took him almost fiercely by the shoulder.

'It's the only — thing! Don't you see, don't you see!' And again her white face turned swiftly to the lonely sea where the waves were already floundering in restless prophecy of wild disaster. 'Jump!' she whispered. 'Quick! It's the only — thing!'

Ezekiel wheeled with a sudden weird light flashing in his eyes.

'Ya'as, jump!' he cried, ''t ain' ve'y fur ter — swim it! Look! De waves is comin', Miss No'th! Look — look — looker Big Wave comin' yonder, Miss No'th! Jes' same's de one I tole yer' bout! De Wave's a-comin' ter help us! De Wave's a-comin' ter ca'y us home! Come on, Miss No'th! *Jump!*'

He had sprung up on his seat in a strange, quivering ecstasy, and he stood there poised over the tumbling water.

'It's gwine ca'y us back ter sho'!' he cried. 'Doan't yer see!' he shouted, 'yer's 'blige ter jump, Miss No'th! *Miss No'th! We's driffin' erway! We's driffin' off! Yer's 'blige ter jump!*'

Her expressionless face stared back at him, till her eyes crept in slow terror down to the water slapping noisily against the boat.

'I can't —' she whispered faintly. 'You — you — first.'

'Yas'm!' he shouted ecstatically. 'I ain't 'fraid! De Wave's a-comin'! Come on, Miss No'th! It'll ca'y us back! De Wave's gwine ca'y us back! I ain't 'fraid! *Come on, Miss No'th! Yer's 'blige ter!*'

With a sickening sensation of increasing horror, she watched him hover, poised for a moment longer over the slapping gulf of water — until he stretched out his small arms above his

head — and for a moment she closed her eyes.

When she opened them again she was alone in the boat. A little, black, struggling figure in the water bobbed dully, dizzily somewhere before her. She could n't have told whether it was near — close there beside her, or far away. She only knew that it was there, struggling, striking out, bobbing with the bobbing waves, sinking, rising again, and then striking out anew. She followed it with narrowed, hypnotized eyes until it slowly lost all meaning for her, and then she crouched low in her boat, and drifted out to sea.

She never was able to rid herself of the impression — afterwards — that she reeled for hours in her little boat on a terrifying waste of endless water. She thought it was from sheer exhaustion of time that her mind seemed finally to flicker and then go out altogether.

When the light came again, and she looked up, there were faces around her and a sail flapped just above her head.

'You're all right,' she heard some one whisper — 'but it's been a bad half-hour for you!'

'Where's Ezekiel?' she asked faintly.

But only the sail above her head seemed to flap back an answer, while the boat turned with the wind and moved slowly towards the shore.

'Where's Ezekiel?' she repeated.

'Ezekiel?' It sounded like a half-fearful echo to her — and the boat moved on.

But there was that line of earth again — off there in the distance. Her eyes were fixed on it, like two little quivering, frightened points of light.

'Where's Ezekiel?'

The boat was pushing on and on — nearer and nearer to the line of earth — and then finally they were helping her out and she was stumbling eagerly

along the sand, still pursued by the helping hands.

'Wait!' she was whispering, as she went hurrying on unsteadily, 'Ezekiel — Ezekiel —' She looked back at them. 'Look!' she pleaded.

He sat there limply, a wet, cheerless little heap on the sand, unmindful of their approach, gazing steadily out to sea.

She moved forward again — and then she reached down and just touched him. He turned his head and looked up at her.

'Oh, I'se been a-waitin' — fer you — long time, Miss No'th,' he assured her with wavering, slow pauses, 'I'se been a-waitin' — long time.'

Without any other movement, his head turned again, while again his eyes gazed steadily out to sea.

'I'se been a-waitin' —' he repeated, with the wavering, slow pauses, 'fer de Wave — ter bring yer back. Did it bring yer back — Miss No'th? I'se been a-waitin' ser long, — fer de Wave ter bring yer — back.'

She touched his wet coat with a wandering hand.

'Seem like — I been waitin' long time — but I knowed de Wave's gwine bring yer back — too — so I'se jes' been a-waitin' — fer you.'

'Yes, I know!' she broke in, 'I know! But I — you see, oh, Ezekiel — I was n't brave like you! I could n't even try to jump — to swim ashore! You see — I seemed to — to lose my head — you see — I — was n't brave at all!'

He looked at her seriously.

'Did yer lose yer haid, Miss No'th? Did n' de Wave bring yer back, Miss No'th? Did n' de wave —'

'No, no, the boat brought me back — the sailboat! It's going to take us both home now! How long have you been waiting here like this? *How long have you been waiting here?* A week? I don't know!' She laughed weakly.

'I dunno, 'm,' echoed Ezekiel cheerfully, 'yas, 'm, 'bout a week I reckon — anyway I knows I been a-waitin' an' a-waitin' —'

He pulled himself slowly to his feet, and as they went back across the sand again, the small, monotonous voice still went on with undisturbed persistence.

'Mek me think o' de story — I tole yer. De story 'bout Miss Jane an' de res' uv 'em. Cuz we been mos' drowndid — an' yit we ain't. Doan't yer know, Miss No'th, it mek me think — o' de story I tole yer 'bout Miss Jane — an' de two li'l' boys — an' de gen'leman she call 'Ratio — an' de lady she call Kate.'

A BRITISH VIEW OF THE STEEL CORPORATION

BY T. GOOD

THE iron and steel industry, from mining the ore to putting the finest wire in a musical instrument, or from smelting the pig-iron to building a huge ship and her engines, constitutes a group of the most interesting and highly skilled occupations mankind has yet indulged in, and is, next to agriculture, the world's most important productive industry. Even in the United Kingdom, so famed for its cotton and woolen trades, the metal group of industries beat the textile group at the last census (1901), measured by the number of persons employed; while in wages paid, in skill required and displayed, in capital invested, in value of goods produced, and in general economic importance, iron stands out above all other manufacturing trades. So it is in America and Germany, and the world's demand for iron products seems to increase more rapidly than its demand for any other class of commodities. When, therefore, we find one country (the United States) producing more iron and steel than any other two or three countries; when we find the actual productive capacity of this country equal to that of the next three or four countries combined, and being still further increased; and when we find one company (the United States Steel Corporation) aiming, apparently, at a monopoly of the entire iron and steel industry of this great country, and actually controlling half the trade and owning half the capacity of production, the progress, position, and prospects of this huge and ambitious

corporation become matters of high national and international concern. At any rate, no apology need be offered for presenting a brief review and criticism of the American steel trade in general, and of the big Steel Trust in particular, from a purely British point of view.

Let us take a glance backward. The history of the iron trade, especially in America, is marked almost throughout by violent fluctuations in demand and supply, in prices and profits, with all their accompanying hardships inflicted upon labor and capital, upon workmen and manufacturers, to say nothing of the losses and inconveniences of consumers. The fits and starts and panics which have characterized the iron industry may have yielded fortunes for the few, but they have imposed miseries upon the many. The need of some means or method by which such fluctuations might be moderated was long and keenly felt. For this reason, if for no other, the aims and objects of the organizers of the Steel Trust merit sympathetic consideration. To have brought every phase of steel production, from mining raw ore to selling the finished goods, under a single management; carefully to have regulated prices and business; to have economized mining, transit, and manufacturing costs; to have given fair dividends to investors, fair wages and regular employment to workmen; and to have developed the great natural resources, and expanded the industry and commerce, of the vast United States —

all this would have been beneficent work as well as good business, if successfully accomplished.

But by what methods have the directors of the Steel Trust sought to attain their objects, and what are the results of their policy? Since the Steel Trust began business, ten years ago, much new capital has been attracted to the American iron and steel industry, many new furnaces and mills have been erected, output has been largely increased, prices have never been put to an extremely high, or permitted to fall to an extremely low, level; during the great pressure of 1901 and 1902 the Trust directors refused to put prices as high as they might have done, and in the depression following October, 1907, they as resolutely refused to reduce prices to panic figures. The directors have endeavored, with some show of success, to have a price-maintenance understanding with their independent rivals at home. They are now trying to cultivate coöperation with their competitors abroad. We may give the Trust and its directors full credit for all this; but we cannot refrain from looking at the other side of the picture.

It may be recalled that the United States iron and steel industry, with all its faults and defects, prospered and progressed before the advent of the Steel Trust. Fresh capital was invested, new furnaces were erected, production was increased, wages went up and manufacturing costs went down, mechanical efficiency reached a high pitch, and the American steel trade became the wonder of the world, before the Steel Trust was organized. In the closing years of the nineteenth century, pig-iron was produced, and steel was manufactured, in the United States, at a speed, on a scale, with an efficiency and an economy which had never been equaled — certainly never surpassed — in the history of the trade in any other

country. European iron- and steel-makers became alarmed. One of the greatest English authorities said that there seemed to be nothing to prevent America from flooding the world's markets with cheap steel. One of the greatest American authorities boldly declared that the United States would annex the world's export trade in iron and steel. So alarmed were we in England that one of our leading public men cried out that our only hope of salvation lay in becoming an American colony. It was roundly asserted that the United States possessed such inexhaustible natural resources, such cheap transit, such manufacturing competency, and such business ability, that we in the old country could not hope to withstand American competition.

Financially, industrially, and commercially, the United States iron and steel trade took almost giant strides before the Steel Trust was born. In three years — between 1897 and 1900 — American exports of iron and steel went up by very nearly one hundred per cent, and it seemed, indeed, that America was destined to annex the world's trade. Such was the position, and such were the prospects, prior to the organization of the Steel Trust. What is the position, and what are the prospects to-day, after ten years of Steel Trust operations?

Briefly, the facts are these: Britain and Germany, between them, are doing in tonnage six times as much, and in value eight times as much, business in the exportation of iron and steel products as the United States, although their combined productive capacity is considerably less than that of the latter. Although America has furnaces and rolling mills enough to undertake about nine tenths of the world's export trade, in addition to supplying her own wants, she is content with about one tenth of the total. There is a world's export

trade in iron and steel amounting to something like 14,000,000 tons a year. Of that total, America claims only one and a half million tons — America, with an iron-and-steel-works capacity almost equal to that of all other countries put together — America, who ten years ago boasted the greatest natural resources and lowest manufacturing costs of any iron country.

Since the Steel Trust was organized, for every dollar's worth of American iron and steel sold in neutral markets, there has been sold a sovereign's worth of British iron and steel. And our American friends can no longer offer the explanation, or excuse, that they are too busy meeting home demands to trouble about foreign business. Never since October, 1907, have the United States steel-producers been anything like adequately employed on home account. Tens and even hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of plant and machinery have been standing idle in the American iron and steel industry for three and a half years — not obsolete plant and machinery, but huge, costly, up-to-date furnaces and steel mills. To-day, the United States has an iron and steel capacity unemployed nearly equal to the entire working capacity of the United Kingdom.

Nowhere within the four corners of the United States is there the shadow of a sign of a demand equal to the full employment of the works in that country. Productive capacity has been pushed millions and millions of tons beyond consumptive requirements. Yet no effort is made to find full employment by exportation. There is plenty of export trade to be had. The world's export trade is available for the strongest competitor — in other words, for the country which can produce and sell cheapest. Who would have believed, ten years ago, that we should ever have the spectacle of one third of

America's furnaces — one third of a 33,000,000-ton annual capacity, measured in terms of pig-iron — standing idle month after month, while alleged played-out Britain, and despised Germany, worked practically at full capacity and exported between them nearly 10,000,000 tons of iron and steel in a year? Ten or twelve years ago there seemed to be every prospect that America would take first place in the steel exportation business as well as in point of production. But America remains, and is likely to remain, a bad third in the international race. Why is this so?

Is it not remarkable that the prestige, powers, and prospects of the United States in the international steel trade have diminished during the decade which has elapsed since the Steel Trust was organized? In no important group of industries in any country have the costs of production gone up so rapidly and substantially these last ten or twelve years as in the United States iron and steel trades. It is this increase in costs which has impaired, if not destroyed, America's chances of dominating the world's steel trade. And this increase in costs has coincided with the operations of the Steel Trust.

It would not be fair, perhaps, to charge the Steel Trust with all the mischief; but that a very large proportion of the increased costs of production is due to the policy of the Trust admits of no manner of doubt or question. It is, indeed, a demonstrable fact that the Trust has done more harm than good from an American point of view; that it has burdened and handicapped the United States steel trade, and, incidentally, given Britain, Germany, and other countries, a better chance in the race. Last year, 1910, British iron and steel exports were further in advance of those of America than they were in 1900, the year be-

fore the Steel Trust got down to business; while German exports, which were about 30 per cent below those of the United States in 1900, are now something like 300 per cent above them. Here are the bald figures: —

IRON AND STEEL EXPORTS FROM			
	UNITED STATES	UNITED KINGDOM	GER- MANY
	<i>Tons</i>	<i>Tons</i>	<i>Tons</i> (<i>metric</i>)
1900 . . .	1,154,000	3,213,000	838,000
1910 . . .	1,535,000	4,594,000	4,868,000

While in Britain and Germany the actual costs of producing iron and steel goods are no higher now than they were ten or twelve years ago, in the United States they are very much higher. For example, in 1899 it was calculated that steel-making pig-iron was produced in the United States five dollars per ton cheaper than in England, and that standard steel rails were manufactured seven dollars per ton cheaper there than in the old country. Before the Steel Trust was organized, the cost of producing pig-iron had been got down as low as eight dollars per ton, and American costs all along the line, from mining ore to rolling rails, plates, and structural materials, were at a level which defied British competition; and if America's productive capacity had been sufficiently in advance of her domestic requirements she would, no doubt, have beaten our country in the exportation business.

At that time United States costs were low enough, but the furnaces and mills were not numerous enough, to enable that country to indulge in a big export trade. Now that America has any amount of furnaces and mills in excess of home demands, — enough idle plants to do nearly the whole of the world's export trade, — she finds her manufacturing costs so far above those of her British and German rivals that she cannot obtain more

than a very small amount of export business, and so, perforce, her costly plants must stand unemployed. Between two and three years ago, in their evidence before the Ways and Means Committee, leading American iron and steel producers had to admit that within ten years — namely, between 1899 and 1908 — the cost of making pig-iron for the steel mills had increased from about eight to fourteen dollars a ton; the cost of rail-manufacture, despite mechanical improvements, had advanced more than five dollars per ton; and that of other steel products in proportion. How is this?

The Steel Trust directors, in their efforts to absorb all the best plants in the United States, paid extravagant prices for some of them. They piled upon their industry an enormous load of bonds. They tried to buy, or lease, all the best iron-ore reserves in the country; and their efforts in that direction resulted in mining royalties being forced to a ridiculous height. They boasted of their huge profits, and that created an unanswerable demand for artificially high wages and salaries. From the moment that the Steel Trust got to work, the American iron and steel industry was diverted from natural to unnatural developments; costs and prices of raw materials were inflated, progress toward economy was arrested, retrogression set in, and America's rosy chances of annexing the world's export trade were shattered. The Steel Trust, while spending large amounts of money on new plants and extensions, preparing for the conduct of an almost fabulous business, at the same time forced up capital charges, rents, royalties, costs of raw material, wages, and general manufacturing expenses, to such a height as to render a big, or profitable, export business in competition with other countries impossible.

Thus it comes about that the Steel Trust has justified neither the hopes that it raised at home, nor the fears it inspired abroad. It has not strengthened the American iron and steel industry. It has done nothing to increase the United States' share of the world's business. It has in no way reduced British exports, or prevented the growth of those of Germany. The Trust has not secured a monopoly in its own country, in respect either of manufacturing plants or supplies of raw material. Contrary to all the high anticipations and loud boastings with which it was launched, it has proved neither a strong competitor in the world's mar-

kets, nor even a good dividend-earner for its shareholders. Spread over the full ten years of its existence, its Common and Preferred shareholders, between them, have had only an average of four and a half per cent per annum on their capital. A considerable proportion of the profits realized has gone in building new plants which are not required; and now, with manufacturing costs so much higher, and selling prices so much lower, than in the early years, — with the real profits of the Trust, both per ton of work and per unit of capital, diminishing, — there is no prospect of this concern paying large dividends in the future.

THE HIT-AND-MISS METHOD OF NATURE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

THE method of nature seems to be an all-around-the-horizon one, without specific direction or discrimination. Or we may say that, whereas man's activity is in right lines toward definite predetermined ends, nature's activity is in circles; her impetus goes out in all directions, so that she is sure, sooner or later, to reach her goal, because she covers all the ground. This method involves delay, waste, failures, — or what would be such to ourselves, but are a matter of indifference to the Infinite. Man plans and builds and plants by method, order, system; he has eyes to see, and hands to guide, and wit to devise; nature builds and plants blindly, haphazard, all around the circle; her hand-maidens are industrious but undirected.

See the jays, the crows, the squirrels, planting acorns and chestnuts here and there, in the grass or amid the leaves, thinking only of their own wants, and not knowing that they are the gardeners of nature. The seeds of many plants are deftly concealed in tempting fruit which some creature will eat, and thus the hard-coated seeds will get disseminated. How many apple trees and red-thorn trees the cow plants; the seeds which her teeth do not crush escape from her body and are planted. It is a chance hit, but nature takes it, and wins often enough for her purpose. The seeds which the winds carry travel to all points of the compass and fall blindly here and there; a hundred or a thousand fail where one finds the spot it

was looking for. The winged seeds of the cat-tail flag set out in fleets upon the air, cruising for ditches and swamps; they search all around the horizon and sooner or later a few of them find what they were looking for; before you are aware of it, the ditch that drains your land is choked with a growth of cat-tail flag. I say 'find,' when, in truth, they find nothing; they simply fall by chance upon the spots suitable for them, as a thirsty blind man might stumble upon a spring.

The spores of the black knot trust themselves blindly to the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and yet had they a thousand eyes they could not more surely find the plum or cherry trees or other hosts they are in need of. In autumn how many seeds of how many plants are waiting with hooks and barbs ready to seize on some passing creature and get free transportation to new lands. To cow's tail, to sheep's wool, to dog's hair, to men's clothing, they commit themselves and take their chances. Some one has written a book called *A Vagabond Journey around the World* — circling the globe without money or friends. How many plants have made this same journey, catching or stealing a ride here and there, tarrying in this country and in that, but sooner or later pressing forward!

The sun itself is a type of nature's wholesale, spendthrift method. It radiates its light and heat in every possible direction, and if we regard its function as the source of light and heat to the worlds revolving around it, what an incalculable waste goes on forever and ever! The amount of this life-giving solar radiance that falls on the planets is a fraction so small that it is like a grain of sand compared to the sea-shore. Yet probably, in our sense of the word, there is no waste of anything in the universe. How can the infinite waste or be wasted?

The hit-and-miss method of nature is well illustrated in the case of the drones and the queen-bee in the hive. The drones are there to fertilize the queen, and the queen is there to perpetuate the swarm, as she is the one mother-bee in the hive. If she is not fertilized, her eggs produce drones and nothing else. Here again, we see what a spendthrift nature is in regard to the male principle. The case of the bees is analogous to the fertilization of the flowers by the agency of the wind — the same hit-and-miss method. A thousand minute grains of pollen are thrown to the winds, when one will do the work if it hits the mark. But the chances are that it will not hit the mark; so a thousand or more are fired blindly into space, and the chances are thus a thousand times greater that the mark will be struck. One drone, and one chance meeting with the queen in the air, and the queen is fertilized; her eggs will now all produce worker or neuter bees. But this meeting of the queen in the air by the drone or male bee, is quite a fortuitous matter: the day and hour of her flight is fortuitous, her course on the wing is fortuitous, and the course of the drone through the air is equally fortuitous.

The queen makes but one flight, and the fields of summer air in which she wanders are very wide, and the 'spirit of the hive' has not advised any drone at what particular moment she will be at any particular point. The spirit of the hive has a simpler if a more wasteful method: it has developed many drones, a score or two of them, I should think, and they go forth every fair day and search the air in all directions during the period when the nuptial flight of the queen is likely to take place. One male some day, some moment, is doomed to meet her and yield his life for the swarm, as the worker-bee yields her life when she

stings an enemy in defense of the colony. Soon after the fertilization of the queen has taken place, the drones are all killed or expelled from the hive. It is a cruel fate from our point of view, and a wasteful method, but cruelty and waste in this sense do not trouble the cosmic or universal processes. The swarm thrives, the race of honey-bees goes on, and that, apparently, is all that the gods of evolution are solicitous about.

The spirit of the hive has no further use for the drones, and the parsimony of nature, which asserts itself, not for the individual but for the race, asserts itself now. It is hard to see how natural selection, which is looking after the fittest to survive, would bring about this result. This cumbersome, round-about method of fertilizing the queen should have many disadvantages to the colony: the queen might be lost in her flight, caught by some flycatcher, or overwhelmed by a sudden storm; it is certain that many drones are caught by king-birds in the air. Then this gang of drones has to be harbored and fed by the colony, which is no small item. The fittest and most economical process would be the fertilization of the queen in the hive, thus doing away with the superfluity of drones, which are certainly a tax upon the swarm. It is an unfit method which has as yet survived.

I wonder if the life of the world, as we behold it, has reached this stage of development, not by direction, but by a conflict of forces? Was it determined by intrinsic necessity, or is it simply the result of extrinsic conditions and forces, like the course of the stream to the river, and of the river to the sea?

The streams flow in all directions, yet sooner or later they reach the great reservoirs of lakes or seas. Ask the rivulet that issues from the spring at your door where it is going, and if it

could speak it would reply, 'I am bound for the sea.' It has no eyes, no legs, no chart, no wit, but it will surely reach its goal — not by its own efforts or will, but by the law of mechanical forces acting upon its own fluidity or aquosity. Without gravitation working with variations of the earth's surface, it would never get there.

It seems to me that evolution, too, must work all around the circle; and had there not been some universal, underlying force analogous to gravity, and some modifying conditions in the environment, it would never have got anywhere.

Gravity gives to water the impulse to flow, or to seek a lower level; the conditions exterior to it determine where it shall flow.

It is the nature of life to flow, to seek new directions, to reach higher forms; the environment, the action, the reaction, and the interaction do the rest.

No extrinsic conditions could have made a man out of a worm, the man-scheme must have been inherent in the worm; but extrinsic conditions must have favored and guided the development of the higher form.

The moisture and the warmth do not determine the kind of plant or tree that shall arise from the seed you sow, but without them there would be no tree and no plant. Huxley's phrase, 'the predestined revolution' of all forms of life, constantly comes to my mind: some inherent primordial bias or impulse or force that made the tree of life branch thus and thus and not otherwise, and that now before our eyes makes the pine branch one way, the oak another, the elm another.

We say that nature is blind, but she has no need of eyes, she tries all courses: she has infinite time, infinite power, infinite space; and so far as our feeble minds can see, her delight is to play this game of blindman's buff over and

over to all eternity. Her creatures get life, and the joy and pain that life brings, but what is augmented, or depleted, or concluded, or satisfied, or fulfilled, — who knows?

Yet through this hit-and-miss method of nature, things have come to what they are; life has come to what we behold it; the trees and the plants are in their places; the animals are adjusted to their environments; the seeds are sown, fruits ripen, the rains come, the weather system is established, and the vast and complex machinery of the life of the globe runs more or less smoothly; non-directed, in the human sense. Blind groping, experimenting, regardless of waste, regardless of pain, regardless of failure, circuitous, fortuitous, ambiguous, traversing the desert and the wilderness without chart or compass, beset by geologic, biologic, and cosmic catastrophes and delays, yet the great procession of the life of the globe, with man at its head, has arrived and entered into full possession of the inheritance prepared for it.

How difficult to think of it all as brought about by the hit-and-miss method of nature which I have been discussing — a score of failures to one success, a hundred bullets astray to one that goes to the mark; and yet apparently such is the fact.

The course of evolution has been a wayward, blundering course. The creative energy has felt its way from form to form, as an inventor feels his way in working out his ideas — failing, discarding, changing, but improving, advancing; and life is what it is because it had an onward and upward trend to begin with, and this inherent aspira-

tion has never gone out. Life cannot stand still; it is its nature to develop, expand, increase. The sum of matter and the sum of force in the universe cannot be increased, but the sum of life has been increasing from the first. Matter does not beget matter, but life does beget life.

Given this tendency to increase, to seek new forms, will natural selection do the rest? Start the worm, and in due time will man appear? The finite mind, the mind developed and disciplined in this world of effort, of rule and guidance, of cause and effect, fails to see how the unguided, the irresponsible, fortuitous action of a multitude of cells would and could build up the human body, or any other living body. Count and analyze every cell in a man's body, and you have not found the man: he is the result of all the myriads of cells acting in unison; he is the unit arising out of this vast multiplex series of units; they are all coördinated and working together to an end which no one of them, nor any group of them, knows. The man is a unit, the tree is a unit, the flower, the fruit, is a unit; each with form, structure, color, quality of its own, each made up and built up of an incalculable number of minute units, none of which have the secret of the key to the whole. There must be a plan which is not in the keeping of the cells. These units act together as the men of an army act together in battle, carrying out a system of manœuvres and of tactics, of which individually they know nothing.

Who does know? Whose plan is it? Who and where is the general who is conducting the campaign?

THE ULTIMATE HARE

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

QUIET people, of a meditative turn of mind, have a sorry time of it nowadays with their more active comrades. Probably this has always been true; it is part of activity's nature to be impatient with quiescence. But it certainly does seem as if there had never been quite such an active age as this since the world began.

The state of affairs is quite right; the quiet person asks nothing better than that there shall be a great deal going on around him to furnish him material for his meditations. The quieter and more thoughtful he is, the more likely he is to be found haunting Broadway or Wall Street. But the trouble begins when he is brought up short in the midst of his unhurried speculations, and is accused of gross negligence in that he does not also more keenly bestir himself.

Ignorance is the offensive word rather than negligence—though the two go together traditionally. The quiet person can stand it to be told that he is neglecting his duty—almost any one can stand that; but it pains and bewilders him to be assured that he does not know the meaning of life, that he has no hold on reality. 'Real life, real things, real experience'—these are the slogans of the present age; and they sound very well.

'But what do they mean, just?'

The quiet person is not so clever as he is reasonable if he propounds this question. For the active person is instantly down upon him with the triumphant, —

'There! What did I tell you? You don't even know what reality is.'

'Well, do you?'

The quiet person is modest; but he has read his philosophers, and he has understood that a very exacting hare is first to be caught if one would compound an ultimate pie of experience. He looks up, expectant.

'Just what is reality?'

The active person laughs loud and long, and claps his friend on the shoulder. Then he explains affectionately, if a little condescendingly, too, —

'Work, business, anything that puts you in touch with the world as it is, and makes you feel alive. Human relations—love and hate. Vital experience. These are the things you should be after, not dreams and illusions. Come out from your meditations and live. Get down to business and understand the genuine values of things.'

It is all very sobering and perplexing. The active person has not, in the least, defined reality in his assertions concerning it; he has not explained what makes some things more real than others. No closer glimpse of the rabbit's tail has been afforded by his declarations than by all the ponderings of the philosophers. Yet his assurance has bred confusion in the mind of his friend.

Ah, that rabbit! Was there ever so perverse a beast? Plato started it ages ago, and flattered himself that he ran it securely to ground. But every 'school' that came after him found the creature still afield; and every success-

ive generation has given chase afresh. Some riders, mounted on strange nags, have gone so far — or come so far short — as to declare that there is no rabbit at all. But most people have gone on living in confident expectation of the final pie. Now the practical present-day person thinks he has found it — caught it and cooked it — and he invites all his friends to the banquet, his only stipulation being that they shall abandon their own mistaken experiments with gun and cook-book. Is he right? Is reality trapped at last? Do we hold it in our hands?

‘But what makes you think —’ the quiet person is as perverse as the rabbit in his so different fashion, popping up with his questions as persistently as the latter pops away, — ‘what good reason can you give me for stating that one kind of experience is more real than another? No one can expect to have every kind. For, while experience is the action of life upon the soul, it is still more the soul’s reaction upon circumstance, and cannot be accomplished without the latter’s coöperation. That takes time — if it occurs at all. Does not the soul’s own reaction determine reality for it?’

The active person does not care at all for this kind of language; he laughs at it and waves it away.

‘Come down to my office some day and I’ll show you,’ he asserts conclusively.

If the quiet person is really in earnest, is really bent upon tracking the hare, he will accept this invitation. He will lock up his study and present himself at his friend’s office door some morning.

Say that the friend is a banker, and the quiet person a poet; very well: the poet gains admission to the inner office and sits awhile, watching the banker sign papers and sort huge bundles of notes.

‘Is this what you do all the time?’ he inquires at length.

‘Yes, for the most part,’ the banker replies, without looking up.

‘These are what you call real things?’ The poet fingers a thousand-dollar note.

‘Well, rather!’ The banker laughs carelessly. ‘The most real of all things, the very foundation of reality.’

‘Yet it is just paper; a spark would destroy it.’

‘Ah, but, my dear fellow, you see it stands for solid gold.’

“‘Stands for’”—oh, well, then —!’ The poet leans back in his chair and considers, making no further comment.

‘Just like everything else,’ he reflects. ‘Something is always “standing for” something in the world at large. And as likely as not, the second something stands for something further. Here the paper stands for the gold, and the gold stands for an automobile, and the automobile stands for an idea of pleasure and convenience. A symbol of a symbol of a symbol of an idea — that’s what my friend has in hand.’

‘I grant you, ideas are the only real things,’ he says unexpectedly, as he rises to go, ‘but I’d rather touch them a little closer than at three or four removes.’

Next, being definitely out on this business of experimenting with reality, he enters the Exchange Building which is close at hand. The daily tumult is at its height. On the floor men are leaping and screaming, gesticulating frantically at one another. The poet cannot understand them, but of course he knows in a general way what they are about. Buying and selling crops of wheat, not yet matured, in a distant state. Wheat — that seems real enough; but how remote, behind what a series: money and farmer and agent and miller and railroad and grocer and baker and purchaser! Moreover, in the end, when it is eaten, it is

eaten; its period of reality is very limited. The person who eats it is the only factor in the complicated transaction who really matters. How many removes here? Eight at the least. The poet shrugs his shoulders.

In the afternoon he dresses himself carefully and goes to a reception. 'Social intercourse' is always being urged upon him as his privilege and duty if he hopes to know his fellows. It is a big reception; there are many fellows there. But does he know them? Not in the least. To know people one has to hear them talk about something that interests them; or, failing that, to make them respond to some interest of one's own. These herded, perspiring folk are lucky if they can make one another hear a few disconnected words uttered at a desperate pitch of voice. They have to choose sounds like missiles, and hurl them resolutely. The general effect is not unlike that of the tumult in the Exchange; and the poet finds himself wondering if a system of signals might not to advantage be introduced in the social world. It would be very diverting to arrange such a code. Symbols again — oh, yes, of course, nothing but symbols. Reality lurks behind, and is only touched when two friends turn away from the din and go and sit in a corner and snatch a few minutes' intercourse. They might have done this just as well at home — in fact, a great deal better.

Wearied with his experiments, the poet at last concludes that he has done his duty for one day. So he returns to his study and unlocks the door.

It is very good to be back. His books and his pictures and his open desk welcome him mutely; and in his grate glows a remnant of a coal-fire which, being ministered to, recovers its full cordial life. He draws the curtains and lights the lamp. His cat comes in and takes up her usual position in the best arm-

chair. The poet sits down in the second-best, and gives himself over to honest meditation. What has it all amounted to — this day's investigation which he has put through? Has he found any convincing proof of the more immediate presence of reality in the business and social worlds than anywhere else? On the contrary, it has seemed to him that the hare matches its activity with the activity of circumstance; and, retreating behind symbol after symbol, hides itself very adroitly in the shows of things. He cannot remember ever having spent such an unsubstantial day in his life. Well, on the other hand, can he remember any substantial, genuine day to set up against this emptiness and point to conclusively: 'Then I lived'? One must be able to prove one's position positively, as well as criticize one's neighbor's negatively, if one would win respectful attention.

Genuine days? Scores and hundreds of them! The poet glances caressingly at his desk as much as to say, 'We know all about that, don't we?' But then he settles back in his chair, shuts his eyes and thinks hard to select some one supremely valid experience of reality. It takes him a long time; he finds that he has a good deal of material.

On the whole — yes; he stirs in his chair, but keeps his eyes closed, recreating the scene, — on the whole, he decides on the day he climbed West Mountain alone as at least typical of the sort of experience he best understands.

It was midsummer and the woods were still. Not a bird-song, not a murmur from the shrunken brook in the leafy gorge, not a whisper among the trees. The whole world seemed — not holding its breath, that would have implied a restless expectancy, but breathing inaudibly in a profound repose. The poet climbed steadily with his eyes bent on the rough path beneath his

feet. He hardly dared look about him at all, for the woods wore an august front of significance calculated to appall a solitary mortal. But he did not save himself from them by his senses' denial of them. Rather, they pressed upon him the more because he neither saw them nor heard them; there was something awful about the way in which they made use of his vacant organs to invade and conquer him. They mounted with him, they mounted upon him, steadily gaining ascendancy over his entire being, until at the last he gave himself up and recognized them as his master. There was a profoundly thrilling sense of ultimate entity in his final fusion with them.

That was a real experience, surely; no one could doubt that. But here the poet opens his eyes, smiling, and sits up. The banker and broker would doubt it of course; they would laugh at it and pronounce it quite as invalid as he had pronounced their experiences. Well, what else then? At what other time had he felt himself utterly on the verge of reality?

Here in his study, one night when he had been reading late in a book of idealistic philosophy. Ah! that was a striking experience; he remembers it vividly. He had been wholly immersed in his book. It was one of those searching treatises which make their way as straight to the heart of things as they can go. Matter and substance fall away like flying foam from their piercing prows. Values and mysteries are reversed. Spirit seems the only thing that counts, and tangibility becomes the most inexplicable quality in the universe. It took the last stroke of the midnight hour to rouse the poet from his deep engagement with this book. But then he came to himself with a start, sat up and looked about him, to catch the strangest impression that he had ever had of his environment. His

familiar, orderly study was in a dissolving, vanishing state of disintegration. His seeming solid tables and chairs, so self-possessed and calm usually, were a wild chaos of whirling atoms, nebulous, incoherent. They hardly seemed to be there at all, save as a sort of suggestion. There was in fact no fixed form anywhere he might turn his eyes. Life and motion were everywhere, but substance not at all. It was but an instant. He had not time to rub his eyes before shape fled back into position — a negligent guard on duty, surprised, a betrayed and betraying watchman. But that instant afforded him a rending revelation which he never forgot. Of unreality? Yes, but much more of reality behind it, of God at work on chaos to-day precisely as urgently as before the advent of Adam and Eve; of the act of creation as one of eternal immediateness.

If the banker and broker refused to accept the mountain experience as valid, they would still more promptly deny this midnight episode. They would turn on the poet. 'An hour ago you were complaining because our world was unsubstantial; now you are congratulating yourself on the unsubstantiality of your own. A fig for your consistency!'

The poet's reply would be ready: 'In the one case, reality seemed to me to be retreating further and further behind the shows of things; in the other, it came forth and rent them asunder before its mighty face.' But he would do better to keep silence and let the matter drop.

For, after all, the great thing is not so much to convert other people to one's own way of thinking, — or even to convince them of its validity, — as to prove it to one's own satisfaction and then to establish one's self securely in it. Moreover, it is of course true, as the poet began by declaring, that no-

body can expect to have every kind of experience; and who shall say which is the right kind, or whether any one kind is more right than another? Only Omniscience understands what reality is. If the poet desires the banker to be sparing in his criticisms, he must return the tolerance.

Perhaps the poet's other remark is true also: that the soul's own reaction on life determines reality for it. In that case, every experience would be as authentic as every other; and instead of there being no hare at all, the whole universe would be nothing but hare — the reason we cannot find it being simply that we are mounted on its back.

In sober truth, what other conclusion should we arrive at but precisely

this? Every experience is partial, but it is also genuine; so long as we fully and faithfully follow our separate destinies, there is no escaping reality for any one of us. Every poet knows as much about life as every banker and broker; every farmer as much as every sailor; every school-teacher, dress-maker, house-keeper, as much as every society-leader or stenographer.

Let us trust ourselves, and let one another alone. Very likely we shall never make any sort of an ultimate pie; for our hare is immortal, invincibly alive and alert in all its cosmic body. But, though we could hardly do worse than succeed in catching it, we can assuredly not do better than give it chase — forever and forever.

THE PRESSURE OF POPULATION

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

IMMENSE increase in the world's population was the most important legacy from the nineteenth century to the twentieth. No achievements in the field of science during that period will exercise such far-reaching influence on future generations as the unparalleled increase which occurred in the number of human beings.

This decided change in world-population has assumed a significance hitherto unknown. Widely extended decrease in the number of human beings would tend ultimately to disorganize the economic structure of society; on the other hand, over-liberal increase for a considerable period, or inflation of population, would create new and grave

problems, perhaps resulting in even greater demoralization than would be caused by decrease.

In earlier ages insecurity of life and property, especially the prevalence of war, famine, and pestilence, frequently transferred entire tribes or nations for long periods into the non-productive class; but in our time increasing civilization and stability of government have created for each human being a distinct economic value, and in consequence every man and woman possesses a minute but definite place in the vast mosaic of human activities.

Already the race has responded to this stimulation to an extraordinary degree. It becomes important, there-

fore, to consider whether rapid increase in world-population is likely to continue indefinitely, and whether new problems, which may be termed population phenomena, are beginning to manifest themselves because of the noteworthy increase which already has occurred.

During most of the long period for which there is historical record the number of human beings on the earth doubtless was comparatively small. More than a century ago, in his essay upon 'The Populousness of Ancient Nations,' David Hume brought together, with singular patience and learning, the scanty comments of Greek and Roman writers concerning the number of inhabitants in ancient cities and states. According to Hume, the aggregate population must have been insignificant, when judged by modern standards.

The total population of Greece, except Laconia, in the period of Philip of Macedon, approximated 1,300,000. Ancient Athens, at the time of her great prosperity, probably contained less than 300,000 inhabitants, according to Hume's estimate, based on Xenophon's computation of 10,000 houses. The number of houses in Rome, in her glory, was probably between forty and fifty thousand; so the population of the Mistress of the World may have approximated 1,500,000 in her prime, but even this figure is probably overliberal. These estimates, it must be remembered, include great numbers of slaves.

Continual warfare, famines, plagues, private strifes and political massacres, aided by universal slavery which withdrew large numbers of potential parents of both sexes from the reproducing class, undoubtedly held down the population of the world in ancient times to a small total. Moreover, under the control of these 'parasites,' the

aggregate of the earth's inhabitants seems to have fluctuated from century to century within rather narrow limits. Signor Bodio, the accomplished Director of the Italian Census Bureau, estimates that at the death of Augustus, the entire world contained not more than 54,000,000 human beings. If this estimate be accepted, an increase of a little more than twenty per cent per century would produce our present world-population, and a considerably smaller percentage of increase per century would have produced the total population actually living on the earth in 1800. There seems, however, to have been no appreciable change in ability, desire, or willingness to reproduce, although before the nineteenth century human life and the home in all nations were frequently, and often for long periods, extremely insecure. Mortality from numerous causes was so great that the birth-rate must have been high, merely to have maintained numbers without increase.

The tendency toward stationary population manifested through the ages makes it not unreasonable to suppose that if political, economic, and industrial conditions had continued practically the same throughout the nineteenth century as at the period when Malthus declared that population was limited by means of subsistence, changes during the century would have varied little from those which occurred during previous centuries.

The extraordinary quickening of industrial activity which in the nineteenth century attended the application of steam to manufacture and transportation, the progress of the world in scientific knowledge, and in liberal and enlightened government, and the decrease of warfare, created entirely new conditions, all of which tended to stimulate increase in the number of human beings. India practically doubled in

population, reaching in 1900 the huge total of 290,000,000. The population of Europe and the number of persons of European stock increased from about 125,000,000 in 1750 to 500,000,000 in 1900. Moreover, the European exercised a stimulating effect upon other races with which he came in contact.¹ In short, the human race increased about fifty per cent in numbers, or from approximately a billion in 1800 to a billion and a half in 1900. The remarkable increase in the number of human beings during the last century, or a little more, is thus clearly at variance with the previous experience of the race.

It is significant that the increase here noted tended, especially in more civilized nations, to create large numbers of cities of great size. In 1900 there were two hundred cities in the world with a population exceeding 100,000 but less than 250,000, eighty-four with from 250,000 to 1,000,000 and seventeen which exceeded 1,000,000. These three hundred cities aggregated 100,000,000 population. Here again is a phenomenon of population, new in our time.

In France, in one hundred years a group of specified cities increased four-fold, while the nation, exclusive of these municipalities, increased little more than twenty per cent. Stated in another way, the urban population increased 6,500,000, and the remainder of France but 5,100,000. The population of large cities, which in 1801 was less than one tenth of all, had become a century later one quarter of all the French people. In England, rather insufficient data indicate that the cities increased over six-fold, and the remainder of England and Wales about two-and-one-half-fold. The urban population, one quarter of all in 1801, a century later constituted more than one half of all.

¹ W. F. Willcox, *The Expansion of Europe*.

In the United States, the urban increase approximated one hundred-fold. That of the remainder of the population about eleven-fold. Economic conditions in this age of industrial activity, and the urban tendency resulting from it, are sharply at variance with those which prevailed in antiquity. 'I do not remember a passage in any early author,' declares Dr. Hume, 'where the growth of a city is ascribed to the establishment of a manufacture. The commerce which is said to flourish is chiefly the exchange of those commodities for which different soils and climates are suited.'²

Thus far attention has been especially invited to these facts:—

1. The population of the world prior to 1800 was comparatively small.

2. The increase from age to age was exceedingly slow, and the general tendency of humanity to maintain rather small numbers showed no striking change.

3. During the century from 1800 to 1900 the hindrances to the increase of human beings, in general the same as those established by nature to limit the increase of other living creatures, were largely overcome by civilized man; and in addition entirely new industrial conditions developed, which offered means of support for many millions of people.

4. In consequence, the number of human beings on the globe increased to an extraordinary degree, and at the close of the nineteenth century, the population of the world exceeded a billion and a half.

5. Principally under the influence of industrial activity, mankind has tended more and more to concentrate in large cities.

These facts create the impression that nature tended to limit men to reasonable numbers, and to pass the globe

² David Hume, *Essay XI*.

on from the possession of one generation to that of the next with little depreciation. Viewing the earth as a vast property, one may claim that the tribes of men have been mere tenants upon it from age to age. They cultivated small areas of the richer portions, scratched the surface for minerals, and utilized beasts of burden and wind-power for purposes of commerce and transportation. In consequence, 'the tenants' bequeathed the property to their posterity in good condition.

Until the nineteenth century, the vast stored-up wealth of the earth had been practically unimpaired through all recorded history. Within the last hundred years, however, the influences by which an equilibrium of population had been previously maintained appear to have been overcome by mankind, and Nature has been forced to stop paying an annuity, and to some extent to yield up the principal. The present age, in consequence, witnesses unprecedented numbers of human beings, and a feverish attack all over the world upon the earth's resources of forest, field, and mine.

The significance of this fact is best appreciated by imagining the population of the earth at the beginning of the Christian Era to have been the same as it was in 1900, and that it began an attack upon natural resources in the first century with the vigor with which it is conducted in the twentieth. Assuming such attack to have continued and increased for nineteen hundred years, it takes little reflection to reach a state of gratitude to Nature that she succeeded so long in holding mankind down in numbers and in supporting them upon an 'annuity.'

But if a variety of causes have contributed to invite very large human increase in a comparatively brief period, does it also follow that these influences will never spend themselves, and that

a liberal increase of world-population will continue indefinitely? An affirmative answer to this question does not appear to be reasonable. If, for example, the increase of world-population should continue at the nineteenth-century rate, five hundred years later, in 2400, the world would be supporting thirteen and one half billions of human beings.

Obviously, somewhere there must be bounds, though perhaps distant ones, to the multiplication of humanity. If so, what are the methods by which nature will again effect the limitation of numbers? Since man has overcome and passed beyond the cruder means of retarding increase, as war, pestilence, and famine, what natural law will be encountered, or become increasingly effective, to produce the same result?

It must be remembered that as increase of population progresses, the mere fact of increase creates new conditions. These in turn may check or destroy earlier tendencies. Thus, out of the great increase in population in our time, has come already at least one significant fact. This may be termed 'the pressure of population.' It is the general instinctive realization of large numbers. Expression of this realization appears in the decreasing belief that personal responsibility rests on the individual to rear a large family, or even, in many cases, to become a parent. Mere numbers — the pressure of humanity on all sides, especially in the large cities — constitute ever-present evidence to the average man and woman that there are people enough, and the struggle for existence is too severe already to be increased by unnecessary burdens. In consequence, there has arisen a rather remarkable and widespread tendency, now clearly evident in most of the larger communities of Europe, voluntarily to limit the family. The effect of this tendency is most marked in

France, where it has produced a present state of equilibrium of population liable to be changed at any time into a positive national decrease. Limitation of family has also appeared in other parts of the world and has caused much concern in Australia, where a very small total white population is shown. It should not be overlooked, however, in connection with the apparently exceptional problem presented by Australia, that the Southern Continent seems never to have sustained a large population. The aborigines of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania were not numerous, and those that remain are dying out so rapidly as to suggest a very frail racial grasp upon existence.

In the United States, the conditions have tended more and more to approximate those of Europe. From the pioneer stage which prevailed when Malthus called attention to the phenomenal fertility of many American communities, the nation has advanced so far and with such rapidity that the change constitutes one of the marvels of the age. By a sort of forced draught, secured with the assistance of all Europe, the United States has attained an eighteen-fold increase in population in one hundred years. The national policy during this era of feverish development may be summed up as a continuous and successful attempt to compress the normal national growth of a long period into a few decades.

Beginning as an agricultural nation, the American people have been turning more and more toward mining and industrial operations upon a vast scale. Both citizens of native stock and newly arrived immigrants have drifted to manufacturing and commercial centres, until nearly one third of the inhabitants of the United States now live in cities containing more than 20,000 inhabitants. This, it must be remembered, has occurred in a nation

possessing vast areas of rich land, much of which is not cultivated. In consequence of this national tendency, already there are large sections of the United States in which the pressure of population has become clearly evident. But one other city in the world now exceeds New York in population, and doubtless at no distant period the American city will be the largest on the earth in numbers. Within her limits are nearly 5,000,000 human beings. The actual pressure of population in such a vast aggregation of races, temperaments, ambitions, and purposes, representing all degrees of success and failure, of hope and hopelessness, of good and evil, can only be likened to the pressure of the ocean at great depths.

In consequence, it is not strange that in the United States also has appeared the modern tendency to limit the family. It has become so general, indeed, in many sections, that the effect upon the states and the nation in all probability would be more evident even than it is in France, if it were not concealed by immigration. Substantially all the national increase is now contributed by the later stock, and by persons born in other countries and their children.

The conditions and practice here alluded to have been aggressively and very justly assailed as being destructive to domestic happiness, character-building, and national stability. To these assertions there can be no effective reply.

The large family has been, and is, one of the principal sources of the finer elements of American character. The United States is what it is to-day because of large families. Their decrease should be a cause of much concern. It is useless, however, to ignore world-tendencies. If, in response to a conscientious conviction that larger families were proper and necessary for the

welfare of the nation, the American people should increase the proportion of children to that which prevailed in 1790, there would be added nearly 16,000,000 to the total population. The continuation of this rate of increase added to the present actual increase (derived largely from external sources) would advance the population of the United States by leaps and bounds. Without radical change in the wants and consumption of each individual, in other words, without an economic revolution, such increase obviously could not long continue.

The American people, almost instinctively, have turned away from the old domestic policy. A large family implies a home in the old-fashioned sense, but the urban life of America necessitates a departure from the home as thus defined. The cramped apartment, with those ministering angels, the kitchenette, the baker, the laundry-man and delicatessen shop, are not adapted to numerous children. Children often are not wanted. In fact, a man with a large family finds it difficult in many cities even to secure living accommodations. Thus, in great numbers of communities, the social order has passed beyond the conviction that the large family is a normal and necessary condition, and has adapted itself to a scale of living based on small families, or none at all.

The significance of this new phase of human fertility, or lack of it, clearly lies in the fact that it is world-wide. A practice which is almost as common among the Negroes of the Mississippi 'black belt' as in Paris or New York, cannot be summarily dismissed as a crime or as a sign of degeneracy. If the age-old natural methods of checking increase, such as war, pestilence, and famine, which may be termed the external methods, have been eliminated, clearly other means of limitation, if any there are to be, must arise from

within, from voluntary action, responsive to instinct. This at once suggests the question whether Nature is not utilizing for purposes of limitation the pressure of population, now so evident in many parts of the world, as a modern substitute for the agencies effective in earlier periods, but now ineffective. In short, is not the increasing inclination shown by a vast multitude of civilized humanity to check excessive increase of population obedience to a new instinctive impulse? Obviously the inquirer is compelled to look far beyond such evident local causes of limitation as wealth, selfishness, and fashion, often ascribed as the actual causes.

But if, as thus suggested, the race is now becoming obedient to new population-influences, whither do they lead us? In the past, the crude limitations of population incidentally tended to strengthen the character and increase the endeavor of those who survived. In this age, by wonderful invention and achievement, we have directly stimulated increase in numbers; but if in so doing we have brought into operation new forces or influences which in turn war insidiously against further pronounced increase, we may have entailed much ultimate injury upon society by affecting one of the main sources of human strength and progress. When individuals of both sexes, oppressed by the pressure of population on all sides and convinced that the race is increasing without their aid, or that it already is too numerous without increase, feel themselves absolved from the performance of the supreme natural function, society is confronted with a problem of the gravest importance. The avoidance of having children has become already so general that the man of intelligence and influence who rears a large family is now both exceptional

and courageous. Thus the age-old instinct, for the quickening of which far-sighted statesmen in this and other countries are pleading, seems to have been dulled. The energy which, under the old conditions, would be devoted to the rearing of children is now largely turned in other directions. It seldom benefits the state and society, but is generally expended upon some form, however innocent, of self-gratification.

No defense is here implied of blind and unreasoning increase in communities or nations which cannot offer their offspring opportunity for support. Such increase, of which China presents an illustration, becomes a source of weakness. This fact, however, rather heightens the significance of the opposite policy of deliberate limitation exemplified in France, where it has resulted in loss of political prestige, and has not eased the strain upon social and economic life. In the United States the pressure of population is manifested in the steadily decreasing fertility of the older and what are called the better, and certainly the more stable, elements of society.

Innumerable races and tribes have died out as the centuries have passed, and there are nations and races dying out in various parts of the globe at the present time. In general, this results, in the case of human beings as in that of animals, from uncongenial environment. Instinct probably dictates to each sex a reluctance to produce offspring which shall be subjected to conditions deemed unsatisfactory. This fact suggests the sinister possibilities which lurk in the shadow of the new influences upon population, — since equilibrium or slight increase borders close upon decrease. France is an illustration of the futility of attempting to control natural functions by mere public appeal.

If the large family is the most whole-

some state for society, then its decline must be a distinct loss. Moreover, this loss comes at a period of time when more better men are needed than in any previous period. Never before has the race been called upon to administer and increase such a vast accumulation of knowledge, or to deal with such a complexity in the social order.

These considerations suggest that perhaps the human race, in its magnificent endeavor in this age, has in reality over-reached itself and sown the seeds of decay. It is possible to imagine stationary and then decreasing population as becoming at length world-wide, and finally a distinct downward movement of the race, as though humanity were burnt out by over-excitement, wealth, and excess. Mankind is no longer young; is the race to be always virile?

Science and civilization waged successful war upon the population-parasites of the past by removing them. It is unlikely that in the future the new form of limitation can be so completely disposed of. But it is reasonable to expect that the nations, perceiving that the limitation of progeny — with its attendant drawbacks — has become a definite instinctive tendency, will attempt the supremely difficult task of securing a higher average of men and women, by preventing reproduction by criminals and incompetents, and by increasingly scientific breeding. If the state is confronted by limited reproduction, it cannot afford to allow the weak, incompetent, insane and feeble-minded to thrust their tainted progeny upon the community, as now occurs to a serious degree. The race must be perpetuated by those most competent to produce the best men and women.

There will be also another cause for future concern. In the past, by a rather cruel process, breeding was generally

accomplished by the physically fittest, since those who were not fit died of disease or were killed off. A marked change, however, has now occurred. All the discoveries and resources of modern medicine, surgery, and sanitation are exerted, not only to prolong the lives of the physically unfit and to set them upon their feet, but also to enable them to contribute an appreciable proportion to the next generation. In earlier periods most of the graduates of modern hospitals would have died off without leaving issue; doubtless the race was much better off physically.

Summed up, the history of the world in all earlier ages is a record of the substitution of a virile and fertile tribe for one inferior in these essentials. Here also the past is likely to offer no precedent for the future. Modern progress has revolutionized so many of the conditions of life that migration of

racess and extensive conquest grow less and less possible. The tragic substitution of strong nations for weaker ones is likely to be superseded by slow internal changes affecting many nations.

Have we no sign or intimation of what these changes will be?

Here, perhaps, we of this generation should pause. Solution of these sobering problems assuredly lies not with us, but with those who shall follow long after us. This period of ours has overturned all precedent by creating human beings in numbers far in excess of those in any previous age, and has revolutionized industrial and economic conditions; but in this great adventure, we have embarked on a voyage upon an uncharted sea.

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will these luckless millions do?

THE YOUNG WOMEN OF TIPPAAH

A SKETCH OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

BY LILIAN KIRK HAMMOND

WHEN I read Virgil, at school, one phrase — a mere two words — fixed itself in my mind with such emphasis that I have never forgotten it. What immeasurable pathos lies in the simple statement, *Troia fuit*. All the thousands of lines I had to construe and translate could add nothing to the completeness of the idea that Troy was a thing of the past. So it is with Tippihah. Not that it was destroyed by fire

and sword; still less is it a deserted village. Geographically, it is still in existence, and would be described by its present inhabitants as a flourishing little city in northern Mississippi, on two railroads, with a population of nearly three thousand white people. Nevertheless, I maintain, *Tippah fuit*. Tippihah, with its endearing charm, Tippihah, often absurd but always fascinating, is as dead as many-towered Ilium itself.

Electric lights, water-works, the long-distance telephone, daily papers from three cities arriving the same morning that they are printed, landscape-gardening, a woman's club, — these and other manifestations of modern life have relentlessly destroyed the heart and soul of Tippah. The glory is departed.

There is no need, however, to dwell on the Tippah of to-day. It is on Tippih of twenty-five years ago that the mind lingers fondly; it is of the old Tippih that I purpose to speak, forgetting henceforth that such a place as the present one is in existence.

In the old days, Birth, Marriage, Death, the three supreme experiences of the earthly pilgrimage, were the occasion of drawing together, not merely friends, but the whole village, in loving ministration. In thorough and literal fashion, every one in Tippih obeyed the Scriptural injunction to rejoice with them that rejoiced and to weep with them that mourned. Mutual service was taken for granted; there was no more embarrassment felt in accepting it, on the one hand, than there was reluctance in offering it, on the other. While there was never any sense of obligation, there was a drawing together of hearts, in these solemn crises, that offset, and often in great measure prevented, the petty quarrels and jealousies which the narrowness of village life is supposed to engender. Mrs. Ambler could never have a 'falling out' with her neighbour, Mrs. Dudley, because she could never forget 'how good Mrs. Dudley was when Johnny was born'; Mrs. Carter had mixed so much goodwill into all the wedding-cakes she had made, that she loved every young matron in Tippih; while Mr. Bob Jennings was the friend of every family in the village because, for fifteen years, whenever there had been a death, he had assisted in what are euphemistically termed the 'last sad offices.'

It is all changed. Birth, Marriage, Death — eloquent and mighty pictures these words evoke — no longer call forth ever-ready help from friends knit together as one family. A telephone-call to the nearest city, and in a few hours there is the trained nurse, the caterer, or the undertaker, as the case may be. Tippih is independent. It has lost alike the grace of receiving and the blessedness of giving.

Every stranger who has ever visited Tippih has at one time or another been refreshed by this ingenuous remark, made by one of the natives: 'Oh, of course our little town is n't very attractive in itself. The nicest thing about Tippih is *the people*, you know.' Of Tippih in general, enough has been said; let us seek a better acquaintance with 'the people.'

In Tippih, a young woman, her school-days over, is never formally presented to society; there is no coming-out tea, or *débutantes'* ball. She looks forward with no special enthusiasm to the Dance in Honor of the Graduates, as it is called on the printed programme, given every June by the young men of the village; she has often been to such dances while still a school-girl. Some prestige, indeed, is conferred by being one of the graduates herself; and if she be chosen to lead the Grand March with which the ball opens, her heart may beat a trifle faster as she realizes that never again, until she is a bride, will she be the chief figure in her little world, the admired of all admirers.

The question of chaperonage is not a serious one in this village, where everybody knows everybody, and where Continental traditions are not in force, — as in New Orleans, for instance. A girl goes riding or driving, goes to a dance or to an 'entertainment at the Hall,' with a man or boy of her acquaintance, or receives a masculine visitor, untroubled by the conventional

ruling that her mother should be with her on such occasions. There is no theatre, and the 'entertainments' just mentioned at Masonic Hall are generally amateur performances for the benefit of the Soldiers' Monument Fund, or of one of the churches. Masonic Hall boasts a stage and three changes of scenery, exhibiting a grove, with seats under the trees, the interior of a castle, and a room in an humble cottage. Almost all possible situations in life can be made to fit into one or another of these settings. Plays, concerts, school-commencements, minstrel-shows, — such are some of the attractions offered, and there is never an empty seat.

A girl never dreams of going to these performances with her parents. It is the custom for the young men to 'carry' the girls to entertainments, or to dances, and if there are not enough young men to go round, owing to an exodus to Memphis on 'job-hunting' expeditions, the girl who is left out stays at home — with a splitting headache, of course — rather than advertise to the world that she has no beau. On more important and formal occasions, such as a Ball, some young man — probably the same one who has taken the responsibility of engaging the Hall, hiring the musicians, and shaving the candles with which to wax the floor — makes out a list of all the girls in town, and takes it around among his friends, each of whom writes his name opposite hers whose escort he wishes to be. It may be imagined that there is a scramble to be the first, or among the first, to get hold of the list, but those who come late accept what is left with a good grace, and within a few hours after the passing around of the list, every girl in Tippah receives a note in which the pleasure of her company for the dance is solicited in formal and respectful terms.

Easy and unrestrained as is the in-

tercourse of young men and maidens, certain rules are inflexible. A young man speaks of an unmarried woman as a 'young lady,' never as a 'girl'; and he addresses her as Miss Sally, Miss Anne, or Miss Betty; never, even if they are engaged, as Sally, or Anne, or Betty. On the other hand, a girl calls Tom, Dick, and Harry by their Christian names, without prefix, and designates them collectively, 'the boys.'

The formal dances of which I have spoken, with music from Memphis, are rare and momentous occasions; but it often happens that after a Show — this convenient word is given with equal propriety to every form of entertainment at the Hall, from *She Stoops to Conquer* to a piano recital — the chairs are pushed back and the ever-obliging Mrs. Vernon plays waltzes and two-steps on the piano while the young folks dance, Mrs. Carter willingly sharing with her the duty of chaperone. Dancing after the Show is the rule, unless the entertainment be on behalf of the Presbyterian or Methodist church. These denominations frown upon this form of amusement, and in Tippah, at least, they are true to their convictions. Children of Methodist and Presbyterian parents dance, and are excused on the ground that they have not yet 'joined the church.' As a rule, they put off this important step until after they are married, when the temptation to dance is very slight.

Let us suppose we have just assisted at an entertainment under the auspices of the Roman Catholics or the Episcopalians, in which case there is no let or hindrance to the pastime of dancing. The curtain falls; the applause is drowned in the noise of pulling back the chairs; the older people hurry home. Soon Mrs. Vernon's good-natured and nimble fingers are hammering away, in perfect time, on 'The Beautiful Blue Danube,' or 'After the Ball'; young men

and maidens float off in a waltz as naturally as a fish swims in his native element. We will linger a moment near Mrs. Carter, playing propriety against the wall.

This vivacious lady, forty years old, the mother of nine children, has the brightest eyes, the gayest laugh, and the longest widow's veil in Tippah. Since her husband's death, from the Fever, six years before, she has always worn the deepest mourning, but a life of seclusion seemed undesirable and inexpedient for more than a short twelve-month. She goes everywhere — to all the entertainments, dances, baseball games, Woman's Auxiliary meetings; to church every time the bell rings; even to the Philharmonic Society, though she is careful to explain that she's not a bit literary. Irreverent boys of Tippah say that a dog-fight can't begin until Mrs. Carter gets there. She makes all the clothes worn by herself and her nine children, except the boys' suits after the boys are ten years old; she raises flowers and vegetables that would make a county fair blush for shame; she is an incessant talker, and a notable cook. When called upon to contribute a cake, a salad, or a bucket of lye-hominy for a church supper, she never makes an excuse; she always has time for everything. And yet there are benighted beings who say that Southern women are lazy and shiftless!

Between Mrs. Carter and her nineteen-year-old daughter, Sally, the tie is close and tender. They understand each other perfectly, these two. Mrs. Carter says frankly that she would never have owned Sally for her child if she had n't been a flirt. She herself, it must be remembered, has a record-breaking history. As the irresistible Susan Page of antebellum days she was acknowledged 'the greatest beauty in three States,' and it is whispered to this day in Tippah that when the War

broke out five young men marched off with their regiment, each believing that as soon as he came back on a furlough he would marry the bewitching black-eyed Susan.

Sally tells her mother everything. Many a night after a ball Mrs. Carter sits on Sally's bed until breakfast-time, listening with breathless interest to her daughter's faithful report of how many times she danced with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and what they had said, and with what skill she had 'fenced' if they became too ardent or insistent.

'Oh, Mother,' Sally says, 'there was the nicest boy from Senatobia there to-night — did you see him? — Mr. Trenholm, but he asked me to call him Charley.'

'Yes, I saw him,' is the prompt reply, 'and he's as ugly as home-made sin.'

'Well, he *is* ugly,' Sally drawls, 'but he's so fascinating, and he gave me a *big* rush — hardly looked at another girl there. I believe I'm really in love this time.'

'Are you, sure enough, Sally?' exclaims her mother with enthusiasm. 'Well, all right — only don't let him find it out. The worse you treat him the more he will think of you.'

In the matter of engagements Mrs. Carter's convictions are those that obtain throughout the South, and are not peculiar to her or to Tippah. Engagements are not announced, and sometimes a girl is engaged several times in succession, or, for that matter, several times at once. An engagement is not a life-mortgage, and the privileges accorded to affianced couples in places north of Mason and Dixon's Line are unknown in Tippah. 'Gracious mercy!' Sally would say to Lucy, 'I'd hate to think I'd been kissed by every man I was ever engaged to, would n't you?'

Mrs. Carter's methods of chaperonage for evening visits are picturesque. Sally receives her callers — or rather

caller, for there must be only one at a time — on the front porch. It is summer nearly all the time in Tippah. Her mother, as we shall presently see, is heard but not seen — reversing the nursery precept. Custom decrees that a young man shall write and make an appointment with the young woman with whom he wishes to spend the evening. There is little effort at variety of expression in these notes; out of a hundred such effusions ninety-nine would be worded in this way: —

‘DEAR MISS SALLY, —

If you have no engagement for to-night, may I have the pleasure of calling on you?

Yours ever,

JOHN.’

It may be necessary to say that in the South ‘evening’ is from noon until sunset; ‘night,’ from sunset until bedtime. ‘Afternoon’ is not in a Southerner’s vocabulary.

John gives a darkey a dime to deliver this note, and if he wishes to be facetious he puts S. B. A. N. in the corner, which being interpreted signifies Sent By A Nigger. Miss Sally receives it, and perhaps waits an hour or so before answering; the darkey in the meantime, who has done his day’s work and been paid for it, lounges on the kitchen steps, where the cook, fat old Aunt Charity, feeds him, and scolds him for getting in her way, or coaxes him to draw her a bucket of water, or to fetch some wood for the stove. At last Sally, if she has had no message from some one she would rather see, sends a gracious permission to John, who appears on the porch at the stroke of eight. It is perfectly dark, except for the stream of light from the ever-open front door; Mrs. Carter’s door is never closed, summer or winter, day or night. They sit down and begin to talk of the one subject on earth — themselves.

Mrs. Carter, as I said, is never at any time visible. She is undoubtedly inside somewhere, cutting up watermelon rind for preserves, or darning the immense holes in little Nick’s stockings, or sewing lace around the neck of Sally’s pretty party-dress. At nine o’clock she probably goes upstairs for the night, to her own bedroom. But woe betide the reckless youth who thinks he can take advantage of the absence of the maternal eye to coax Miss Sally to let him hold her hand, or sit with her in the hammock. From regions above, Mrs. Carter’s piercing notes ring out: ‘You John Dabney! quit that foolishness!’ And John, abashed, murmurs an apology. At eleven o’clock the Voice comes on the stage again. ‘Eleven o’clock, Sally,’ is all it says; but the words, though addressed to Sally, are meant to produce an effect on John, and they do. Five minutes later, John is on his way home, and Sally is in her mother’s room, having her dress unpinning in the back (Mrs. Carter never has time to put buttons and buttonholes in Sally’s frocks) and telling ‘all about it.’

There is a story that once an impudent boy answered the usual hint by calling back, ‘Thank you, Mrs. Carter. Please let me know when it’s twelve.’ Be this as it may, the most unprincipled gossip in Tippah could never assert that Sally Carter had been seen on the porch after eleven o’clock.

All this time we have left the young people dancing at the Hall. The town-clock strikes twelve; it is Saturday night, and to dance on Sunday would be a sin without precedent in Tippah. Mrs. Vernon plays the ‘Home Sweet Home’ waltz more and more slowly, until it dies away, *pianissimo*; the girls hurry into their light wraps, and happy young voices call out laughing good-nights.

CHRISTMAS IN LITTLEVILLE

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

WHEN Christmas came to me, a little girl, it came all musical with myriad voices. From the time when the rhythm of Prayer-book seasons swung us into Advent, and I began to patter my Nativity collects, my waking and sleeping hours grew strange with mystery. In silent winter dawns, those hours when only old men and little children are awake and seeing visions, the gemmed blackness of my window squares would pale and throb with light, brightening till the sky broke apart, and there poured forth the infinite throngs of angels, and the air rang with song that set me sobbing. Since then I have gone the way of all grown-ups. I cannot hear the Christmas angels now. All the world must wander forth from the sheltering faith of our fathers, and the way back home is curious to find. Yet perhaps we do rediscover the little quiet place, not knowing it because the light upon its windows is no longer the unfaltering light of dawn. They are stern folk who do not turn homeward to childhood at Christmas-time. In Littleville, this is no hard matter, among people who, having tended their cosset lambs, find it not hard to believe that angels sang to shepherds; or who, familiar friends with their beasts, find it not strange that a God should have been born in a stable; or who, close-knit as one family in the snugness and permanence of village life, find it not difficult to believe in a gospel of goodwill; for Littleville lies as open to the stars as ever did Bethlehem.

In Littleville, Christmas is Christ-

mas still, and we do not do the poor day to death. In fact, whatever our business in Littleville, sorrowing or merry-making, being born or dying, we manage it somehow without fret. And thus our Christmas. The first signs of holiday are in the decorations of the editor's office, which, shaped and sized like a dry-goods box, suddenly goes flaunting in garniture of green and red paper-chains from which depend dumpy scarlet bells of all sizes; through this network at nightfall the smoky glass lamps against the dusky presses blink bravely. One window-sash is lined with Christmas cards that gleam with frost-work and ruddy fires. I confess that those cards, far more than better ones, have for me the Christmas magic. Christmas is a symbol, and a Christmas card should be symbolic; that is saying it should be like the Christmas cards of my childhood, having house-windows of rosy mica and lawns of artificial frost-work.

If, as the *Littleville News* thus announces, Christmas is on the way, it behooves us to remember various duties. One afternoon, we of the Rectory look forth upon a procession that, in single file, and silhouetted against the snowy street, trudges on up to the church door. Each head is enveloped in a mob-cap, each form wears a sturdy apron, over each shoulder points a broom-handle bayonet-wise, as they march to duty, the good women of our Littleville congregation, come to clean the church. For two hours the ancient building rocks to their energy, until

at last the carpet shows the seams of each well-worn patch, each smoky chimney gleams like crystal, and in the vestry-room the face of each pictured bishop atop of his pontifical lawn is washed clean of cobwebs, and our old church that has seen a hundred Christmases is ready for one more.

Meanwhile, this morning, we of the Rectory have done a little cleaning of our own. For some reason we always feel a little shaky when our housekeeping is to be inspected by Littleville eyes, and so we have secretly burnished the tea-kettle and given an extra rub to the nickelware of the kitchen stove; for our plot is to decoy our good ladies to refreshment after labor. We have discovered that to a Littleville housekeeper a cup of tea in the middle of the afternoon savors of the Sybarite, but we argue that Littleville is always more at ease when it enters by the back door, and that tea administered in the kitchen will perhaps meet with expressed welcome rather than with unexpressed rebuke; success proves our machinations excusable.

Christmas comes marching on still nearer, as we know when one morning we come flying from our various corners at the boom of a jovial voice that summons us. Down below there is the clatter of an ox-team and of a great cart, from which trails the Sunday-School Christmas tree, and on which our Christmas greens are heaped high, to be deposited presently on our porch by the big farmer-vestryman. Piled branches block egress for several days, but we don't care, because of the pleasant pungency borne in to us in Christmasy whiffs.

The brigade that bore the brooms now presses into service to decorate the church, but among them is never a man. It is a very strange thing about men that there never are any. Plenty of little boy-babies seem to be born;

they do not seem to die off either, — yet there never are any men. Says Mattie, the outspoken, — as we sit about the roaring stove, in the rear of the church, stripping, bunching, and tying, our hands reddened with the frost still on the green twigs, — says Mattie, while she twines with green the hoops she has wound for every Christmas in thirty years, 'If I could have made a man for this church I'd have made one long ago.' Men or no, we somehow clamber up the ladders, despite the handicap of fears and petticoats. And at last chancel and windows are festooned to our liking. Also we have arranged the white hangings and the white altar-cloth against the Day of the Nativity; and over the worn, soiled places, for our hangings are old and threadbare, we have pinned sprays of the blood-red holly.

Not in the church preparations alone is the spirit of Christmas abroad in Littleville. On a fairy morning of sun misted by snow-flurries, my marketing is arrested by the sight and sound of a merry company. Over the hill and down the street they troop, the school children who have gone out to bring in the school Christmas tree. The big boys drag it, and the smaller fry go dancing to right and left and rear, funny bobbing little figures in clumsy, home-made duds. As they go, they sing patriotic songs, for these are all they know. It is one of the tender ironies of life that their shrill voices should be piping 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' in celebration of the birth of peace; but it is no matter about the words, for hearts and feet are keeping tune to Christmas.

Not for the youngsters alone is the holiday cheer at work. As I turn to tug my grocery-basket up the slope, I see our aged bus-driver, who has counted his fourscore of Christmases, jump nimbly from his seat, seize a sled, and

amid the plaudits from the post-office door and the hardware store, cast himself prone upon it, and, rheumatic feet aloft, go skimming down the glistening curve.

When Christmas week comes upon us, our little Rectory grows full of unaccustomed bustle. First comes the meeting of the Sunday-School teachers to discuss the apportionment of the ten dollars we have to expend on the Christmas Eve celebration. This must provide a gift for each of our sixteen scholars, as well as candy and oranges. Also the five babies, who have by baptism attested their intention of becoming scholars, must receive their fruit from the Christmas tree, all unwitting neophytes though they still are.

The matter of the gift-giving is ever a painful one for the Rector, for it seems that the naughty, those who have appeared for a single Sunday before Christmas, plainly on booty bent, must be omitted from the list. If even I, remembering the endless dish-washings of the little farm-girls, the endless corn-rows and potato-hills of the little bare-foot boys, find it difficult to demand of them the long trudge to Sunday School, if even I find it difficult not to be lenient on Christmas, for his part the Rector finds it well-nigh impossible to temper his mercy with justice; we have to exercise a shameful severity toward him in order to restrain his hand from diving deep into the lean ministerial pocket and Christmas-ing every one of them.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve we assemble in the church to prepare the tree, and now we actually have the help of a man, the busy Littleville editor, who is also our busy Sunday-School Superintendent. We find him sunk in that despair which we know, for him, is a necessity before invention. Therefore we sympathize with his dejection, retaining our confidence in his resource-

fulness. It is the Christmas tree that does not suit him, — in truth it is as scraggly as a plucked fowl, — but presently he has fallen upon it, is grafting with clever wire branch after branch, until the tree stands remade to his satisfaction. However, it topples in perverse fashion, and I am sent flying for the Rectory clothes-line, by means of which we moor the trunk securely to the knob of the vestry-room door.

We are at last ready to begin laboriously decorating the branches with packages to be in an hour laboriously cut down, patiently skewering oranges with a threaded darning-needle, attaching tarnished tinsel angels and ornaments and candles; patiently and humbly, for the superintendent has in him the soul of an idealist, and is not easy to satisfy. But at last, as the long shadows begin to steal out on us from beneath the gallery, he dismisses us, to a busy two hours in the Rectory before we reassemble.

In our absence, gift-bearing visitors have taken advantage of the gloaming to leave curious packages upon our doorstep. There is a generous bag containing a supply of Mattie's sour-cream cookies. There is a dressed cockerel suspended by his long legs from the door-bell. Safely to the right of the door-mat stands a grape-basket twined with ground pine, and in it are fresh eggs, each encased in a fluted cap of green paper, each looking forth with a sketched face, whimsical and merry. We recognize in the pictured faces the clever hand of a neighboring farm-wife, we surmise the donor of the chicken, but we are quite at a loss to place the responsibility for a generous sack of apples, potatoes and cabbages discovered at the back door. Later inquiry wins no information, so that we strongly suspect that gift as coming from without our Anglican fold, in fact as due to a Baptist neighbor, rendered

thus indiscriminating by the Christmas spirit.

But we, too, have our gifts to make, and must go hastening with them now along the dusky streets. Littleville gives us of its own, and we too carry our home-made gifts. We know Littleville pride, Littleville delicacy, and we offer nothing machine-made, store-new, but carry little boxes of candy of our own manufacture. We tie one on the bell-rope in the dark church vestibule where the sexton boy may find it. Others we leave on dark doorsteps, ringing the bell and then scurrying off. It is fun playing Santa Claus in Littleville. We hurry home in time for a hasty supper before we go back to church for the evening festival.

Early as we are, the superintendent is earlier. We find him suspended in air on top of the pipe-organ. A boy below is handing him a chair on which he clambers. From this perilous vantage-point he is able to bring forth and hang up in its proper Eastern corner the Star of Bethlehem. The Sunday School could not possibly celebrate Christmas without the Star of Bethlehem. I do not know what hand first made it, but our Star of Bethlehem is as old as tradition itself. It is formed of a cigar-box on end. In the lid is a star-shaped opening covered with red mîça, and within is a candle, whose lighted rays simulate the rosy luminary of the Orient.

Presently the babies are arriving. They come in soap-boxes fastened to sleds which are drawn into the church. Above a box bearing the inscription 'Larkin's Soaps,' or 'Have you a little fairy in your home?' one sees a sweet little wind-rosy face. The Rector has to come down from the vestry-room in his cassock to welcome the babies, as they are gradually undone from their cocoon-like wrappings.

The church is filling fast now, with

a rustling, whispering, observant congregation. Our scholars sit a-row in the front pews; their heads present a comical zigzag line, the boys' locks slicked smooth by the hearty family brush that hangs by the kitchen sink, and the little girls' tresses frizzed to wantonness. The choir have taken their seats, crowding the railed platform by the organ until it looks like an over-full robin's nest. The choir give hearty assistance to our feeble piping of the carols, for the front pews are frankly intent upon the tree rather than upon the singing or upon the Rector's reading of Luke's age-old story.

He is old and wise, the Rector, and there is no long tarrying before we reach the Christmas-tree part of our programme. As the superintendent jumps nimbly forward to light the candles, the sixteen scholars rise and defile along the chancel-steps. They face us there, ranged strictly according to height, from a blushing hobbledohoy boy to a sprite of a tiny girl, so eager-eyed and fairy-footed that she has to be forcibly pinned to the chancel carpet by the decorous hand of an elder sister, run out along the backs that intervene between them.

The children have been instructed to sing 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' while the tree is being lighted. They begin each stanza bravely enough, but the last line trails to almost nothingness, for as the candles gleam, one after one, head after head turns to the tree, exactly like a row of dominoes filliped over by a finger. The line is at last restored to the front pew, and we watch our superintendent's every motion, as, slowly and impressively, he clips from the tree each gift we had so securely attached.

We find it a little hard to recognize our names when a 'Master' or 'Miss' precedes, followed by our full baptismal designation and surname, we

who are ordinarily merely Joe or Bessie to all the town; but shoved forward by mates and teacher, each child called rises, receives his gift, and turning, faces the congregation with the trophy held well in evidence toward the craning parental heads in the rear of the church.

It is all very decorous. If perhaps an irrepressible jumping-jack suddenly springs aloft in the front pew, or if there is a smothered tattoo on a drum, or a baby crows to the music of a new rattle, the Rector himself is the first to smile, despite the solemnity of his surplice. Yet we of his household know how dear to his heart is the ordered seemliness of divine service in the consecrated building, so that a thrill of apprehension runs through the family consciousness at the wholly unexpected turn the gift-giving takes at the close.

The presents are all distributed, the candy has gone about the congregation, oranges are gleaming in small hands, but I am aware that there is still a sense of expectation throughout the church. Abruptly the superintendent disappears into the vestry. His back is toward us when he reënters, dragging what appears to be a seated statue, veiled in wrappings which are reverently undone. The superintendent stands back, murmuring three words, 'For our Rector.' All Littleville sits breathless, beaming; we are breathless, too, for what will he say to the unexpected thing? There, beside the Rector, with the silvered scholarly head above the hieratic white of the flowing surplice, beside him in the very sacredness of the chancel there stands, swaying, with deep reverberant chime of the springs, an enormous red plush rocking-chair!

Only an instant the Rector hesitates, then the twinkle conquers, and the tenderness. Sometimes he uses words a bit too long for Littleville, but not now. He thanks his people in phrases simple and grave, as befit the house

of God, warm and kind, as befit the hearts that are also God's house. And I reflect that the Christian faith is a homely faith, and comprehendeth all homely things. Then simply, as one to whom such transitions are natural as breath, the Rector passes from the gift he has received to that Greater Gift. He speaks as one whose faith in the Christmas creed has never faltered. He talks, as a little child, to little children, about a baby God. And I, too, at this moment, listen as a child. The faith of one's fathers! It is a little thatched home to which perforce the gypsy brain returns at Christmas-time. I, too, go a-dreaming of Bethlehem's plain and Bethlehem's melodies as the Rector's voice ceases, and we rise to sing, in tones that ring to the battered rafters of our old church, the Gloria in Excelsis.

The Benediction then, and the home-going. Little heads to be done into hoods or caps with the earlaps snugly down, sleepy babies to be tucked up on their sleds, tops and candy to be stowed away in parental pockets, — and all the little ones and all the big ones of our Littleville bidding us good-night and merry Christmas. Down the dark hill-streets they trundle, our friends, with their lanterns that bob and gleam and disappear as the voices die away into the night.

A little while I linger on the Rectory doorstep all alone. Within are the ruddy rooms of our wee Rectory-home. Before me are the great branches fruited with stars, and beyond the branches the deep Christmas sky above our Littleville. Again a little girl, I think about the herald angels. Not now for me those riven skies, not now for me a far, faint plain of Bethlehem; but is it not a Christmas gift from one unseen that I still may hear the Christmas angels singing in humble human hearts?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN PINION

EVEN when he first appeared, intoxicated, in the prayer-meeting which my father was conducting, he was both witty and polite. He bowed ceremoniously when he entered; he remarked aloud, as he realized that he held his hymn-book by the wrong end, that it was a great accomplishment to be able to read upside down; he bowed politely again as he was escorted to the door by two elders. There he thanked them. He was tall and dignified and fairly well dressed, and he spoke like a gentleman. The subject of the prayer-meeting lesson was temperance, and Father, who enjoys coincidences, found in him an appropriate illustration.

In the morning, he called at our side door. He was out of work, he wished a trifling loan; it was a humiliating errand, but he trusted the kind heart of a clergyman to understand his necessity. He was helped, not with money, but with food, warm underwear, a hat that was better than his, and with advice. Father likes to set things straight, whether it be a crooked road or a crooked character, and his advice, which is sensible and tactful, is often taken.

'I, intoxicated in the house of God!' The stranger was overwhelmed. 'I, disturb a religious service! I was brought up to know better than that, sir. I hope you will apologize for me to your people. Ah, sir,' and here the stranger sighed, deeply and profoundly, 'the bird with the broken pinion never soars so high again!'

Thus did he name himself, and thus did we call him among ourselves

throughout the two years during which he came regularly to see us. Once every two or three weeks he appeared, had a meal in the kitchen or on the back porch, talked for an hour or two, and departed. He was always polite, always entertaining, always willing to listen and to talk. We valued his remarks, his comments upon life, his extraordinary and mysterious knowledge. Where he acquired it, where he came from, where he went to, we do not know to this day.

To our father he discoursed about predestination, of him he made polite and interested inquiry about the tenets of our own faith — which does not include the above astonishing belief! — with him he argued — to mention only a few of the subjects to which he gave his thought — about the destiny of man, the existence of angels, and the sad and strange difference between the individual and corporate conscience of the citizens of our ancient, proud, and somewhat mismanaged State of Pennsylvania.

To my mother, when he came upon her in the garden, he held forth about rare flowers; to the oldest of my brothers he talked about Europe, whither he claimed to have been, and about football and cricket and airships; for the youngest of us he spread down a magic carpet upon which the two sped forth to the ends of the earth. Some times I eavesdropped, — indeed, there was almost always one of us eavesdropping, — and I recognized many of the familiar doings of Sindbad and Don Quixote and even of the glorious Greek.

With me, the bird of the broken pin-

ion ventured upon distinctly literary topics. Somewhere he had come across a story signed by my name, and he had read it with flattering attention. He even suggested an improvement. Occasionally he presented me with newspaper clippings, giving incidents which he thought would make 'copy.' Several of them I have used to advantage. He had read widely; his slips in grammar and rhetoric made his acquaintance with Arnold and Stevenson all the more mysterious. What was he: a wandering son of some English manse, — his education seemed to have been English, — a scholar gypsy, not 'pensive and tongue-tied,' but cheerful and loquacious; not free, but fettered by his own weakness?

For two years he came, for two years he asked and was given alms, for two years he was advised and exhorted. He always expressed great interest in the welfare of his soul.

'I do try, I will try,' he would say, humbly, the smell of liquor strongly upon him. 'I am sure, sir, I am grateful to you.'

Never until the end — and Father calculated afterwards that during the two years of his visitations he had been advised at least forty times — never until the end did he show any impatience, any resentment. He never reminded the head of our household that though his pinions may have suffered, he was no longer a fledgeling, and that his character was formed beyond hope of change. He listened politely even when little Bobby admonished him. And even at the end he was polite.

It was one summer evening at supper-time that he appeared on the porch opening from the dining-room. Father had finished his supper and went out to speak to him, and the rest of us sat still, anticipating the pleasure that his conversation always gave us. The day had been intensely warm, and Father was

uncomfortable. So, also, may have been our friend. Father did not wait until his unfailing charity had opened the way for advice; he began immediately on the man, who was for once unshaven, out at elbows, and disreputable.

'Well,' said Father with sharpness unlike him, 'have you been keeping straight?'

The man rose, he spoke jauntily, as one perfectly self-sufficient, perfectly satisfied with life: a state of mind which is, on a hot day, at least, most enviable.

'Doctor,' he said, 'I saw a clipping some time ago that I thought would interest you.'

He opened the old wallet from which he used to take clippings for me, and handed a little paper to Father, and then went down the steps and out the walk. We heard the gate click behind him. Father made an incoherent noise in his throat, then he called to our friend, who did not come back. He has never come back.

I suppose he could endure us no longer — our curiosity, our Pharisaism, our reforming zeal. He had amused us, entertained us, for two years, and we had never forgotten that he was a tramp. And he had done us good, not only with the example of his good temper, but with his reproof. If he still reads the *Atlantic Monthly*, will he accept this as an apology from us all and a confession of our own bad manners?

For the title of the clipping — Father brought it in and read it aloud and joined in the rueful laugh which greeted it — the title of the clipping was, 'On the Excellent Virtue of Minding One's Own Business'!

GOING TO THE ANT

WALT WHITMAN loafed and invited his soul, and we are led to believe that the invitation was accepted. Against this happy consummation we may set

the injunction, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard.' More nearly neutral ground is suggested by Keats' phrase, 'evenings steeped in honeyed indolence.' Lastly, Dr. Watts: 'For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.'

On the surface the case seems to be a battle of authorities: on one side Solomon, who was a moralist, and Dr. Watts, who was moral, frowning titanically on all who would stray from the stern path of duty; on the other, Whitman, a questioner of life, and Keats, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, walking in other ways, unconcerned and unaware that both apology and polemic are demanded to justify their difference. But even as the chess-player who develops his attack too eagerly may find that he has turned the tables on himself, so Solomon, advocate of the ant, and Watts, denouncer of the unbusied hand, have by their sallies exposed some essential weaknesses of their own position.

The ant, elegantly styled by Milton the 'parsimonious emmet,' is definitely commended to us in the Proverbs, but not absolutely. We (assuming for the moment the rôle of the reprimanded) are to 'consider her ways and be wise.' But from the assumption springs the doubt. It is the sluggard, the comatose, the befuddled, who is to learn from this interesting little animal. Her lesson is activity, and physical action is often the best and sometimes the only way to induce the finer motions of the spirit. So Dr. Watts, doubtless unconsciously, is in reality declaiming against vacuity of mind, the unperceptive state, when the drowsy spirit has no volition save that suggested to it by the unmoral flesh. The ant for the sluggard, by all means; but the ant is not an ultimate ideal. She may be a pattern of industry; but her disposition is peevish, her mandibles tipped with formic acid, and her misplaced enthus-

iasm for labor, when exhibited in the sugar-bowl (for instance), may cause both annoyance and disgust to beings of a higher order, and as conscientious as herself. She is something like an unchastened housewife, who by the very perfection of her ministrations in the home renders any other habitation a relief. We may be justified in regarding the ant as a model worker, but neither logic, scripture, nor Dr. Watts, can compel us to regard the attainment of an ant-like nature as the chief end of man.

Idleness which is mere negation we would not advocate. The sodden mind is mind corrupt or imbecile. Neither do we disparage such labor as is done with zest, or honestly to win one's livelihood. But when work dominates the life, when the end of the necessary task, or the accomplishment of the Deed, brings only the impulse to do more for doing's sake, then the balance is destroyed. We should justly resist the ant who would have the world one ant-hill; or the little, busy bee in any design to make honey the universal diet. The continuance of the human race no doubt depends on the persistence of the ant-spirit therein, but its happy continuance is equally conditioned on the presence of powers and moods presumably unknown or shocking to our small black sister. There is an idleness that is not only allowed but praiseworthy, as there is an industry which is both unnecessary and wrong.

Suppose we assume that the crown of active life is the Deed. By Deed, with a big D, we mean action plus the special contribution of the actor. We are familiar with the doctrine that concentration and fidelity are the parents of success—and they are: without them achievement is not born. But the fairy godmother who endows success is not hard work, but idleness discreetly used. Holmes somewhere speaks of

the impact of a lyric impulse on the mind, and we have not quite outlived the belief in inspiration. But to whom does inspiration come? Moses tended the flocks of Jethro his father-in-law, and in that idlest of occupations there came to him the word that made possible the song of Miriam. The makers of bricks without straw saw no Burning Bush, but they were admirable ants. Keats loved his 'evenings steeped in honeyed idleness,' and the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn' is a permanently lovely thing. Kipling's 'dreamers dreaming greatly' have enlarged the bounds of empire; but if the busy cobbler gives way to reverie, he may smash his thumb. Doing work with the whole self inhibits new conceptions; or if they come, the work is spoiled. To make the Deed a lyric there must first be a time busied with no deed — a space in which the mystery of mountains, the sound of running water, the wording of a phrase, or the appeal of music, may stir the mental atmosphere and start the avalanche which is the true action of the man. Obviously such a man is not a sluggard.

Satan does not always find mischief for idle hands. John the Baptist does not seem to have led an industrious life. He ate the product of the bee's labor, but he did not emulate the producer. Yet there is abundant testimony that he was brilliantly successful; and had he grown used to the toilsome ways of common life, it is hardly likely that when the need came he could have launched his message with such authority as that which he accumulated during the years of his inactive solitude. Watts playing with the tea-kettle, Newton musing on a fallen apple, Galileo staring at the slow-swinging lamp — idle fellows all, but idle with a very pregnant and potential idleness. And the strange thing is that not one of them was trying to do anything in

particular when the great illumination came to him. They were more naïve than Buddha under the Bo-tree. The light simply dawned. They might have been too busy to see the dawn.

All this is dangerous doctrine. But then the truth is always deceptive to any one who is willing to be deceived. No doubt many idle hours that might have been fruitful in fine action have been the parents only of lawless and degrading impulses. Still, there is protection possible even here. Idleness, rightly conceived, is exposing the mind to all gracious and benign influences, not morbid introspection or listless resignation to mere fancy. It sounds rather like preaching, but the soul must listen and look beyond. Something may fructify the mind. One can only try.

TIPS

THACKERAY's boys are always getting tipped, and no one ever suggests that the practice is reprehensible. The best-born among them is not insulted, and there is no hint that the custom is burdensome or corrupting. And democratic pride has not much altered human nature in this matter. The definition of the tip generally adopted, that it is a gratuity given to an inferior which an equal would not tolerate, is quite inadequate. People who condemn the giving of tips on this understanding do not reflect on the universality of the principle. How many such persons could prove their acquisitions free from the taint of the tip? How much of what we get is fairly earned, how much due to good feeling rather than merit, — not to speak of what has been fairly grasped? Does it vitiate an honorarium to trace a close kinship with the tip? Is the waiter more demeaned by the coin in his palm than the parson by the obvious envelope

furtively slipped in his hand by the best man? Is the physician properly insulted by the gratuities of grateful patients after their bills have been paid? the lawyer by his client's presents in token of an obligation that no retainer could cover? Is it claimed that a nice sense of honor among college students suffers deterioration because all, from the poorest to the wealthiest, take from their college far more than is paid for? Is it quite true to demand, in the name of lofty self-respect, immunity from other benefit than that of barter or inheritance? Is it more honorable to commercialize the give-and-take of life than to humanize it?

What really vulgarizes the tip is not at all that which with pharisaical scorn its critic repudiates. It is the obsequiousness which seeks it, the greed which measures it, the snobbishness which displays it. Good breeding is probably more manifest in the giving and receiving of tips than in any other test of the gentleman. When to give, how to give, with what spirit to receive, and what relations to carry forward, — these try men if they be cavaliers. As for my friend the waiter, whatever his calling and station, whether he receives after meat the grace for which no grace before meat can be substitute, or takes my marriage-fee, or lets me show him in any way my measure of fraternity, good-will, affection, obligation, that it is not susceptible of measure, — I know well how he feels. For what hope is there for me if I be not tipped rather than paid?

A CREATIVE 'LISTENER'

THE title of Mr. Schaufler's article, 'The Creative Listener,' in the September *Atlantic* lent special vividness to a recollection which often recurs to me, bringing with it always the unmarred joy of the incident which gave it birth.

Indeed, I found Mr. Schaufler's entire article illuminated and interpreted by that recollection, and I tell the brief story here, both to support his contention that the creative listener affects his fellow auditors as well as the performers, and to add that those auditors may also keep their 'inner photograph albums' of 'stranger friends.'

Naturally, however, the listener has a less wide opportunity to collect these precious portraits, and it is not strange that I, often going musicless for months at a time and never able to be a listener of any sort more than three or four times in a season, have found but the single face.

I found it some years ago in those topmost seats of Carnegie Hall from which I have heard most of my real music. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, preceded by some Berlioz selections, was the programme. Practically every seat in the house was bought as soon as it was on sale, and this unusual demand had driven up into our eyrie a class of people evidently different from those who usually frequented it. I recognized this fact with some apprehension, uncertain what it might portend. I had taken the measure of the habitual annoyances of the place, although I never became inured to them, and I dreaded the appearance of new ones. Trying to estimate the probabilities, I looked about me more than was my habit.

It was during the Berlioz numbers — described by a flippant but accurate reporter as bearing to the Symphony the relation of 'a radish to a full course dinner' — that I first noticed my Listener's face, a girl's face. She might have been anywhere from seventeen to twenty-seven years of age, but probably was not far, in either direction, from twenty. Her face was thin, almost to the point of sharpness, and a momentary glimpse of it in full showed an irregularity of contour and length of line

which, but for the eyes, might have made it almost plain. But the profile, visible across the arc of some dozen seats, had a fragile, vivid beauty, quite independent of its illumination by the music. So illumined, it was arrestingly lovely. The impression it gave of intimate connection with the music cannot be exaggerated. It *was* the music, or at any rate grew out of the music, and was moulded into a visible transcript of it. Glance when I might in my Listener's direction, I never failed to find that moment's music reflected in her face.

In the pause before the beginning of the Symphony she turned quite toward me for a moment, and I noted a certain delicate peculiarity of dress, not in the least suggesting the affectation of the consciously 'artistic temperament,' but seeming rather an instinctive expression of individuality.

The experience had been a delightful one, thus far, and I told myself that I would be wise and leave it there. I would not look at her again. The music we were waiting for would be too severe a test. One might *feel* it, doubtless, but could one — could any one — *look* it? No, I would not watch her again. But I did, of course I did, and found no disappointment, but always the delight that was both surprise and certainty, always the doubled joy of that marvelous reflection. Once, when the mighty music swept me almost beyond human endurance, my *alter ego* warned me, 'Don't look. You know she can't do it — don't look now.' But even while I dreaded the failure, the flaw in my delight, I could not help one furtive, foreboding glance — a glance which found my Listener's face hidden behind two slender hands.

After that I feared no more. I gave myself up to the happiness of this rare good fortune, oblivious, for once, of the

destructive listeners around me. Let the slim youth with the score rustle his pages over, one by one, beside me. He reached no more than the furthest fringe of my consciousness. Let the bulky individual behind me beat time with a tireless foot. For once he ran no risk of being stabbed with a hat-pin and dropped unobtrusively under the seats till the music was over. They might listen as they pleased. I was listening with ear and eye, I was *seeing* the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

It was over at last, and in the slowly converging currents of outgoing audience, I saw my Listener drifting surely to my side. My *alter ego* took alarm at once. 'Now, *don't* speak to her,' it pleaded. 'Don't be fool enough to spoil it all. It's been wonderful, it's been perfect, but it can't go on. You'll shatter it if you speak. She'll be shocked or offended or bewildered. And that perfectly nice, conventional, middle-aged man and woman with her — what will they think of a stranger speaking to their daughter?'

But my Listener was close enough to touch, and I spoke before I willed it. 'Will you let a stranger tell you that yours is the only face I ever wished to watch while listening to music?'

Her eyes met mine with swift comprehension, and out of the myriad *wrong* things she might have said she picked unerringly the one right one. 'I have been very happy,' she told me with lips and eyes.

'You have doubled my happiness to-night,' I answered, dimly conscious of benignant parents in the background, beaming, 'Yes, is n't she wonderful?' across the girl's shoulders. Then the crowd streamed in between us. I never saw her again, but I shall believe anything Mr. Schauffler chooses to tell me about the power of the creative listener.